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SATISFACTION!

LIZZY JAGGER

BETWEEN THE SHEETS with MICK'S DAUGHTER

SHARK!

THE BLOODY TALE OF A ROGUE BEAST

THE FRESHMAN CONGRESSMAN'S

GUIDE TO GETTING LAID IN D.C.

20Q LOUIS C.K.

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

CLAIRE SINCLAIR

AN HOMAGE TO PINUPS PAST

PLAYBOY'S 2011

SEX POLL

GRIP IT AND RIP IT

THE JOHN DALY SHOW

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PROMOTION

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THE VERDICT IS IN: GUILTY! SUMMER'S HOTTEST NEW SHOW

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PASS THE BAR
IS IT HAPPY HOUR YET?

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TNT

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WEDNESDAYS 9/8c

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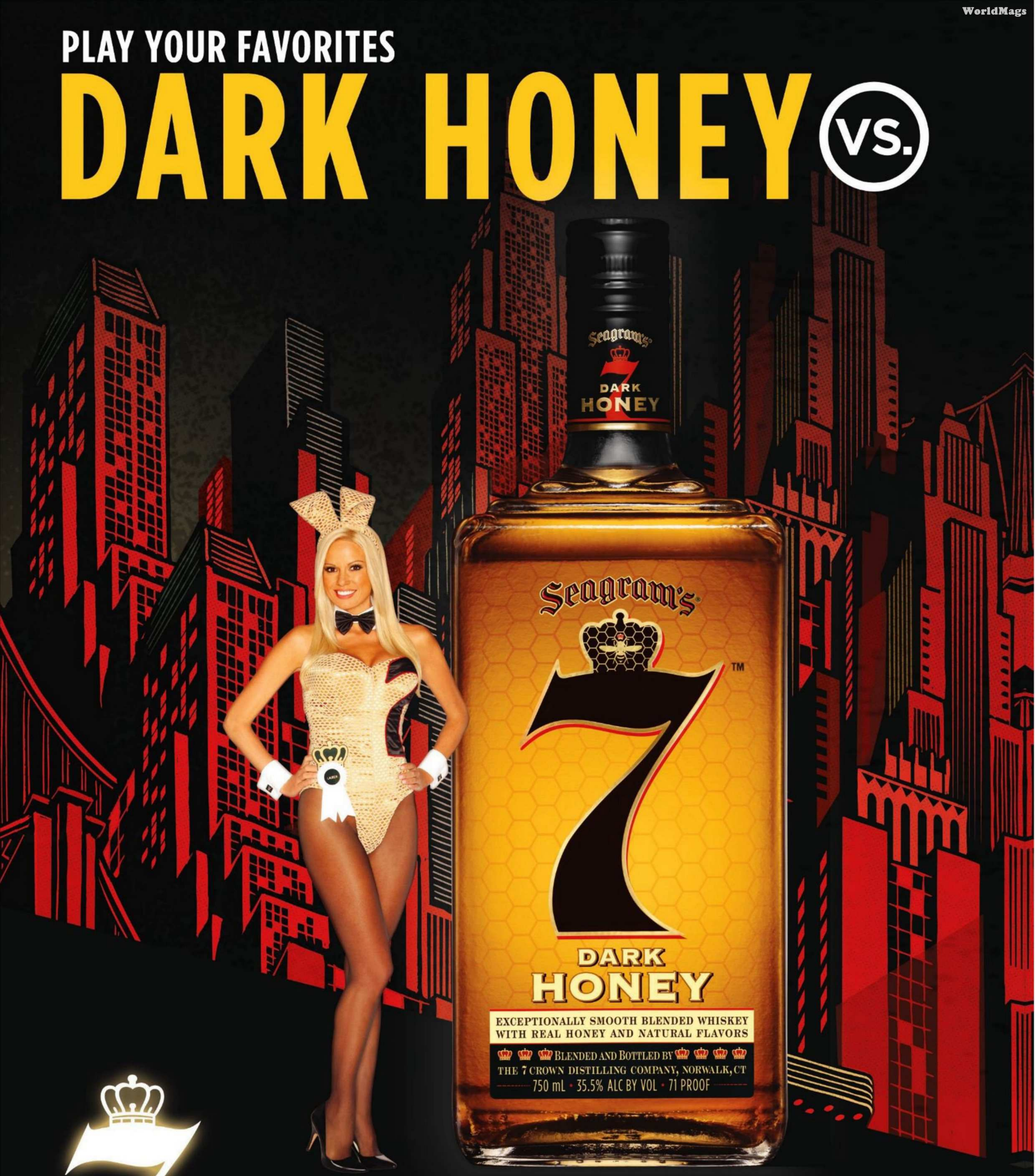

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MAZDA, 2010 GRAND-AM ROLEX GT CHAMPIONS

2010 proved to be a year to remember for Mazda and its MAZDASPEED Motorsports partners. With more Mazdas being road raced on the weekends than any other brand, it's no surprise the eight GT Mazda RX-8 teams helped bring home the Rolex 24 at Daytona, as well as all three Rolex Grand Am GT championships – driver, team, and manufacturer. Standing between Mazda and destiny lay some of the world's best from Porsche GT3s, BMW M6s and Ferrari F430s, but when the brake dust settled the rotary-powered Mazda RX-8s were parked in victory lane.

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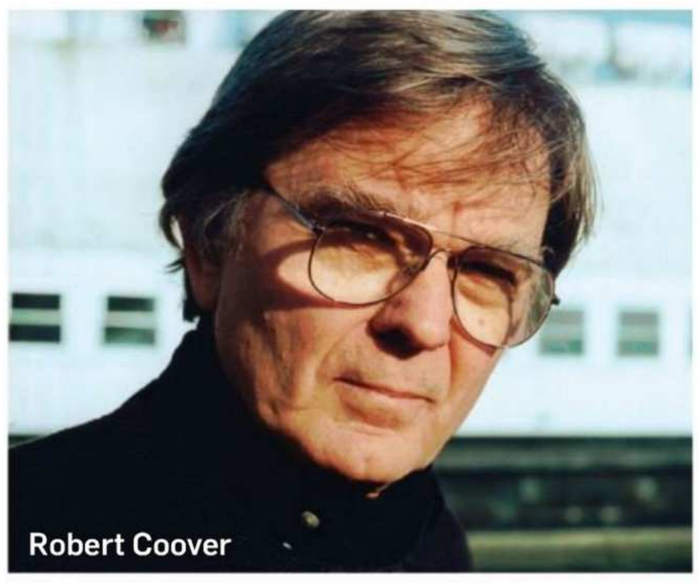
PLAYBILL

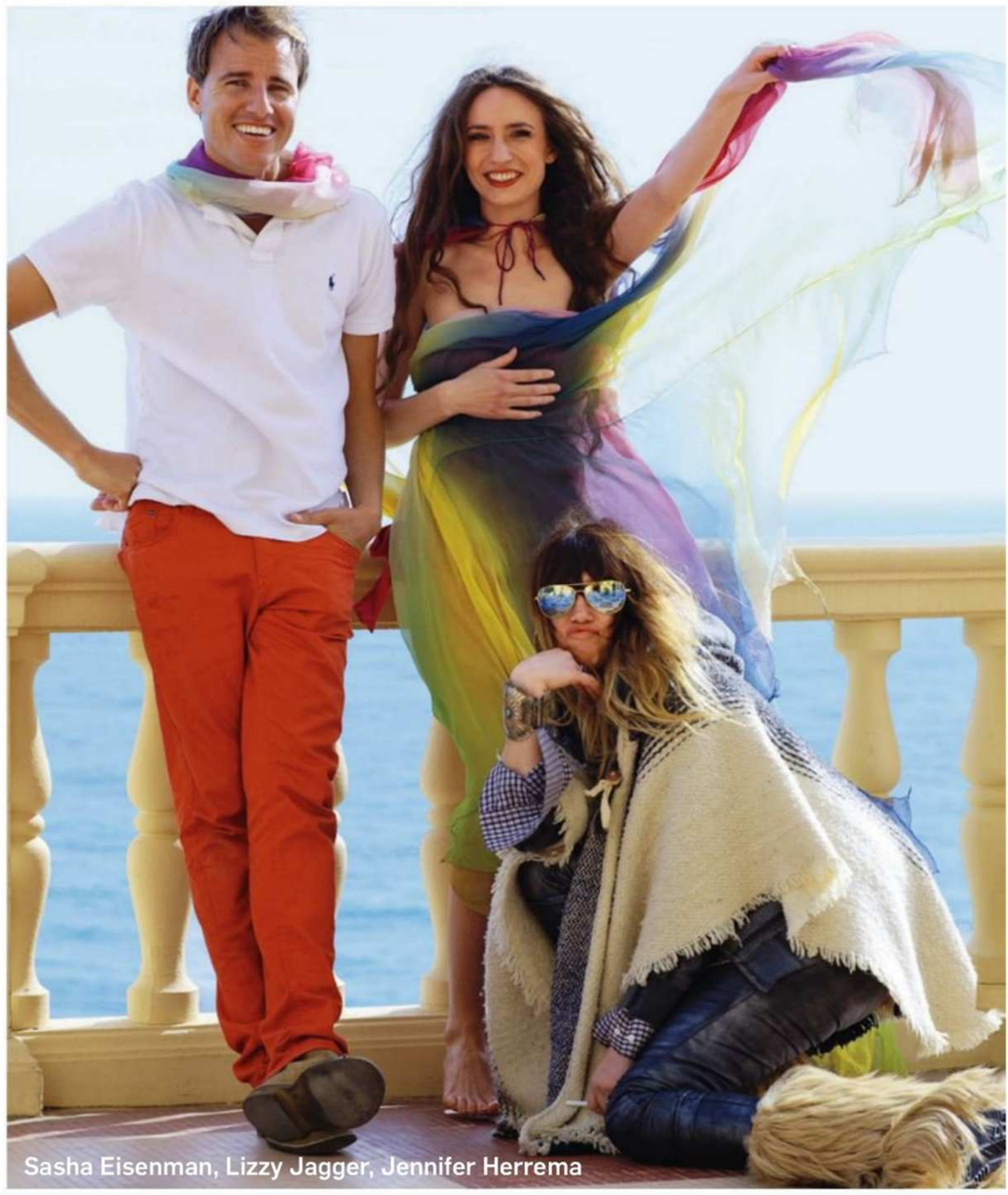
Perhaps no player reflects William Wordsworth's observation that "golf is a day spent in a round of strenuous idleness" better than **John Daly.** He has been the game's bad boy since he appeared on the scene in 1991, driving all night to compete as the ninth alternate in the PGA Championship in Carmel, Indiana and firing an opening-round 69. "Grip it and rip it" was his explanation. Now, after three stops in rehab, four divorces, a dozen scandals and the frittering away of more than $50 million, can Daly avoid the roughs? Alison Bonaguro profiles the popular everyman in *The Daly Show.* Another celebrated sybarite, **Jim Harrison,** returns to our pages with *Chef English Major,* in which he explains why it has taken him nearly 50 years to become a "consistently acceptable cook." It's from a new anthology, *Man With a Pan: Culinary Adventures of Fathers Who Cook for Their Families.* We can't tell you if **Robert Coover** makes a decent omelet, but as one of the country's foremost fiction writers, he sure can cook up a story. In *The Girl Next Door* Coover reimagines what happens when the boy next door marries his neighbor. It's a delightfully dark disaster. For a dose of hope and light, soak up the gorgeous images by photographer **Sasha Eisenman,** with styling by **Jennifer Herrema,** of one **Lizzy Jagger**—the daughter of a certain rock icon. You can't not be satisfied by *She Comes in Colors.* If you're afraid of the water, you won't be reassured by *Shark!,* a gripping report by **Stephan Talty.** When an unprecedented string of attacks strikes terror in an Egyptian tourist town, authorities call in George Burgess, the world's top open-sea investigator. To accompany the story, Juliet Eilperin explains why the shark is, biologically speaking, the perfect hunter. Eilperin's book *Demon Fish: Travels Through the Hidden World of Sharks* comes out this month. **Lawrence O'Donnell** is less dangerous than a mako, but that's just about all his critics will concede. In the *Playboy Interview* the left-falling (*leaning* isn't far enough) former writer of *The West Wing* and tough-guy host of *The Last Word With Lawrence O'Donnell* (weeknights on MSNBC) slams conservatives with a special flair. (Michele Bachmann is "a poor man's Sarah Palin"; Bill O'Reilly "a serial liar.") Everyone's a tough guy until he meets a pinup, especially if she's our PMOY. The honor belongs to Miss October 2010 **Claire Sinclair.** You'll find glamorous new images in *Claire Sinclair Is Playmate of the Year.* Finally, we cornered **Louis C.K.** for *20Q.* As you may recall, the writer, director, producer, editor and star of the hit FX sitcom *Louie* reportedly got NPR's *Fresh Air* banned in Mississippi by talking about having sex with his shirt on. Isn't that how everybody does it?

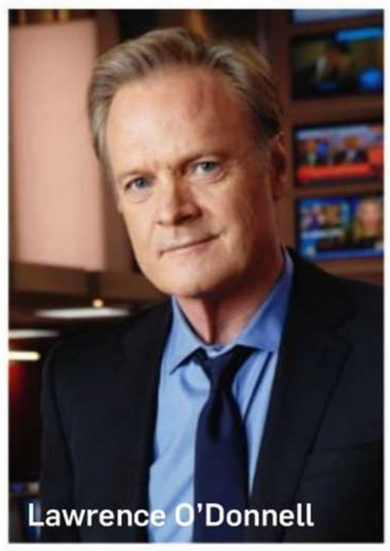
John Daly

Jim Harrison


Robert Coover

Stephan Talty


Sasha Eisenman, Lizzy Jagger, Jennifer Herrema


Lawrence O'Donnell

Louis C.K.

Claire Sinclair

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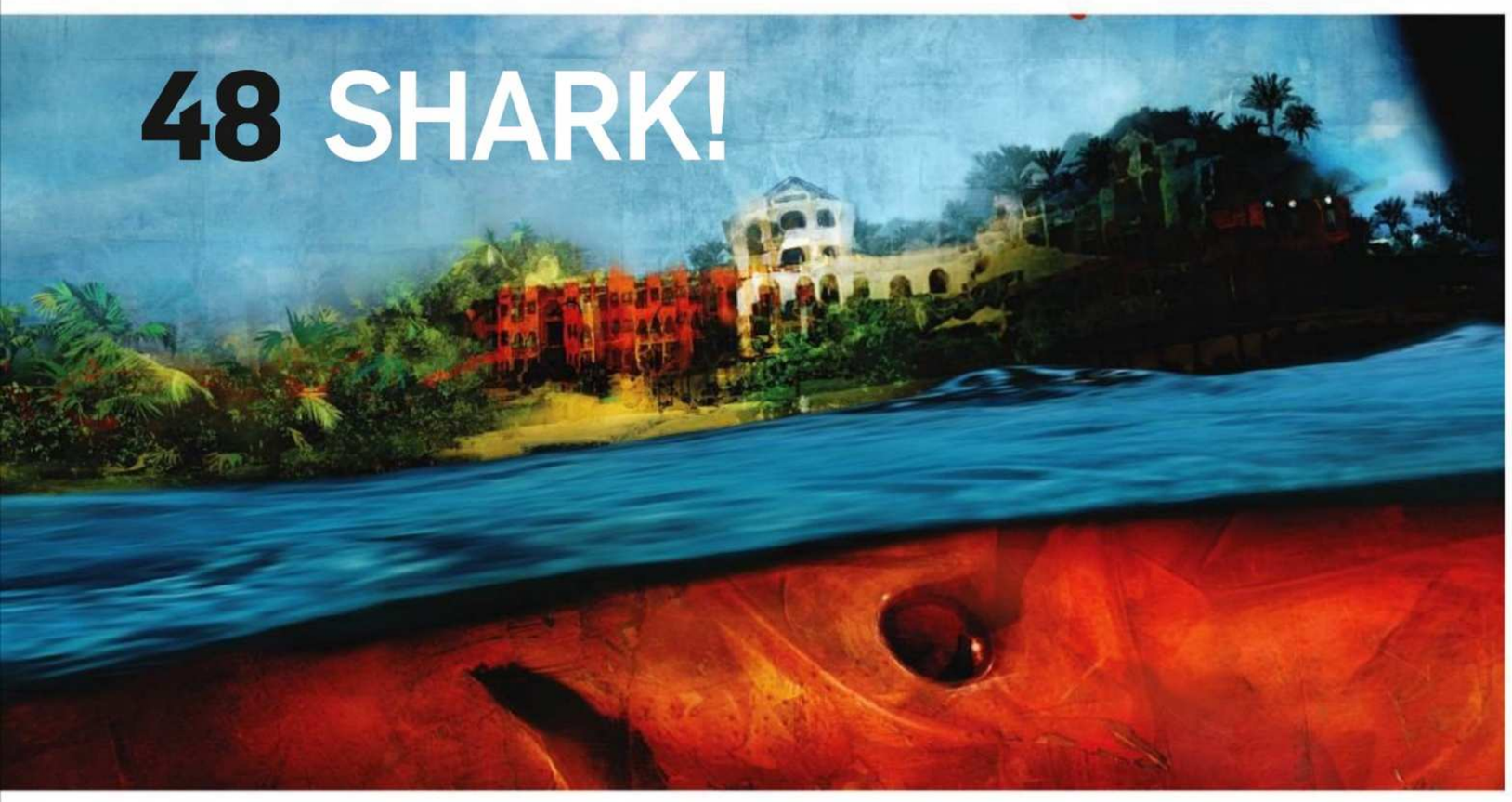

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It was a scene out of *Jaws* or Shark Week. A series of vicious shark attacks at a popular Egyptian resort left one person dead, several others horribly maimed and everyone else in a panic. **STEPHAN TALTY** reveals how nature's violent mystery was solved.

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COVER STORY

Her mother is a supermodel and her father is the frontman of the most famous band in the world, so it's not surprising Lizzy Jagger grew up to be a beautiful and glamorous woman. The model-actress reveals her sensual side for photographer Sasha Eisenman, and the resulting pictorial—much like our Rabbit—is spot-on.

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98 PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR: CLAIRE SINCLAIR
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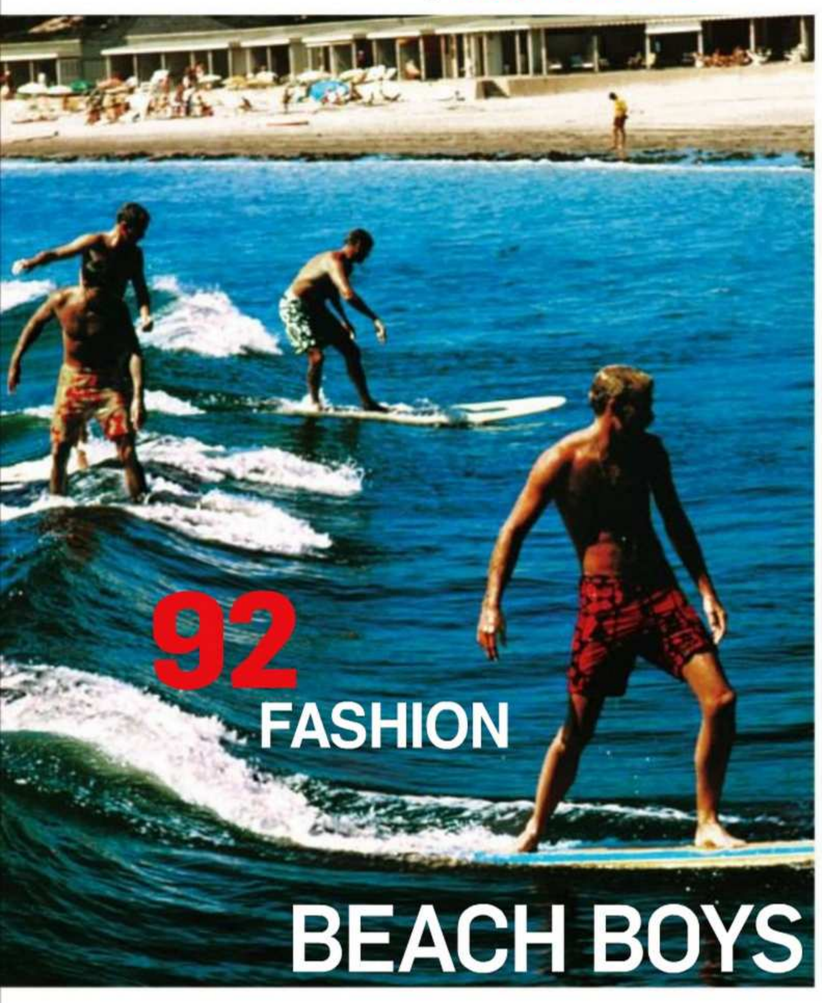

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PMOY 2011 We document a day in the life of Playmate of the Year 2011 Claire Sinclair in video and photos.

HOT FOR SNEAKERS Gorgeous Playmates showcase 23 of the hippest Air Jordan kicks ever made.

2011 PLAYBOY SEX POLL You won't believe how much sex our readers are having. Read the extended analysis of our in-depth coital survey.

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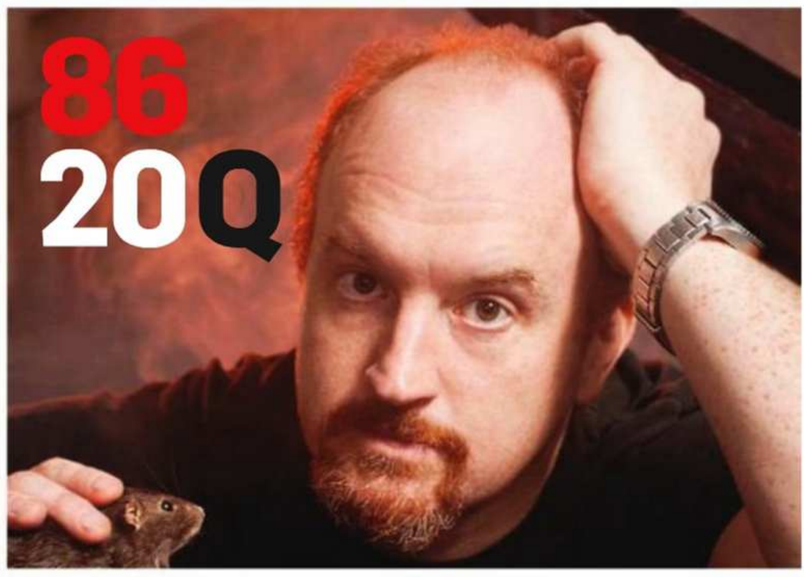

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INFUSED WITH *Imagination*

When I open **MY EYES I SEE.**
WHEN I OPEN **MY MOUTH** *I speak.*
MY EARS THEY LISTEN,
And when **I OPEN** MY MIND **I IMAGINE.**
IMAGINE A WORLD *where everything* **IS POSSIBLE,**
NO *boundaries,* **NO** PRECONCEPTIONS,
JUST ENDLESS **POSSIBILITY.**
Imagination **IS INSIDE US ALL**
AND YOU CAN *taste it*
in **EVERYTHING THAT WE DO.**

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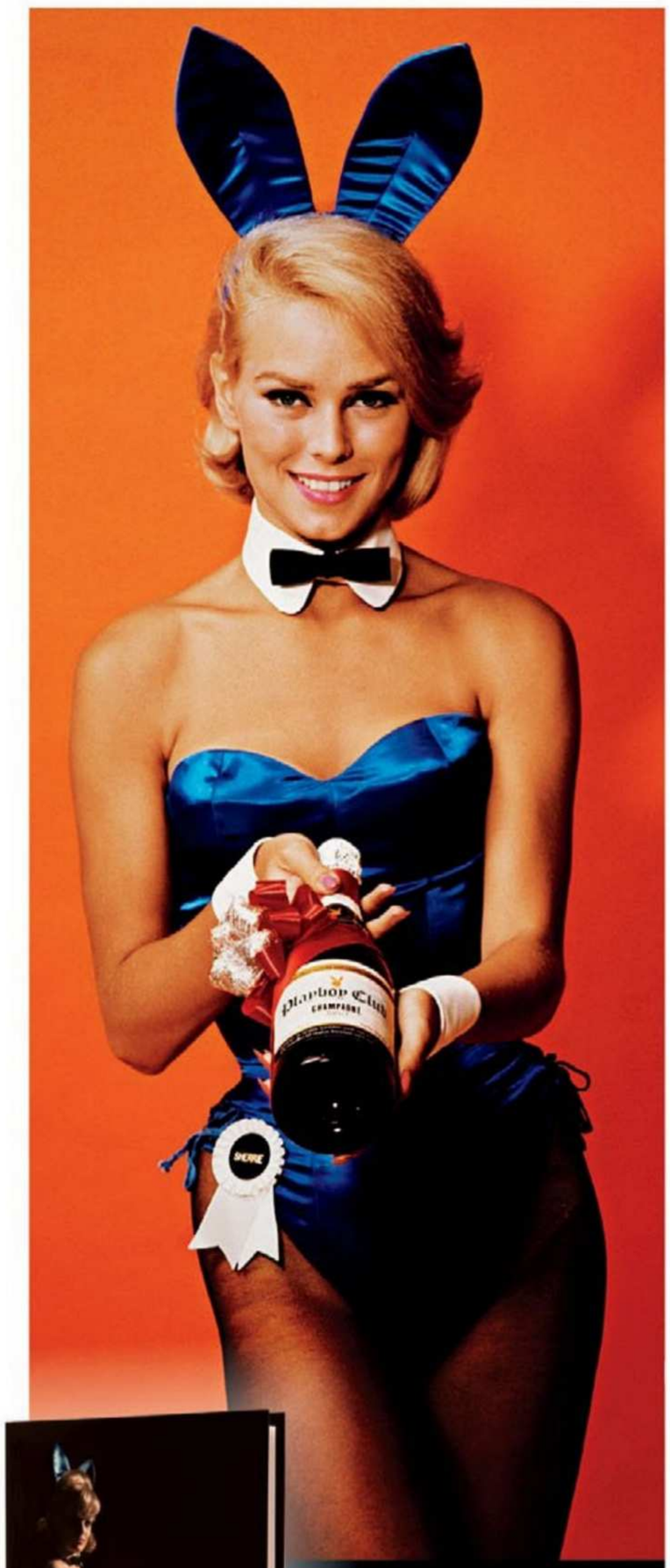

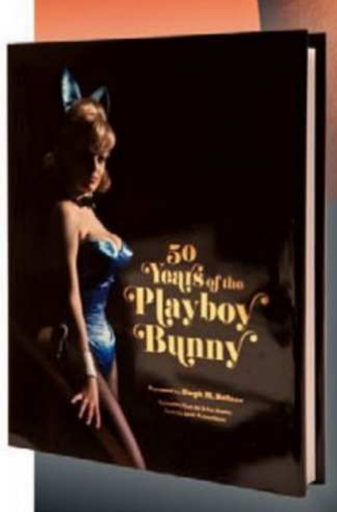

50 years of the Playboy Bunny

When Hugh Hefner founded the first Playboy Club in Chicago, he wanted a female waitstaff that would embody the Playboy fantasy. The Playboy Bunny was born, and 50 years later she lives on in our imaginations. With more than 200 amazing photos of classic Bunnies—along with many never-before-seen images—*50 Years of the Playboy Bunny* is the definitive work on a cultural icon. Go to playboystore.com to order. (176 pages, $35, Chronicle Books)

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS, MANSION FROLICS AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES

HEF, CRYSTAL AND COOPER ON *PIERS MORGAN TONIGHT*

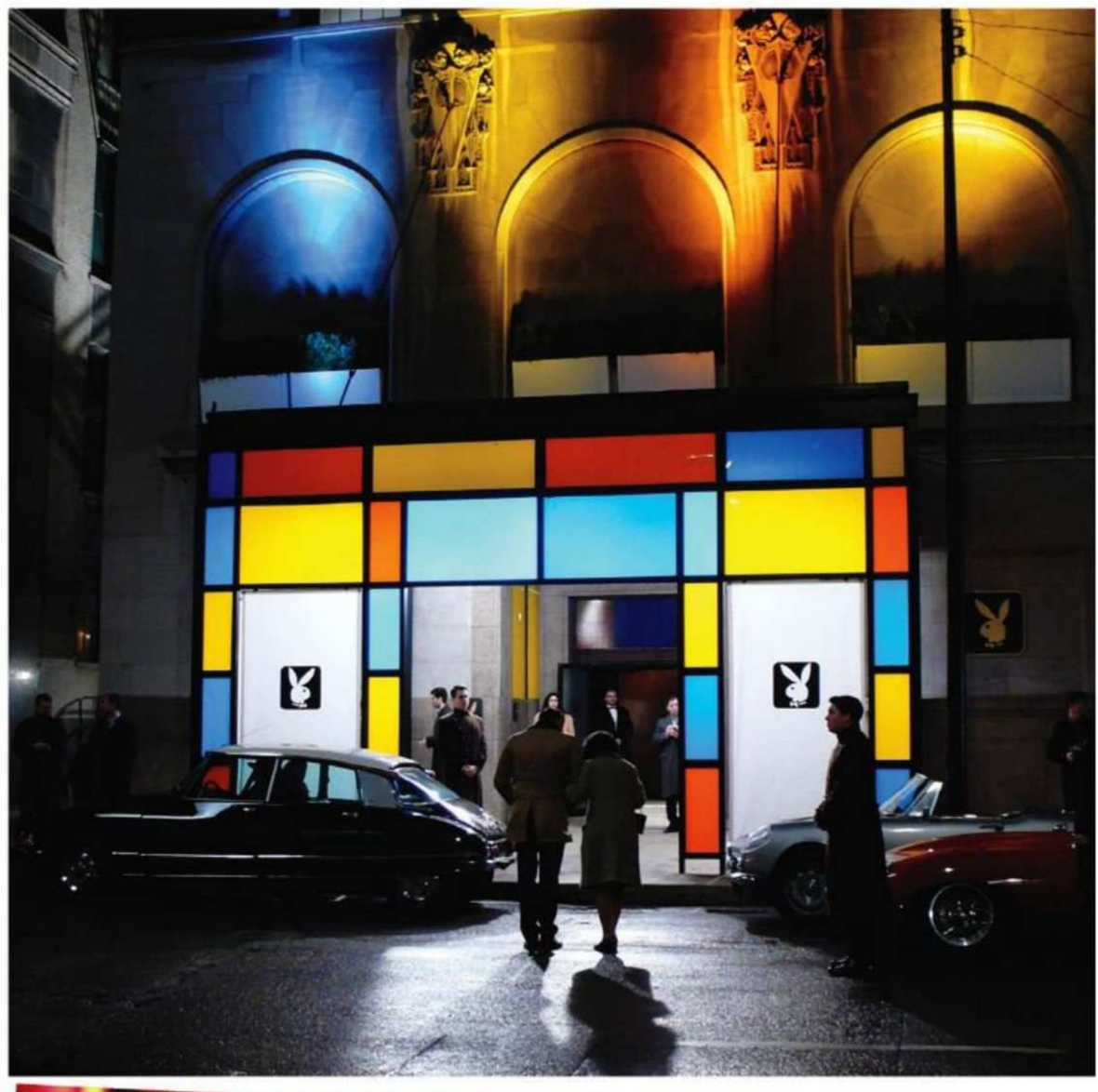
Mr. Playboy, soon-to-be Mrs. Playboy and Cooper went on Piers Morgan's show to talk about family, discuss wedding plans and announce that the big day would be June 18. When Morgan asked Crystal about Hugh Hefner, she responded, "I love Hef. He's the nicest person I've ever met, and I have so much fun with him."

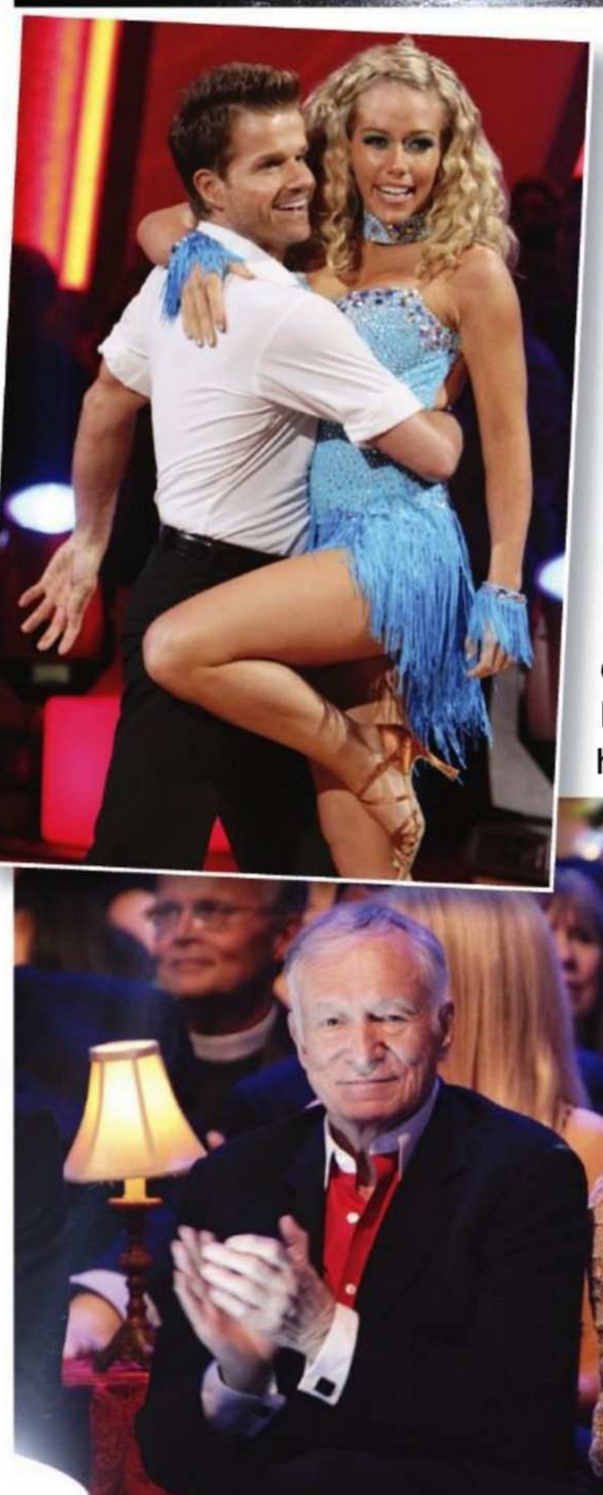
ALL THE STARS CAME OUT

When the best in the NBA descended on Los Angeles for All-Star Weekend, we opened the world's premier party house to the players and their fans. Revelers included the front-court, back-court threat of Karissa and Kristina Shannon, *CSI: Miami*'s Omar Benson Miller, former NBA star Darryl Dawkins, retired Laker Norm Nixon and Playmates Stacy Fuson and Alison Waite.

THE 1960S CHICAGO PLAYBOY CLUB COMES ALIVE

NBC's pilot *The Playboy Club* might become the best thing on TV since rabbit ears. It re-creates the original Playboy Club and fills it with Bunnies, one played by Amber Heard, and cool cats like Eddie Cibrian in the leading role. Alan Taylor, the man who brought Don Draper to life, is directing. Think *Mad Men*—but with Bunnies.





DANCING WITH KENDRA

Kendra Wilkinson tripped the light fantastic on *Dancing With the Stars,* while Hef, Crystal, friends and family applauded. The former Girl Next Door and queen of her own reality show, *Kendra,* remarked before her performance, "I'm going to turn all those years of club dancing into elegant ballroom dancing. My dance is hot—not club hot but classy hot."

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HANGIN' WITH H&F

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Hugh Hefner does more in his pajamas than many do all their lives. (1) Hef and Crystal at the Mansion's Golden Globes party. (2) Cooper and Marston Hefner with Nick Simmons. (3) Hef, Steve Bing and Brian Grazer, co-producer of *The Playboy Club*. (4) *Hunter*'s Fred Dryer and Caitlin, his daughter from his marriage to Miss October 1983 Tracy Vaccaro. (5) 50 Cent and Hef on Movie Night. (6) Teresa Palmer, Topher Grace and Anna Faris at a Mansion screening of their movie, *Take Me Home Tonight*. (7) Fun in the Sun with model Sheridyn Fisher and Playmates Shera Bechard and Kassie Lyn Logsdon. (8) Michael Feinstein and Hef around the jukebox after their interview for *Michael Feinstein's American Songbook*. (9) Italian actor Franco Nero and Hef. (10) Cooper and Jon Lovitz on Mansion Oscar Night. (11) Kendra Wilkinson and Hank Baskett with Baby Hank at PMW. (12) Crystal and Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson in the Game Room with their pooches Charlie and Miss Molly. (13) Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill, Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund, Hef, Crystal Harris and Sheridyn at the Kandyland Masquerade Party.

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DEAR PLAYBOY

SPICY DIVA

I love Lisa Lampanelli's *Women* column and hope it's something I can look forward to every month. Sarcasm rocks.

Phil Gates
Beaverton, Oregon

Lampanelli is a vicious, loud, obnoxious bitch with a mouth that needs a big bar of soap. God, I love her....

Christopher Tucker
Bowling Green, Kentucky

FAITH IN NUMBERS

You report in *Raw Data* (March) that about 50 percent of scientists practice some sort of faith. What is the source? A survey published in *Nature* found only seven percent of scientists in the National Academy of Sciences and less than 40 percent of all scientists believe in a personal god.

Dale Kitchens
Hamilton, Texas

The stat comes from Elaine Howard Ecklund, a sociology professor at Rice University who surveyed nearly 1,700 scientists for Science vs. Religion: What Scientists Really Think.

A figure in *Raw Data* (April) suggests that attractive women are more intelligent. I guess Jimmy Buffett had it right when he sang, "I'm looking for a smart woman in a real short skirt."

Pat Wilson
Helper, Utah

When has Jimmy had it wrong?

NAKED HISTORY

In "Tease Frame" (*After Hours,* April) you say Neve Campbell first appeared nude in *I Really Hate My Job* (2007). But she also appeared nude in *When Will I Be Loved,* from 2004. I guess James Toback brings out the best in some people.

Greg Nisnievich
New York, New York

MISSING BEAUTY

How could you skip Emma Watson, the hottest actress since Marilyn Monroe, in *Playboy's Sexiest Celebrities* (April)?

Richard Ray
Rockford, Illinois

THE REASON FOR RIOTS

I was in London on December 9, during the madness Will Self describes in *Dancing in the Streets* (April). The coalition of Conservatives and Liberal Democrats lied to gain students' trust, then screwed us over. The violence was unnecessary and regrettable, but I think you will see more of it here and elsewhere. People feel betrayed.

Robbie Davison
Newcastle upon Tyne, U.K.

BUGGED OUT

I appreciate that much of today's marketing is driven by fear ("The Disease-of-the-Month Club," *Men,* April). However, the fear brought on by the bedbug epidemic is justifiable, and entomologists such as myself are in awe of the abilities of properly trained sniffer dogs.

Richard Cowles
Storrs, Connecticut

Big Golden Flying Rocks

DONATO GIANCOLA

We cannot afford to wait for some billionaire angel to invest in asteroid mining (*The Great Galactic Gold Rush,* April). As with the internet, the government needs to make the initial investment. The next step is to conduct a thorough near-Earth-asteroid survey with a near-infrared telescope in a Venus-like orbit, as has been proposed by Ball Aerospace.

William BC Crandall
Redwood City, California

Crandall, president of Space Wealth (spacewealth.org), is author of the forthcoming book The Wealth of Asteroids.

A PERFECT 10-0

Props to Sheryl Nields for her unique and bold cover shot and pictorial of *Hawaii Five-0*'s Taryn Manning (*Taryn It Up,* April). I love the attitude Manning shows, and the photos are sexy retro.

Haley Chambers
South Point, Ohio

I am disappointed to see no mention in the pictorial of Manning's terrific performance on *Sons of Anarchy* as Cherry, Half-Sack's love interest.

Manning: "I want to be a one-woman show."

Kristin Whitford
St. Clair Shores, Michigan

HELEN THOMAS

No matter how "fed up" journalist Helen Thomas is with the Israeli-Palestinian conflict (*Playboy Interview,* April), her anger doesn't give her license to spread anti-Semitic conspiracy theories such as the canard that Jews control the government. One can criticize Israel without resorting to stereotypes. Likewise, her demand that all Jews leave Israel and "go home" is an outrageous pronouncement and a prescription for national suicide. Thomas may be so delusional as to believe she is not anti-Semitic, but her hurtful words show otherwise.

Abraham Foxman
New York, New York

Foxman is national director of the Anti-Defamation League.

Thomas's epitaph should read A TOUGH REPORTER WHO ASKED REAL QUESTIONS.

Dan Heredia
Dana Point, California

I am outraged that you devoted headlines to the ravings of that anti-Semitic witch Helen Thomas. Israel has been the biblical home of the Jews for 3,000 years. Palestinians are nothing more than a sect of Arabs who were "declared" a people by the British after World War I. They have as much right to the land of Israel as they do to the land of Jordan.

Bill Firshein
Middletown, Connecticut

David Hochman did a marvelous job interviewing Thomas. I find it scary to think a crazy woman could be that close to any of our presidents.

Larry D'Apice
Glen Rock, Pennsylvania

The problem with giving Thomas's rhetoric so much space is that many uninformed readers may believe she knows what she's talking about. The Palestinian mandate has been to kill Israelis, not the other way around. As the son of a Holocaust survivor, I am appalled

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Thomas would question the need to continue to remember the atrocities that millions of Jews and non-Jews alike suffered at the hands of the Nazis.

David Shaw
Valley Stream, New York

As the journalist who interviewed Thomas at the White House, I read with interest her comments in the *Playboy Interview* confirming that she is an anti-Semite. Those with any sanity know Israel

Helen Thomas with John F. Kennedy in 1960.

is trying to live peacefully while being terrorized by the same monsters who slit Jewish babies' throats and blow up buildings in New York. For years Thomas has expressed her fear that Israel has nuclear weapons. If she's right, Israel's restraint shows it to be a civilized, trustworthy society. Which Arab country would she like to give these weapons to?

Rabbi David Nesenoff
Garden City, New York

Nesenoff is publisher of The Jewish Star.

Your splendid interview helps restore my sagging faith in U.S. journalism. Until Thomas came under attack, I believed the media had matured enough to handle a civil discussion of Israel's brutal colonialism. A Semite herself, Thomas uses plain language to plead for justice for Palestinians. She is known for her lifelong support of human rights for all and doesn't possess an ounce of anti-Semitism. I was delighted when she wrote the foreword to my memoir *Speaking Out*. I have long lamented Israel's success in redefining anti-Semitism, corrupting it so thoroughly that it smears even the slightest criticism of Israeli behavior.

Paul Findley
Jacksonville, Illinois

Findley, who served 11 terms as a U.S. representative from Illinois, is founding chairman of the Council for the National Interest.

FANTASY VS. REALITY

In another age, Deepak Chopra's dismissal in the *Playboy Interview* (March) of those who are skeptical of his views as "angry people…mostly high school teachers" would have been cause to challenge him to a duel, or at least a drinking contest (he would probably propose herbal tea against my whiskey). I would call his statement unconscionable, but since he believes we all share a universal consciousness, that would be like blaming myself. Sadly, there isn't enough space to explain why so many teachers at all levels are skeptical, but as Chopra mentions, he and I are having it out in *War of the Worldviews*. Our bloody battle of words will be published in October. We'll see who's angry then.

Leonard Mlodinow
Pasadena, California

Mlodinow, a physicist, is author of The Drunkard's Walk: How Randomness Rules Our Lives and co-author, with Stephen Hawking, of The Grand Design.

Chopra makes three basic claims. First, "intelligence…exists in each of our cells, and as such, each cell knows how to heal itself." That's true. The question is whether that intelligence relies on a minestrone of chemical signals (as conventional science assumes) or on nonlocal quantum computing and entanglement among DNA, microtubules and other structures, as some of us believe. Second, "consciousness is nonlocal" and thus may extend outside the brain. This is a Pandora's box to mainstream science, which can't explain consciousness in the brain. Third, consciousness is intrinsic to the universe, e.g., embedded in the fine structure of reality from the big bang, perhaps from a previous incarnation of the universe (as suggested by Roger Penrose and me). The alternative (e.g., Hawking and Mlodinow in *The Grand Design*) requires a near-infinite multitude of unknowable parallel universes, this particular one being just right. Chopra's claims are testable and consistent with science.

Dr. Stuart Hameroff
Tucson, Arizona

Hameroff directs the Center for Consciousness Studies at the University of Arizona.

Deepak Chopra once again fails to grasp the reality around him. When asked why scientists argue so strongly against him, he says it's because he's "gone out on a limb, whereas other people have played it safe." It's not that he's gone out on a limb but that when he talks about science he gets it utterly wrong. His explanations of quantum mechanics sound profound to laypeople, but scientists hear mumbo jumbo. His critics aren't angry; we just want evidence for his fantastic claims. If you want to grasp how amazing the universe is, science (reality) wins every time.

Philip Plait
Boulder, Colorado

Plait, an astronomer, writes at blogs.discovermagazine.com/badastronomy.

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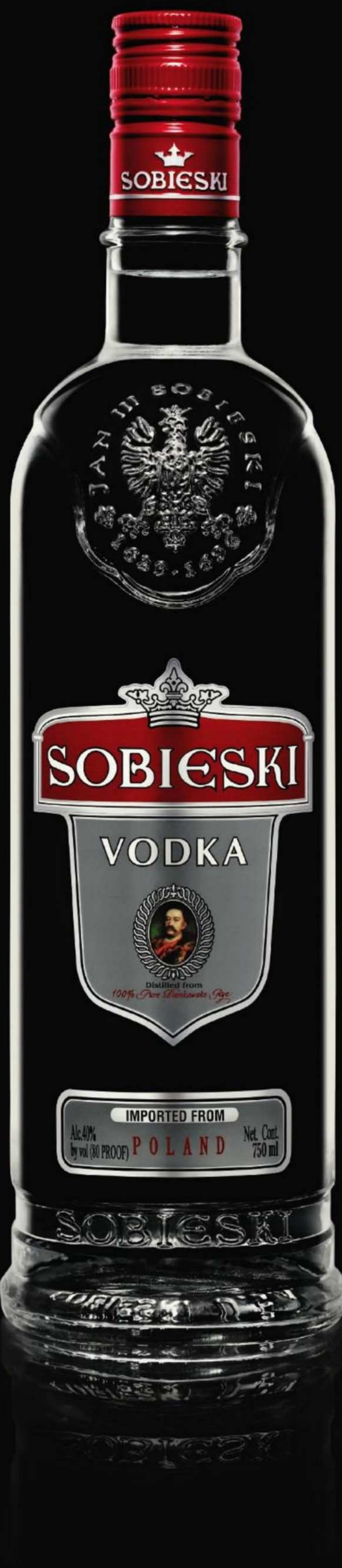

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BECOMING ATTRACTION

Katie Downes

At just under five feet, British glamour model Katie Downes is living proof that good things come in small packages. "I'm not six feet tall like most models, but I love posing nude and putting myself out there," she says. "It makes me feel sexy and womanly." Across the pond, the diminutive Liverpool native often appears in such popular lad magazines as *Nuts* and *Loaded;* she also starred on the U.K. reality show *Poor Little Rich Girls.* "I swapped places with a toilet cleaner for a week, and it opened my eyes to a lot of things—not that I come from a posh background, but sometimes you don't realize how lucky you are. So I'm glad I did the show." We're grateful it was only a temporary career change.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JENS WIKHOLM/ CELEBRITY PICTURES

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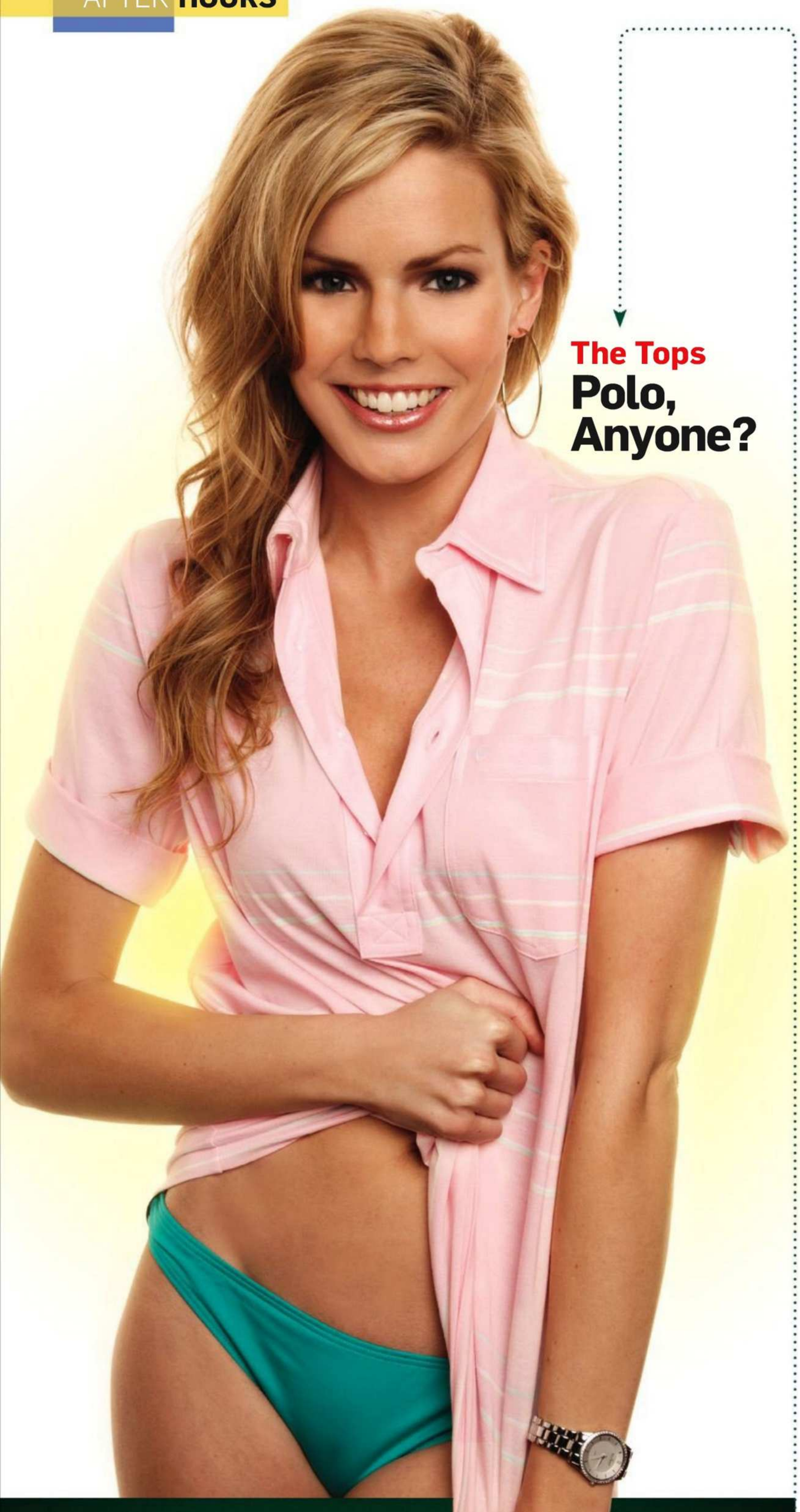

The Tops
Polo, Anyone?

You could lose your shirt in the shirt business. Unless, that is, your product strikes a chord. For Texas-based Billy Nachman and Hobson Brown, the hunt for a perfect polo was all-consuming, going back to their boyhood days. So last year they launched Criquet, which specializes in polo shirts that evoke old-school effortless preppy cool. Woven of organic cotton, they're "built to be inherited," as Nachman and Brown put it—timeless style for the man who seeks adventure with a girl on his arm and a rocks glass in his hand. Pictured: men's wide-striped player's shirt ($65, criquetshirts.com).

L.A. Story
Hollywood Flavor

Restaurateurs have breathed fresh air into the Hollywood dining scene. We've tasted it all, and here are our favorites: Il Covo in West Hollywood, new Italian fare from nightlife impresario Sean MacPherson; Il Sole, a newly remodeled classic on Sunset Boulevard; and Public Kitchen and Bar (pictured) in the Hollywood Roosevelt (go for the pork schnitzel).

Classic Look of the Month
It's Chinatown, Jake

The movie *Chinatown* (1974) will be remembered as Jack Nicholson's finest performance and director Roman Polanski's greatest film. The brilliant costume design of Anthea Sylbert, however, is often overlooked (she received an Oscar nod for the film). What private dick J.J. Gittes (above) lacks in morality, he makes up for in style. **Slip it on:** three-piece Spencer suit ($380) by Topman; dress shirt ($60) by Kenneth Cole New York; coin medallion tie ($70) by Jos. A. Bank; C-crown crushable fedora ($36) by Jaxon.

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The Jerk
Exotic Bird

To get our hands on chef Bradford Thompson's hallowed jerk chicken recipe, we had to practically mug the guy. But we got it! Thompson runs the kitchen at Serge Becker's new SoHo Jamaican hot spot, Miss Lily's, where the walls are covered with vintage LPs and the beer is ice-cold. The chef has also launched Jule's Gourmet, specializing in Jamaican sauces. Here's the jerk sauce, perfect for summer grilling.

JULE'S GOURMET JERK CHICKEN SAUCE AVAILABLE AT MISS LILY'S

2 oz. Scotch bonnet (or habañero) pepper, finely chopped
1 bunch scallions, most of greens trimmed, chopped
5 cloves garlic, finely chopped
1 oz. fresh thyme, chopped
¼ cup molasses
2 tbsp. soy sauce
2 tbsp. white wine
½ tbsp. allspice
½ tbsp. peeled ginger, chopped
¼ tbsp. cinnamon
½ tbsp. sea salt

For a chunky sauce, mix all ingredients in a bowl. For a smooth sauce, blend all ingredients until smooth. Marinate chicken in the jerk sauce for at least 12 hours before roasting or grilling.

Le Mans
Road Warriors

On June 11, at three P.M. Paris time, the 24 Hours of Le Mans will start, kicking off one of the greatest rivalries in international sport. The Germans (specifically Audi, debuting the new R18 TDI this year, pictured) will battle the French (Peugeot's new 908) in the ultimate competition of speed, endurance and engineering. Last year Peugeot was faster, but not one of the four cars it entered survived to the end, and Audi took the checkered flag. Who'll come out on top in 2011? Tune in to the action on the Speed channel.

Audi's R18 TDI debuts at Le Mans this month.

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BARMATE
Kimberley Cohen

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KIMBERLEY: Hello, welcome to Sluggers.
PLAYBOY: This looks like the perfect Wrigleyville bar to have a beer before a Cubs game.
KIMBERLEY: Upstairs we have batting cages if you need another distraction.
PLAYBOY: You are enough of a distraction for us. Do we detect an accent?
KIMBERLEY: I'm from Australia.
PLAYBOY: What brings you to Chicago?
KIMBERLEY: I've traveled all around the U.S., and I like the people and weather here the best.
PLAYBOY: And the Cubs?
KIMBERLEY: Go, Cubs, go!
PLAYBOY: What's the preferred drink here?
KIMBERLEY: We serve a lot of beer—Old Style and Bud Light—and people order plenty of bomb shots.
PLAYBOY: Anything refreshing for the summer weather?
KIMBERLEY: I'll shake up some Sluggers.
PLAYBOY: Forgive us for being forward, but would you like to pose for PLAYBOY?
KIMBERLEY: That would be a dream.
PLAYBOY: When can you come in?
KIMBERLEY: Check the Cubs' schedule to see when they have a road game.

THE SLUGGER
1½ oz. Maker's Mark
½ oz. triple sec
Juice of half a lemon
Ginger ale
Shake all but ginger ale with ice, pour into pint glass over ice and top with ginger ale.

SEE MORE OF KIMBERLEY AT CLUB.PLAYBOY.COM. APPLY TO BE BARMATE AT PLAYBOY.COM/POSE.

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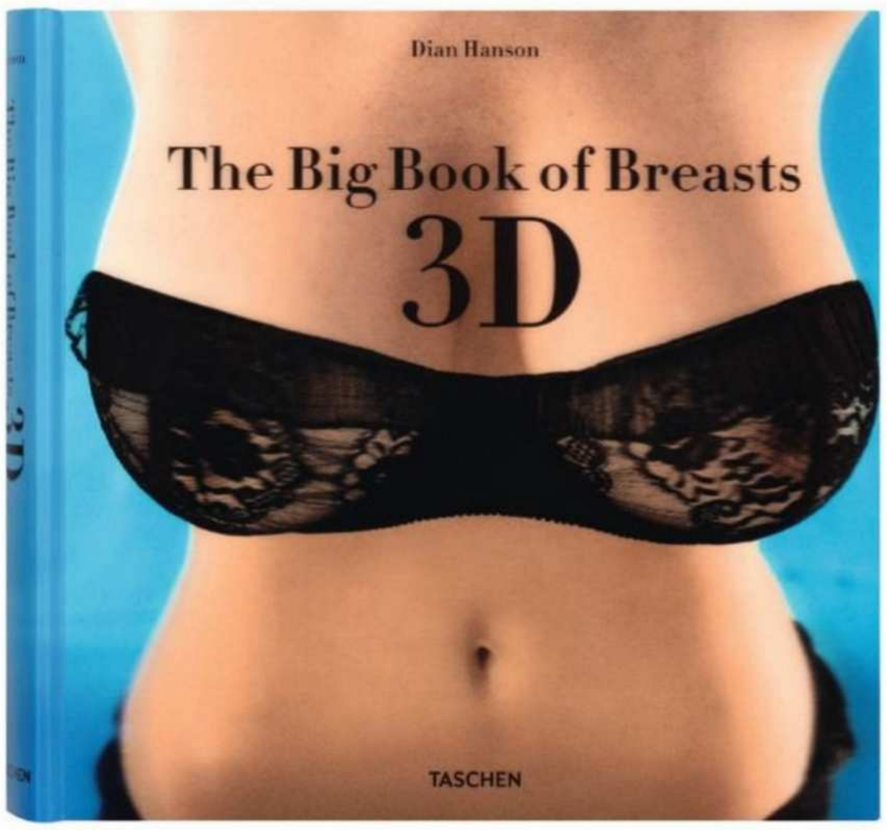
Club Rules

Dynamite Grass

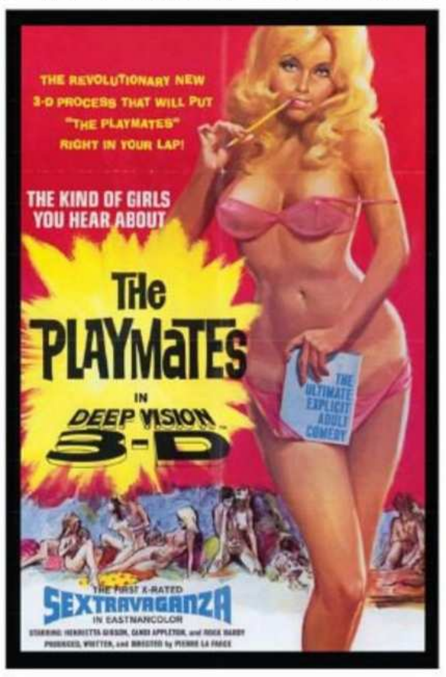
The best new golf course in the U.S. is Old Macdonald at the Bandon Dunes resort in Oregon. Although it opened last year, few have played it. The course will host the U.S. Amateur Public Links from June 27 to July 2. Famed designer Tom Doak crafted these spectacular 18 as an homage to Charles Blair Macdonald, the hard-drinking swinger who pioneered golf in America in the late 19th century. Old Macdonald has vast greens, treacherous sand and drop-dead ocean views. And no carts! Book your tee time at bandondunesgolf.com.

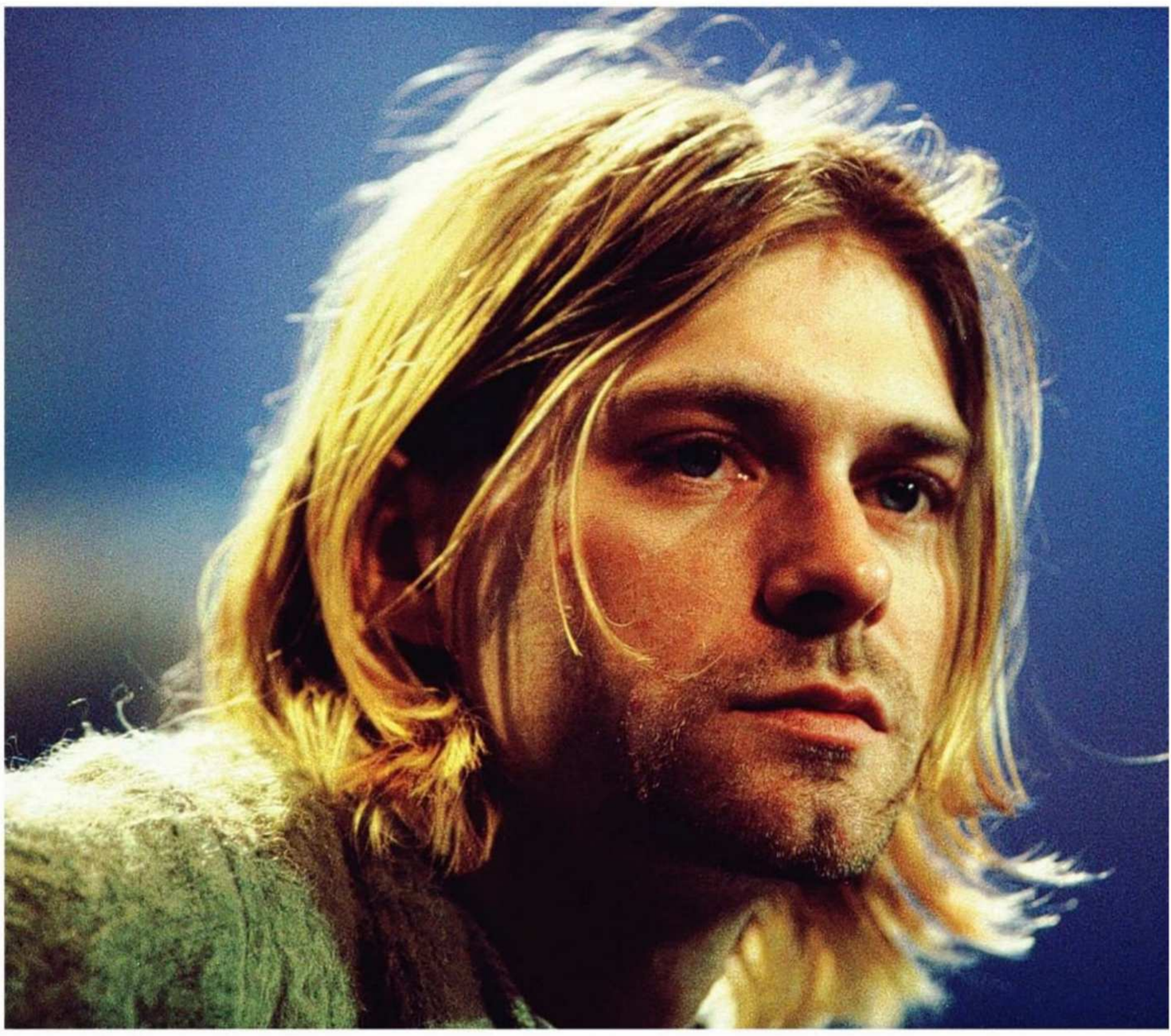


Between the Covers

Treasure Chest

The now legendary series of sexy coffee-table books by Dian Hanson has taken on a new dimension—literally. Taschen has released Hanson's *Big Book of Breasts 3D*—a companion book to her 2006 release, with additional pictures and in three dimensions. The visual wizardry comes from the Brain Factory, the effects outfit that has worked with Tim Burton. Available at Amazon.com.





Sound and Fury

Come as You Are

It's nirvana for Nirvana fans: The most extensive exhibition of all things Kurt Cobain and friends has opened at the Frank Gehry–designed Experience Music Project museum, situated at the base of Seattle's Space Needle. Nirvana: Taking Punk to the Masses will feature band equipment, never-before-exhibited paintings by Cobain, the reel-to-reel tape machine owned by Cobain's aunt with which he recorded his early bands (Organized Confusion, Fecal Matter) and more. Info at empsfm.org.

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Movie of the Month

The Hangover Part II

By Stephen Rebello

The drunk and disorderly gang are all here again in *The Hangover Part II.* The sequel's craziness revolves around Bradley Cooper and Zach Galifianakis schlepping to Bangkok for the wedding bash of dentist Ed Helms. Expect high jinks involving a monkey, ill-advised trips to a strip club and the return of both Mike Tyson and the hilariously evil Mr. Chow (Ken Jeong). "We were all on the same page that if the script wasn't good we weren't doing another *Hangover,*" says Helms. "The script is great. It picks up a year and a half after the first movie, with my character in a happy, healthy place with a beautiful fiancée played by Jamie Chung. Then the wheels come off. This one's a lot more physical, and not being a terribly athletic guy, I had general soreness and fatigue the whole time of filming. It's a more intense movie—amped up, crazier and darker. That was the only way to make a sequel, and we all hope and believe we've made a movie that's as funny or even funnier than *The Hangover.* I'm really proud of this thing."

Now Showing in Theaters

X-Men: First Class The Marvel supermutant franchise gets a Kennedy-era prequel about Professor X (James McAvoy) and Magneto (Michael Fassbender) as BFFs battling a secret society bent on world domination.

Green Lantern It's Ryan Reynolds's turn to sport a superhero suit and play the cocky DC Comics test pilot whose magic green ring makes him part of a task force of intergalactic peacekeepers. Blake Lively and Peter Sarsgaard co-star.

Pirates of the Caribbean: On Stranger Tides Johnny Depp's fourth yo-ho-ho adventure—in 3-D this time—pits him against Blackbeard (Ian McShane) and his daughter (Penélope Cruz) as the pirates race to find the Fountain of Youth.

The Beaver In this Jodie Foster–directed drama, Mel Gibson plays a toy company CEO and family man so deeply depressed and disconnected that he talks only via a stuffed hand puppet. Sometimes art imitates life.

The Tree of Life In Terrence Malick's latest dazzler, Sean Penn grapples with 1950s childhood memories dominated by his father, Brad Pitt, while tackling existential questions involving the mystery of time and dinosaurs.

Super 8 This J.J. Abrams–directed, Steven Spielberg–produced sci-fi adventure set in 1970s small-town Ohio has kids making an amateur movie when a fiery train derailment unleashes something big, mean and scary.

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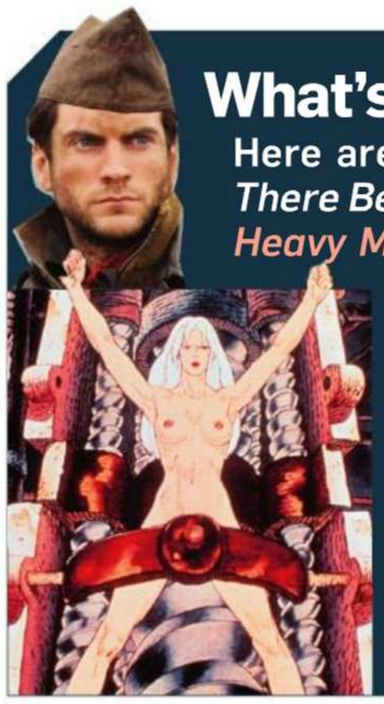
DVD of the Month

True Blood: The Complete Third Season

Vampires, shape-shifters and werewolves return to "do bad things with you," as the opening song goes, in the third season of the hit HBO show about coming out of the coffin. This time Sookie (Anna Paquin) takes off for Mississippi to rescue Bill (Stephen Moyer) from a powerful vampire king and the werewolves that do his bidding. In between all the fang-banging fun there and back home in Bon Temps, Louisiana, Sookie discovers it's no accident that vampires want to nibble on her—she is part fairy, and her magical blood is like liquid crack to the undead. The seductive Southern decadence of *True Blood* continues to intoxicate with these 12 bloody-good episodes, available on both DVD and Blu-ray. **Best extras:** The BD's interactive viewing mode with vampire histories, plus Snoop Dogg's tribute video, "Oh Sookie." ¥¥¥¥ —*Robert B. DeSalvo*

Tease Frame

After getting an Oscar nomination for her role in *Cape Fear*, Juliette Lewis continued a fearless career path filled with unforgettable characters such as those in *Kalifornia*, *From Dusk Till Dawn* and *Natural Born Killers*. In the sci-fi thriller *Strange Days* (pictured), Lewis lets it all hang out as Ralph Fiennes's lethal ex-girlfriend. Lewis is also smokin' as a pot dealer in *Due Date*, available now on DVD and Blu-ray.



What's in Your Netflix Queue?

Here are the discs WES BENTLEY, star of *There Be Dragons*, is waiting for in the mail.

Heavy Metal: "Some of the first nudity for these eyes. This is PLAYBOY, right?"

Touch of Evil: "Truly dark and haunting, and a great performance from Orson Welles."

Fantastic Mr. Fox: "So cussing hilarious I cussed my pants right in the middle of the godcuss theater!"

The Misfits: "Arthur Miller honored the icons and misfits of his time."

Music

Raphael Saadiq: Don't Call Him Retro

By Rob Tannenbaum

"I don't like the term *retro*," Raphael Saadiq says with a gentle hint of annoyance. At 18 he was touring with Prince and later led two fine R&B groups, Tony! Toni! Toné! and Lucy Pearl, before earning five Grammy nominations in a solo career that includes his new album, *Stone Rollin'*. For this his sound has been labeled retro, neo soul and revivalist, each a dismissive term. For Ray (as his friends call him), it's simple: He grew up in Oakland, "definitely a funky town" and close to the home of Sly & the Family Stone and Santana—and he's continuing the tradition of the music that surrounded him.

But maybe it's not that simple. Saadiq is a Beatles fanatic who surfs, skateboards around North Hollywood, rides a motorcycle, grew up in a barrio with 13 brothers and sisters and cites actor Sidney Poitier as his stylish role model. He built his reputation by rejecting the trends that dominate and steer black music. For inspiration he often considers the steadfastness of such white rockers as Neil Young. "I'm going against the grain. Look at country singers—they don't change. When hip-hop got big, they didn't start rapping," he says, laughing. "It's the only genre that doesn't change, and I love that."

Raphael's Fave Five

Saadiq picks key songs from his career:

Tony! Toni! Toné!, "The Blues" (1990): "New jack swing was really big, and I was making a song that basically talks about the blues."

Tony! Toni! Toné!, "Still a Man" (1996): "The song is on a Tonys record, but the Tonys aren't on the song. It's just me. We weren't even recording together as a band at that point."

Lucy Pearl, "Dance Tonight" (2000): "I started a new group. I was on the run to show people I could be successful in a second group."

"Sure Hope You Mean It" (2008): "It's a departure. I was growing into something else, letting people see my love for Motown."

"Stone Rollin'" (2011): "There's a connection from 'The Blues' to my new record. There's a reference to the blues in everything I've done. I've been consistent from day one."

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Game of the Month

L.A. Noire

By Jason Buhrmester

Rockstar Games is best known as the company behind the carjacking madness of *Grand Theft Auto*, but this time it puts players on the right side of the law. *L.A. Noire* (360, PS3) follows Cole Phelps (acted and voiced by *Mad Men*'s Aaron Staton), a young detective in 1940s Los Angeles whose investigations weave through Hollywood's golden age and were inspired by such famous cases as the Black Dahlia murder. Just don't expect to jump out of your Packard with guns blazing. The pacing is slow and methodical, more like a James Ellroy novel than a video game. It works thanks to MotionScan, a new process that uses 32 high-definition cameras to capture an actor's performance in full 3-D. As a result, the faces of all 400 actors who appear in the game reveal everything from shifty eyes to flared nostrils, details you'll need to pay attention to as you interrogate suspects. It's gripping new territory for gaming. ¥¥¥¥

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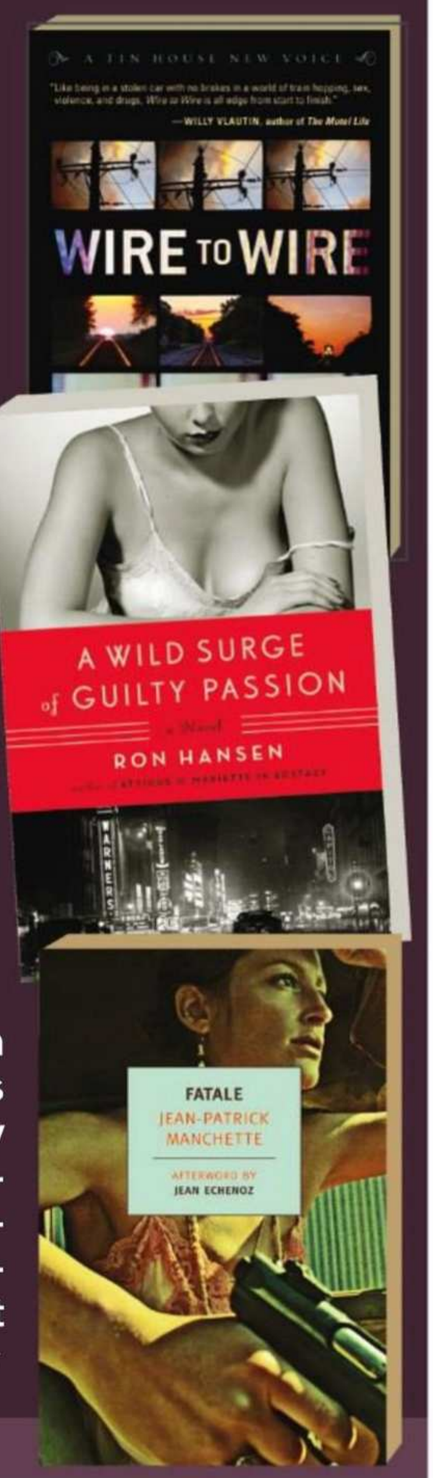
Also in gaming...

In ***Brink*** (left, 360, PC, PS3), society on a futuristic island city collapses, and rebels determined to escape face off against law enforcement. It's the most fun team-based multiplayer we've played this year. ***Duke Nukem Forever*** (right, 360, PC, PS3), the first game in more than 10 years in the 1980s action-movie-parody series, finds the buzz-cut musclehead coming out of retirement to chug beer, hit on strippers, drop bad one-liners and kick alien ass.

Summer Reads

Criminally Good

Author of *The Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*, Ron Hansen solidifies his reputation as a virtuoso of historical fiction in this reimagining of the true story of Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray, whose infamous case of adultery and murder made them two of America's earliest tabloid icons and became the basis for the film *Double Indemnity*. ***A Wild Surge of Guilty Passion*** is as seductive as any scandal sheet but is ultimately a sly and tautly paced meditation on appetite, guiding its reader from the proverbial apple straight to the electric chair. There is often a thin line between paean and parody, and French novelist Jean-Patrick Manchette is perhaps best known for reinventing noir in the 1970s by tempering its nihilism with biting, often uproarious satire of bourgeois complacency and greed. This pitch-perfect first English translation of ***Fatale*** serves up an over-the-top but dead-sexy revenge story that toys with conventions while its iconic femme knocks off a string of no-account men and looks killer doing it. Also engaged in the subverting of familiar tropes is ***Wire to Wire:*** In this impressive debut, Scott Sparling lends contemporary grunge to the genre as he embraces its trademark obsessions with sex, cash and dead ends. His all-too-human cast of contemporary boxcar drifters, glue sniffers and thugs is drawn in an impressionistic style that makes for stunning emotional depth. *—Anthony Vargas*



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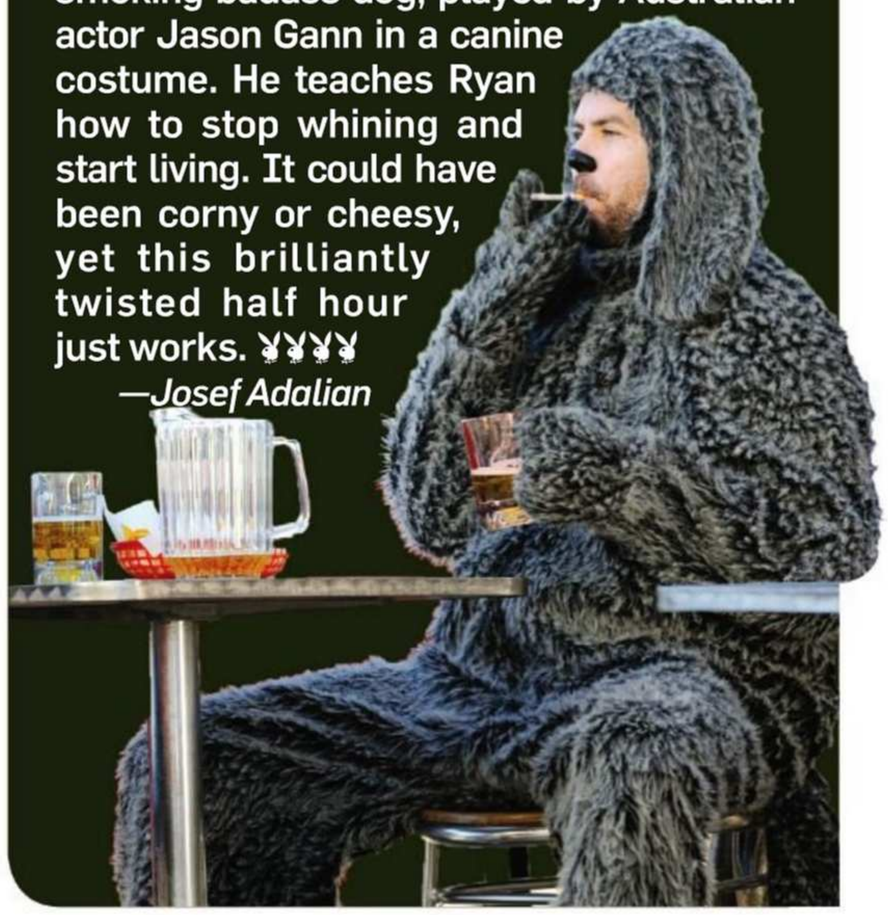
Must-Watch TV

Wilfred Is Weird

Already home to cult comedy hits *Louie* and *Archer*, FX rolls the dice on what may be the weirdest comedy ever to hit American TV. It features Elijah Wood as Ryan, a sad-sack lawyer who can't even succeed in killing himself. Enter Wilfred, a talking, bong-smoking badass dog, played by Australian actor Jason Gann in a canine costume. He teaches Ryan how to stop whining and start living. It could have been corny or cheesy, yet this brilliantly twisted half hour just works. ¥¥¥¥

—Josef Adalian



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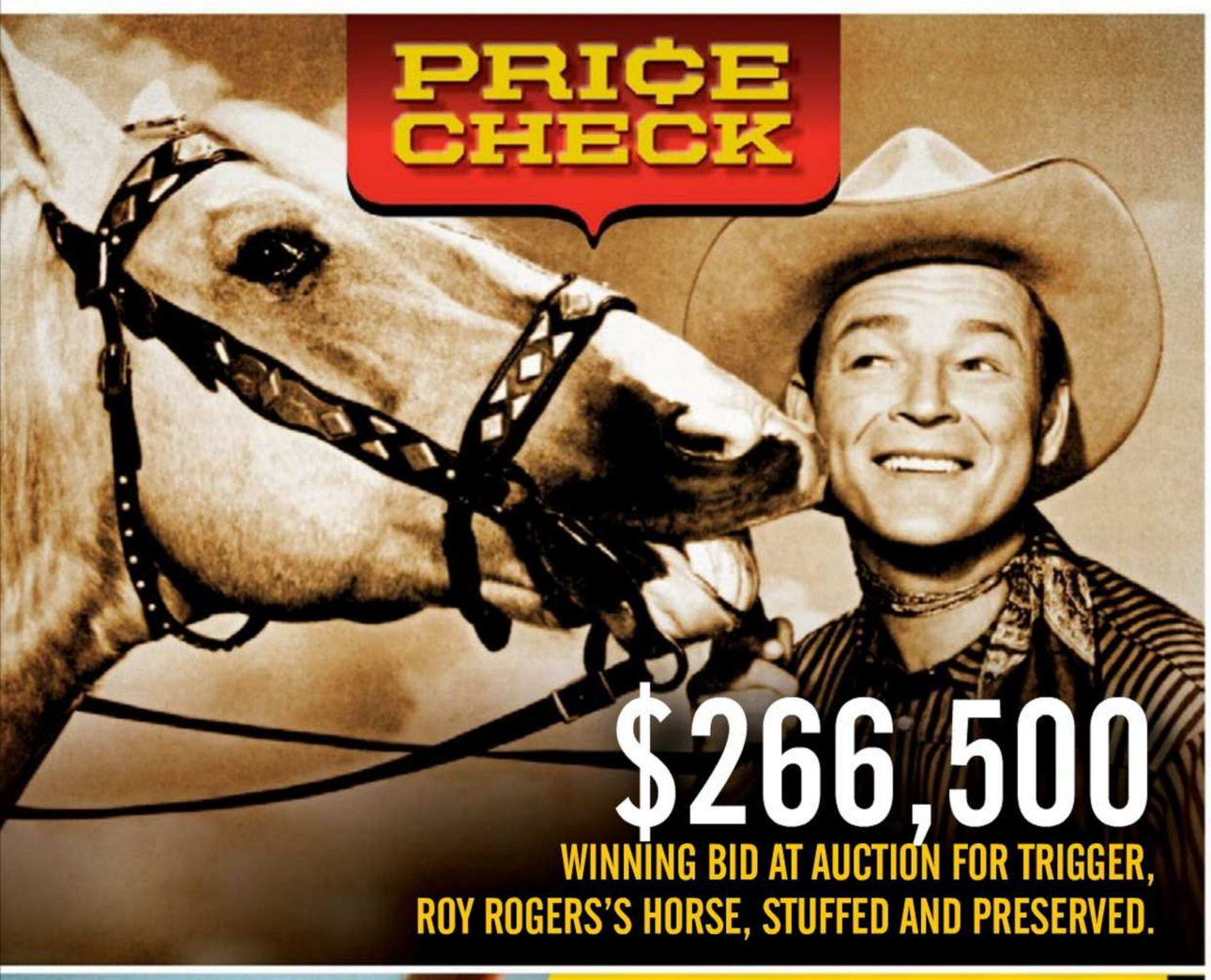

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NEW RESEARCH SHOWS TILTING ONE'S HEAD FORWARD OR BACKWARD CAN MAKE A BIG DIFFERENCE IN HOW ATTRACTIVE ONE IS TO THE OPPOSITE SEX.

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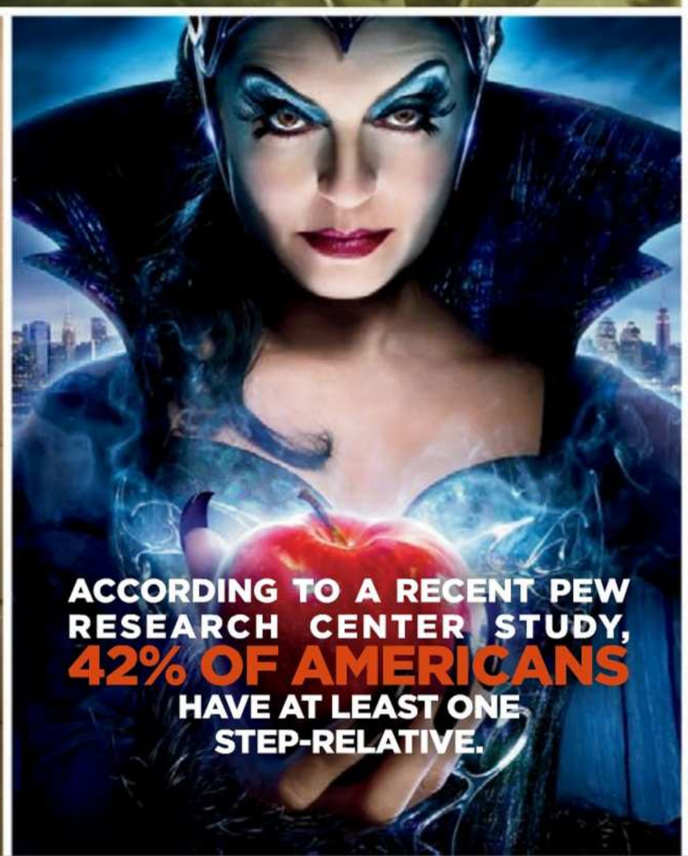
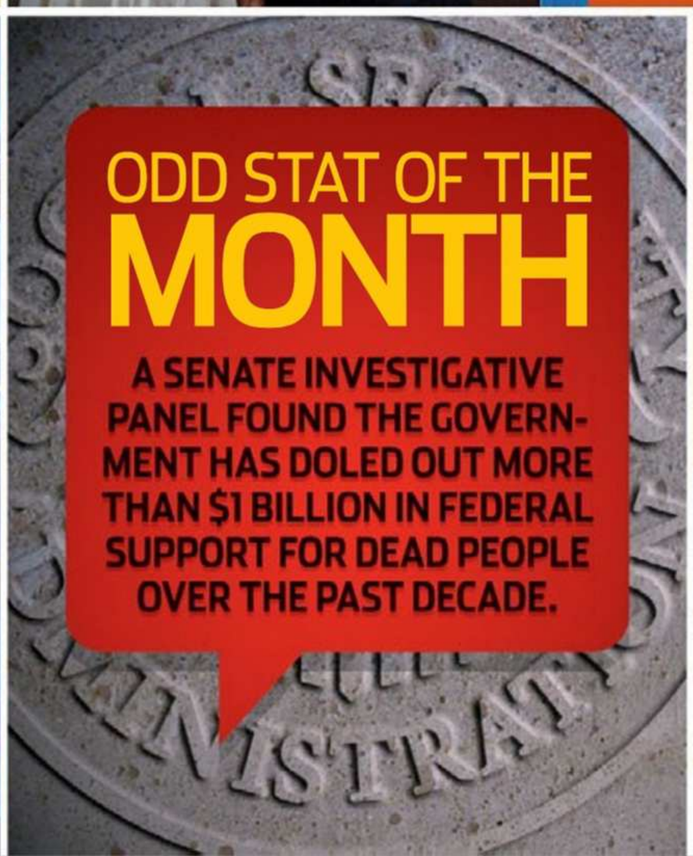


ACCORDING TO A RECENT PEW RESEARCH CENTER STUDY, 42% OF AMERICANS HAVE AT LEAST ONE STEP-RELATIVE.



ODD STAT OF THE MONTH

A SENATE INVESTIGATIVE PANEL FOUND THE GOVERNMENT HAS DOLED OUT MORE THAN $1 BILLION IN FEDERAL SUPPORT FOR DEAD PEOPLE OVER THE PAST DECADE.

AN INTERNATIONAL STUDY FOUND THAT LAS VEGAS HAS THE 5TH WORST ECONOMY IN THE WORLD, DOWN FROM 14TH BEST IN 2007.

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MEN

THE END OF THE WORLD

BY NICK TOSCHES

I was on the subway. As usual I scanned the car for shapely nylon-clad legs to examine. It was either that or read the latest issue of *The Economist,* or both. On this day there were no shapely nylon-clad legs visible to my tired eyes, and I'd already discarded my latest issue of *The Economist.* I looked down, and there it was on the dirty floor of that dirty subway car. The end of the world.

THE END OF THE WORLD IS ALMOST HERE! HOLY GOD WILL BRING JUDGMENT DAY ON MAY 21, 2011.

I picked up the sheet of paper. There was a shoe print on it and some grime I shook off. I began to read:

> "Judgment Day is feared by the world and is the day God will destroy the world because of the sins of mankind. The world is correct in believing that Judgment Day will come. The Bible gives us the correct and accurate information about that day...."

The apocalypse. The last reckoning. *Ira deorum.* Endsville. The revelation of it had come to Saint John from on high. The prophecy bestowed on me came from on low. Why hadn't they let me know sooner, before I paid my taxes? Ah, but mysterious are the ways of God and subway dreck.

It was not the first I had heard about the coming end. In fact, it went back to the usual millennial shuck and jive. The British historian Norman Cohn wrote *The Pursuit of the Millennium,* a good book about the antecedents of this 1,000-year itch. You should read it if there aren't any nearby legs to ogle.

But it was not until the events of 2001 that our culture's particular apocalyptic madness began to set in. It was the spring of the following year I began doing a series of interviews to promote the publication of my novel *In the Hand of Dante.* One of the first to interview me had really done her homework. She quoted something from my first novel, *Cut Numbers,* which had appeared back in 1988. She read my description of the World Trade Center as "immense gray tombstone towers" and, a few pages later, as "the towering tombstones." She asked me, "How did you know?" I said that it was merely a feeling I had. I did not say that the feeling was based on my memory of the construction of those buildings, which struck me as so shoddy that I believed they would one day come tumbling down of their own accord. She looked at me as if she were in the presence of a Nostradamus from Newark, a seer, Nick the Foreteller. Little did she know how much I was losing at the track.

Within a few years the bottom fell out of the economy, the United States became a subsidiary chattel state of China and the thunder in the wind from the Mideast threatened to bring down storms of destruction and even interfere with our cable reception. We could speak of Sunnis and Shiites as we had once spoken of blondes and brunettes. Then there was no economy, just an endless shifting of immense imaginary integers among computers, the endless printing of unrevealed reams of scrip and the meaningless rigged figures of rigged economic reports. Then the storm clouds from the Mideast grew more ominous and plentiful. The scent and feel of the end was in the air. The Western world was indeed a dying place, duller than a one-pack canasta game played for matchsticks, and its subjects, deprived of income and ambition, were increasingly in the mood for a good cataclysm.

Many turned to the sort of prophecies that are gleaned from the History Channel and other discarded subway scriptures to lend weight and credibility to presentiments of the approaching end. The French physician Nostradamus, whose book of prophecies was published in 1555, enjoyed a resurgence as he seemed to predict that the year 2012 would bring a comet that would leave consuming fire and anarchy in its wake.

Then there was the ancient Mayan calendar, which seemed not to extend beyond the winter solstice of 2012. So, between Nostradamus and the Mayans, there it was: December 21, 2012. In the bars and lesser universities of society, the belief that next year will be our last has become almost as widespread as the doubting awareness of this belief.

The trouble is, we have become such dullards that the omega to the alpha of the big bang may turn out to be the big yawn. I saw the movie *2012,* figuring the end of the world should at least make for middling meatball entertainment, no? No. It was *Lassie Come Home* with special effects.

Nostradamus, who could not predict the year of his own death, enjoyed the game of prophecy more than the gift of prophecy. He almost never used specific dates, and he does not assign the year 2012 to his big comet. Furthermore, his predictions extend to years far beyond that comet, which we, not he, have relegated to 2012. As for the Mayan calendar, it does not end with the winter solstice of 2012 but merely enters into a new astronomical eon.

The natural disasters we seem to be witnessing with greater frequency don't seem disastrous enough to bring about the end of anything, except perhaps the illusion that there really is a world economy. Not that this doesn't offer a small frisson of enjoyment.

My money and my hope, which is more plentiful, are on the flash points igniting in the Mideast. I am bored, and I have had enough of this oppressive, mindless, stifling, post-Orwellian descent into nothingness. So bring it on! To earthquakes! To floods! To terrorism! To the last game left in this one-horse universe—the end!

May the Homeland Security agents, whatever it is they actually do apart from collecting paychecks, move at last to action, donning clown suits and fashioning balloon animals for the big party to come.

And let us not be spoilsports toward our destroyers. We were always told that nothing was nobler than to die for one's faith—the early church was built on the glorification of martyr saints—or that, as Horace said and has been endlessly parroted since, "It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country." Well, by our own standards, we should be praising these suicidal suckers who practice what we preach.

I don't know what the morning line is, but Libya looks good. Muammar el-Qaddafi, by far the most interesting politician alive today, given the practical definition of a politician being a simulacrum of a human being who does nothing more than lie. His lies, like his wardrobe and his hair, are nonpareil. Is he mad? Who's to say? Does he have nuclear weapons? I hope so.

Enough already. Let's get this show on the road.

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MY LIFE AS A SUGAR MAMA

by Lisa Lampanelli

The first time I slipped money into Jimmy's wallet was two months after we met.

Now, I am what guys in the mob refer to as an "earner." I love making money like Charlie Sheen loves his porn stars. And I have enough that I can order, say, a snowblower on a moment's notice without sweating it but not enough that I can buy ludicrous things like the New York Mets. Or an island.

Jimmy, on the other hand, is what the Mafia calls an "enforcer." He's the muscle—that is, the guy who makes me feel protected. So it was perfect. I had the money, he had the strength, and together we were invincible. Until Jimmy told me about his kryptonite.

One night he confessed that he wanted to pay for more things when we went out but was finding it difficult. Instantly, I felt guilty. I realized that, without thinking, I had been dragging him to restaurants with names only gay guys and the French could pronounce, and I was draining him in the process. One day I decided to slip $80 in 20s into his wallet when he was in the shower. When he didn't notice, I kept doing it. He paid for more dinners, and we were both happy.

Nowadays, it's become common for men to date women who make more money than they do. I knew Jimmy and I had made it work, but why couldn't more couples? How could the woman still feel like the woman, and how could the guy keep his penis and his dignity intact?

The answer, like a good threesome, depends on the people involved. If you're a man who's secure in what he brings to the table other than money, and your woman isn't a gold-digging whore—no offense, Heather Mills—then it's a match. If not, the answer to this question, like Paris Hilton, is simple and sad—*no!*

Say, for instance, you're seeing a woman who feels a man needs to prove himself by taking her out on fancy dates. Well, Below-Average Joe, you ain't for her. The general rule of thumb: Women who wouldn't be caught dead riding a subway definitely do not want to eat at Subway. And trust me, they don't consider the words *supersize it* an aphrodisiac.

If, on the other hand, you're with a woman who judges a person's worth by something other than his stock portfolio and has a Chelsea Clinton–size bank account of her own, she's the perfect catch. First of all, dating a rich chick is a way to get payback for all those dinners, chick flicks and pregnancy tests you had to pay for in previous relationships. Enjoy it. Just be happy you're eating steak and lobster at a posh restaurant and not a Hot Pocket and can of tuna on your filthy futon. Having a girlfriend with dough is like winning the Powerball without having to stand in line with foreigners to buy the tickets.

One warning, however: If you meet Ms. Moneybags, make sure you like her for her and not for the financial perks. That is, if you're dating Precious, you better *think* she's precious. And by no means should you move in with her right away. This type of situation, like a hot tub with insurance salesmen, is not something you should jump right into. Move in only after you're both sure the relationship is solid, and when you do move in, always maintain your own secret slush fund for Vegas, golf, lap dances, happy endings and anything else she won't see the need for.

"Hey, Lisa, don't women get turned on by money and power?" you ask. I mean, how else do you explain that Lil Wayne and Donald Trump both have three baby mamas? To that I say, sure, women *do* get turned on by money, but there are other ways to amp her up.

This doesn't mean you should surrender your masculinity and start making her homemade string bracelets or hand-drawn romantic cards. These gifts will give her something to laugh about with the blowhards on her next business trip, and you don't want that.

My advice is to work extra hard at being desirable and charming. This doesn't mean offering to let her take over the controls during your *Call of Duty* marathon while you take a dump; she's already worked hard enough. In my own case, as long as Jimmy whispered a few sweet nothings and then screwed me harder than NBC screwed Conan, I could overlook his financial flaws.

Also, Jimmy made an effort to get in better shape and dress well. That made it obvious he was earning his keep even if it wasn't strictly in the financial department. Guys, buy a shirt once in a while. Even if your woman thinks she's dating a bum, she doesn't need to be reminded of it.

Most of all, Jimmy was always a gentleman. Every now and then, at just the right times, he picked up the tab himself. Nothing breaks the mood at the end of a romantic dinner like a man handing you the bill and saying, "That check ain't going to pay for itself, sweetie."

Jimmy also brought to the table everything I didn't want to. See, as a self-centered egomaniacal performer with alternating bouts of insecurity and delusions of grandeur, I'm not great at putting other people first. I had the means to pay for things, but Jimmy still "supported" me by paying attention, listening and remaining unthreatened by my success.

Simply put, don't overthink it and ruin the great times. To quote the great Marsellus Wallace, "That's pride fucking with you. Fuck pride." Pride—that's the problem. Men lose their sanity when their pride is wounded. It's the reason countries wage wars and the reason a million men have bought ExtenZe.

Take this from someone who knows. Making less money than your girl doesn't make you less of a man. Antiquing, owning cats and watching the Bravo network make you less of a man.

Now if you'll excuse me, I gotta go. It's time for me to give my husband his allowance without him knowing it, because I'm *starving!*

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ILLUSTRATION BY RYAN HESHKA

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Birthday Benz

Mercedes celebrates 125 years—at 186 mph

"Hello, officer," we said to a stern-looking California highway patrolman as we sat in the leathery cockpit of Mercedes-Benz's new CLS63 AMG. "A lovely day for a test-drive, no?" He looked over the ride and inquired, "How much?" We confessed to a starting price of $97,500. "How fast?" he came back. "It can nudge 190 miles an hour." He offered a "whoa" and shook his head. "Take it easy," he spat and headed to his patrol car without whipping out his pen. Yes, this sedan is a curiosity. It's as close as you can get to an MB racing car with four doors and four seats. The car is meant to celebrate the hallowed German company's 125th anniversary, an embodiment of all the style, power and technology MB has mastered over the years. As put by Michael Kunz, head of the company's Classic Car Center in Irvine, California, "It offers extreme performance, yet it's fully drivable as a normal car. It can compete with exotics, but it can carry four people." After burning around highways outside San Diego, we had to agree—thus our meeting with the statie. Hand-built by MB's AMG performance wing, this beauty matches 516 foot-pounds of torque with serious braking power and endless amounts of computer wizardry. Your Mercedes dealer will have a CLS63 AMG available this summer, but we bet it won't be there for long.

Walking on Water

Water shoes generally fall somewhere between Crocs and mandals on the style spectrum. Adidas's new line of aquatic footwear (from $65, adidas.com), however, borrows its aesthetic from the shoemaker's trademark cool and its functionality from the laboratory—i.e., it offers quick-drying capabilities and a specialized drainage system to ensure you never get cold feet.

Close Encounters

What can't the iPhone do? Only two things, as far as we can tell—feed the hungry and take quality close-up photos. While an app that will end world hunger is probably forthcoming, the iPhone Telephoto Lens ($35, photojojo.com) can magnify the curves of your comely subject without pixelating them like a secondhand Super 8.

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Game Changer

Not bound to land or your entertainment center, the OnLive game system and service (onlive.com) exists primarily in the sky. The 50 or so games available in the OnLive catalog (*Assassin's Creed: Brotherhood* and *NBA 2K11* among them) are streamed digitally to your television, tablet and smartphone—no bulky console and cartridges necessary. Game rentals start at $3, while outright purchases run as much as $50.

Evening Shades

Forever timeless, a solid pair of aviators—e.g., Porsche Design's P'8478 sunglasses ($500, porsche-design.com)—will never do you wrong. They are, in fact, perfect for any warm-weather occasion, whether it demands a jacket and tie or boardshorts and a T-shirt. And don't be blinded by sticker shock. The titanium P'8478s, which come complete with two sets of unbreakable lenses, will long outlast their plastic competition.

How to Start a Nanobrewery

Your neighbors can't stop drinking your homebrewed IPA—or telling their friends about it. So, while you're not ready to quit your day job, you would like to see your tap handle at the corner pub. The next step: a nanobrewery, a boutique operation not quite the size of a microbrewery but big enough that you'll need the blessing of city, state and federal regulators to craft your barley pops and avoid a stint in the clink. The Alcohol and Tobacco Tax and Trade Bureau website (ttb.gov) provides a detailed rundown of the paperwork you'll need to complete and where you're legally allowed to set up shop—rented storage lockers are fine; basements and bathtubs are off-limits. The requisite professional-grade equipment from Sabco Brew-Magic costs around $6,000 (brew-magic.com; you can also find kegs there for $30). Self-distribution is key since finding someone to take on such a small account is nigh impossible. At least now you'll have an excuse for all that late-night barhopping.

Hey, Holmes

It's a little secret: Summer is one of the best times to ski. You just have to fly south, where June means winter. We asked Brad Holmes, one of our favorite extreme skiers, where to go. Turns out, he's head over heels (that's Holmes at left) for Portillo in Chile (also pictured). "It's an effortless flight," says Holmes, who's based in Squaw Valley, California. "You land in Santiago in the morning after an overnight flight and you can be skiing by noon." Portillo is the oldest ski area in South America, laid out across a jagged swath of the Andes that slices into the Lake of the Inca. The slopes were first skied by Norwegian engineers brought in to lay a railroad from Chile to Argentina. "I go every year because it's the perfect place to ski, heli-ski and party," says Holmes. "I stay at the yellow hotel at the base [the Hotel Portillo, inset]. I call it the big yellow spaceship. And the heli right at the mountain is great." The season runs from June 18 to October 1, when the snow is deep and the sun is out 80 percent of the time. Says Holmes, "I suggest a night in Santiago after you ski; the seafood is phenomenal." More info at skiportillo.com.

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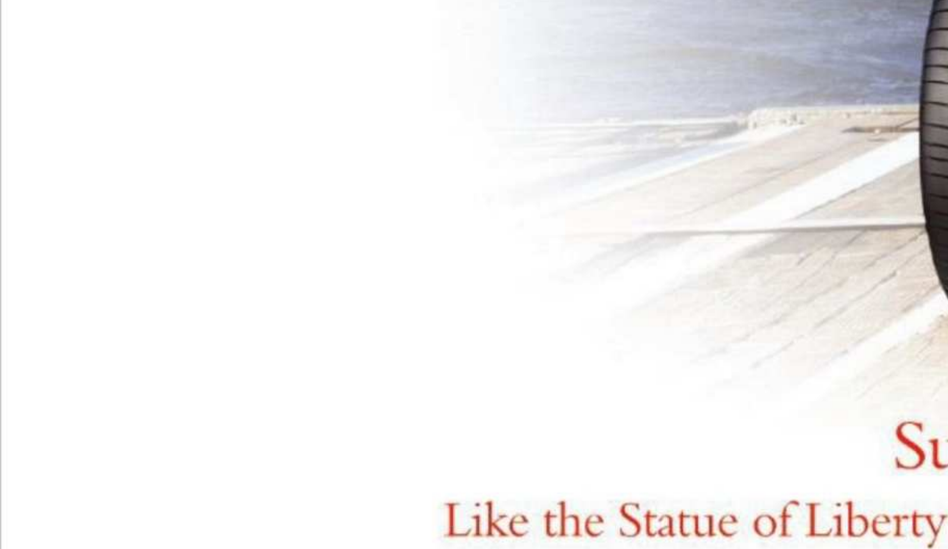

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I had my first date three years ago, at the age of 21, and have since had four girlfriends. The longest relationship lasted three and a half months. My sexual experience consists of three dry humps, four hand jobs and two blow jobs. I also gave oral sex to a girl once. I'm busy with work and school, so I'm not looking to meet women. But I am concerned because I am unable to stop masturbating. The more I try to stop, the more difficult it is. Today I went to a parlor for an erotic body scrub and didn't stop the woman from giving me a hand job. I also didn't say no to a blow job. I asked the woman if she offered that to everyone, and she said no, which made me feel a little better, though I think she was lying, which makes me feel worse because I never wanted to pay for sex. I feel I should have more control over my base desires. Is there a way to stop this and redeem myself?—K.S., El Paso, Texas

You sound normal to us and in no need of redemption. Instead, it seems as though you're suffering from augustinism, a paralyzing but curable mental condition named (by us) after Saint Augustine. In his Confessions, written 1,600 years ago, the bishop of Hippo said he would pray, "Grant me chastity and continency, but not yet." That's because Augustine feared God might actually answer his prayer and deliver him from "the disease of concupiscence, which I desired to have satisfied rather than extinguished." Yet pursuing either state—asexuality via satiation or repression—leads to madness; in a match of wills, the libido always wins. So enjoy yourself. You're fixated on the inventory of your experiences, but sex is more than the sum of its parts. Also, find a new girlfriend.

I was on a date at a Japanese restaurant and ordered a bottle of chilled sake. We ended up leaving the half-full bottle at the table. Would it have been bad form to take it with us?—D.G., Sacramento, California

No. Every state allows diners to take opened bottles of wine and sake with them as long as the bottle is recorked and, in 25 states (not including California), sealed inside a tamper-proof bag. The cork and/or bag prevents the bottle from being considered an "open container," which can get you in trouble. If you transport the bottle in a vehicle, a number of states (including California) require it to be placed in the trunk. Bob Beck, who sells wine bags to restaurants and consumers (800-401-9014 or winedoggybag.com), says some Japanese restaurants allow diners to seal their sake in a bag, sign their name to it and store it in the restaurant's cooler until their next visit. We're not sure what sake you ordered, but the wine critic W. Blake Gray (wblakegray.blogspot.com), who lived for nearly a decade in Japan, notes that the selection at restaurants in the U.S. is typically small and the markups tremendous. He suggests sticking with Japanese-made sakes, which he believes are superior and also because it's the least one can do to help the recovery there. Because of the markup, don't spend more than $60 on a bottle when dining out. For the uninitiated, junmai ginjo is the most wine-like sake, and nigori is the equivalent of white zinfandel. "There's nothing wrong with white zin," Gray explains, "but if you've moved past it in your wine drinking, it's time to move past it with sake." Dewazakura Dewasansan is Gray's go-to brand. If you take your sake home, you can expect it to remain fresh for three or four days and palatable for two weeks.

ERIC FORTUNE

My girlfriend is so sexy other women approach me and tell me how hot she is. How do I, as her faithful boyfriend of six years, get her to see herself that way? She has a freaky side in bed, but I can't convince her she's a knockout.—A.N., Laramie, Wyoming

You should keep telling her she's hot, but don't be surprised if she never takes it to heart—a woman expects to be complimented by her boyfriend or husband. It's part of the gig. Guys don't have this mind-set—we'll let any praise go to our head immediately. A shout-out from a stranger carries more weight, but women are cautious there too because comments on their beauty or form are nearly always designed to get them naked. But another woman telling her how good she looks? That's gold. When women approach you to say your girlfriend is hot, reply, "I tell her that," and ask if they'd let her know directly. They'll understand. If enough women do it, your girlfriend may believe.

My girlfriend and I are both 18 and have been dating for two years. She told me she is a virgin and not ready for sex. I respect her decision but found out something that is bothering me: The other day I saw her having sex with my sister, who I know is a lesbian. Does my girlfriend not want to have sex with me because she's also a lesbian? If she's a lesbian, why does she like to kiss me and see me naked? What should I do?—G.J., Los Angeles, California

This sucks because, unlike most guys who catch their girlfriend with another woman, you can't comfort yourself by imagining the threesome. All you have here is a relative stealing your girlfriend. She may have strong feelings for both of you but not view intimate encounters with another woman as sex. That doesn't excuse her betrayal, but you're both young, and it may be time to explore other options. Before you make that decision, you need more information, and your girlfriend is the person to provide it.

My wife and I are fortunate enough to have been accepted into a well-run swingers' group that limits membership to 20 couples. One woman has selected me to be her partner on two occasions. She has so much control over her body that I refer to her as having an educated pussy. After the first two or three thrusts she puts such a viselike grip on my erection that I can't move. She gradually releases her grip and allows me to retract slowly. When I'm ready for the next thrust she is wide open to receive me and repeat the process. It doesn't take either one of us long to climax. How can I get my wife to have that kind of muscle control?—B.J., Brockton, Massachusetts

By all means, introduce them. The secret to an educated pussy is Kegel exercises. They are named for Dr. Arnold Kegel, a gynecologist at the University of Southern California who in 1948 described how women could correct "genital relaxation" brought on by childbirth

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or aging by strengthening the pubococcygeus muscles of the pelvic floor. Kegels are simple: Squeeze as you would to stop the flow of urine. Do reps of 10 whenever you have a chance—at a stoplight, in a meeting, while reading the Advisor. (We'd be honored.) Men can also benefit from Kegels because a strong PC muscle allows for harder erections and more stamina.

I bought a dozen penny stocks. They all turned out to be valued at a few cents or less. Is this a scam? I get mailings about penny stocks at least 10 times a month now.—W.F., Baraboo, Wisconsin

Of course you do. Penny stocks aren't a scam, but scammers love them. Sold on exchanges such as the OTC Bulletin Board (otcbb.com), they cost less than $5 per share because they're risky. A penny-stock company may have no assets, no earnings, no products, no contracts, huge debt and poor management. But you'll never know much about these firms because most don't file reports with the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission and are rarely followed by analysts. The shares are sold in such small quantities the price is easy for con artists to manipulate. Penny stocks rarely become dollar stocks, so they're not investments to build a portfolio around. Most investors would probably do better, or no worse, putting their money into baseball cards and comic books.

I keep having a dream about having sex with my mom. I know it's messed up, but in the fantasy it's never my actual mother—always a different older woman playing the role of my mother. I always say "This is a bad idea" but end up going through with it. Is this normal, or am I taking the MILF trend too far?—M.R., Toledo, Ohio

We received a similar letter once from Ed in Thebes. His situation took a bad turn. We're less concerned about you. Like many men, you are attracted to "mature" women. The most influential of these is your mother, so she jumps to mind. Like many men, you are also turned on by taboo. So your brain blends this mix. One could interpret your mother's physical absence as a sign of your mental health.

One morning I couldn't find my razor. I pulled aside the shower curtain and discovered my wife using it to shave her pussy. I told her I would be using a new razor for my face after seeing that. She said I was overreacting because she had done it before and I hadn't noticed. Am I odd for not wanting to share a razor?—K.R., Jacksonville, Florida

Not at all, though wouldn't it be fun to be that razor? Your wife will get a better shave from products such as the Body Bare or the Seiko S-Yard Cleancut (both available from 2sensualproducts.com). Surprise her.

In March you advised a reader whose wife tested positive for human papillomavirus to get himself tested. After one of my ex-girlfriends told me she had HPV, I investigated and was told men can't get tested. Have I been given bad information, or do you know something no one else does?—G.A., Gary, Indiana

We got that wrong, and we'll take full responsibility until we can find someone else to blame. Men can be tested, but it's done only for medical research. In fact, a newly released study suggests that 50 percent of men have HPV at any one time. Although most types of the virus don't cause health problems, about six percent of men are infected each year with HPV-16, which is linked to cancers of the cervix and oral cavity. Also notable: Researchers found the median time required for a man's body to clear an HPV-16 infection is 12 months, whereas for all HPV infections combined the median time is seven and a half months. Cervical cancer stands out because it's relatively simple to prevent. Routine screening in developed countries for HPV-16 and other high-risk strains has reduced cervical cancer by 75 percent over the past five decades. But in developing countries it remains the second most common cause of cancer death, with about 370,000 new cases annually and a 50 percent mortality rate.

Which is the best Vegas strip club to take your wife?—R.L., Omaha, Nebraska

Little Darlings has the best dancers and by far the best stage show, says Arnold Snyder, who reviews every club in his guide Sin City Advisor's Topless Vegas (sincityadvisor.com). There is no lap dancing on the main floor at Little Darlings, so your wife won't find herself sitting next to a guy with a naked lady squirming on his erection. Because it's a nude club, Little Darlings doesn't serve alcohol; if you or your wife needs liquid courage you'll have to take care of that before you arrive. Of the topless clubs that do serve booze, Snyder says he sees the most women in the audience at Crazy Horse III, the Hustler Erotic Ultra Club and the Déjà Vu Erotic Ultra Lounge. Crazy Horse III and Déjà Vu are connected to traditional nightclubs in the event your wife wants to take a quick step back into the land of the more modestly adorned.

The *Modesto Bee* reported in March on a pastor battling his "addiction" to porn. When is looking at porn considered an addiction?—J.M., San Jose, California

You can't become addicted to porn. For starters, there are no withdrawal symptoms when you stop watching. You also can't develop a tolerance for porn—or good porn, anyway—another sign of an addiction. We will concede that spending hours bug-eyed in front of a screen with one hand on your nob may complicate your life. But a study last year by psychologists at Utah State illustrates the difficulty of labeling this a pathology. It involved six male volunteers who felt they had what the researchers describe as "problematic internet pornography viewing." One guy watched at work for an hour each day. One downloaded nude photos. One guy watched only gay porn and wondered if he might be gay. One guy who watched three hours a day was on medication for obsessive-compulsive disorder. One watched for an average of 21 minutes two or three times a week and one for about 80 minutes twice a week. Which of this bunch is "addicted"? Some therapists have proposed that porn viewing leads to a neurological dependency that makes it hard for men to climax with a partner. That sounds a lot like the kooky idea that watching people have sex will fill your brain with "erototoxins." For people troubled by the time they spend watching porn, the Utah psychologists claim success with a cognitive therapy that teaches men to accept rather than fight their desire to view but refocus on something more constructive. We have long wondered if many men who watch lots of porn are self-medicating for undiagnosed depression. A new study suggests just that—both men and women who consume the most online porn also show more symptoms of depression.

I just moved here from Atlanta and can't find a good tailor. The best I've come up with is a department store that seems to confuse seamstress with tailor. Can you help?—R.D., Charleston, South Carolina

If you find yourself in a new city with no strings attached, stop the best-dressed man you see and ask for the name of his tailor. Visit the best hotel in town and ask the concierge whom he or she recommends. Or do the same at the city's best upscale men's store. Any of these options will work especially well in Charleston, where the gentlemen are still natty.

Recently I gave up coffee—three large double-shot lattes daily—and have noticed I don't last as long during sex. Is there a connection?—M.A., Annapolis, Maryland

Hard to say. For centuries coffee has been associated with the dulling of libido—it's said that one of its first uses was to enhance prayer. Female petitioners in 1764 in London rallied against coffee because it made their men "unfruitful." The 19th century historian Jules Michelet said coffee "replaces sexual arousal with stimulation of the intellect," which isn't all bad, while a 1931 guide claimed it could "extinguish carnal desires." But there is little science to confirm this notion. In fact, a 1995 study found caffeine made male rats hornier, though it had no effect on how quickly they ejaculated. Caffeine withdrawal is known to cause anxiety, especially if you quit cold turkey, and anxiety is associated with loss of stamina. We'd let this ride and see if you get your groove back after your body adjusts to its decaffeinated state.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or send e-mail by visiting playboyadvisor.com. The site also has links to download our greatest-hits e-book, Dear Playboy Advisor, and air times for the weekly Advisor Show on Sirius/XM 102.

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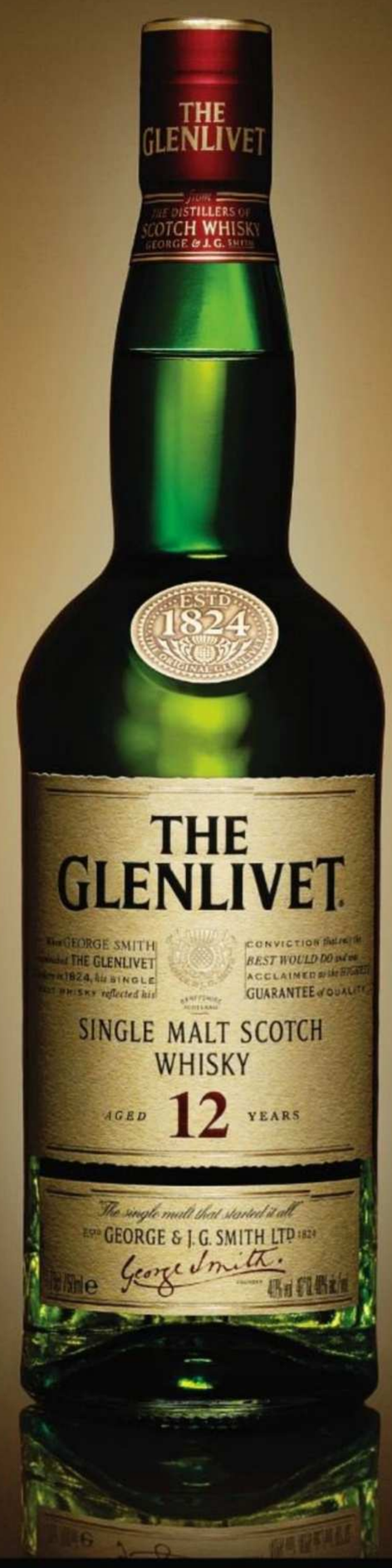

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: LAWRENCE O'DONNELL

A candid conversation with MSNBC's outspoken new host about his right-wing competitors, the upside of screaming pundits and why Charlie Sheen is newsworthy

The ongoing battle between cable's Fox News and MSNBC sometimes makes TV's Ultimate Fighter seem tame. MSNBC's latest weapon is Lawrence O'Donnell, one of the gutsiest, most fiercely intelligent and entertaining hosts on any television network, cable or otherwise. So when ratings king Keith Olbermann parted company with MSNBC, O'Donnell was the natural choice to fill his chair. Each weeknight on his show, The Last Word With Lawrence O'Donnell, the host, who is so far to the left of the political spectrum that he has described himself as a socialist, discusses the issues of the day—clashes between unions and state governments, Afghanistan, Charlie Sheen—with a sharp focus on what he calls "Republican folly." He delights in skewering conservative media figures and politicians. He called Vice President Dick Cheney's speech on counterterrorism policy "sleazy." He slammed Fox News commentator Glenn Beck's "fake biblical literalist piety." He has criticized Minnesota Republican congresswoman Michele Bachmann's "breathtaking demonstrations of ignorance levels previously unimaginable in a member of Congress or a graduate of an American elementary school" and has called Fox's Bill O'Reilly "a joke" and a liar.

O'Donnell, who is from Boston, is to the political left what O'Reilly and Rush Limbaugh are to the right—that is, if either were also a Harvard graduate and political wonk versed in the minutiae of health care policy and tax codes. After college O'Donnell worked for half a decade, first as communications director and later as senior advisor, for Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, who once said of O'Donnell, "He's maybe the smartest man, and he sure as hell is the toughest." In addition to his inside-the-Beltway political career, O'Donnell, who is 59 and married to actress Kathryn Harrold, has written a book, worked as writer and producer on the TV show The West Wing and acted on that show and on Big Love (he had a recurring role). On MSNBC, he guest hosted Hardball With Chris Matthews, The Ed Show, The Rachel Maddow Show and Countdown With Keith Olbermann, which led to The Last Word.

PLAYBOY *sent Contributing Editor* ***David Sheff,*** *who conducted last month's interview with Congressman Barney Frank, to New York to talk media and politics with O'Donnell. Sheff reports, "O'Donnell is the rare television host who talks beyond bullet points about almost any issue you can name. Ask him about health care, and along with analysis of the Obama plan you get a detailed, nuanced history of the issue as it has evolved since the Nixon presidency. O'Donnell seemed sincere when he said he prefers serious debate to the kind of shouting matches many cable news hosts are famous for, but that didn't stop him from ripping into former House Speaker Newt Gingrich, who that day gave an interview in which he blamed his marital infidelities on his passion for America. O'Donnell, on a tear, said it had less to do with Gingrich's passion for America than it had to do with Viagra."*

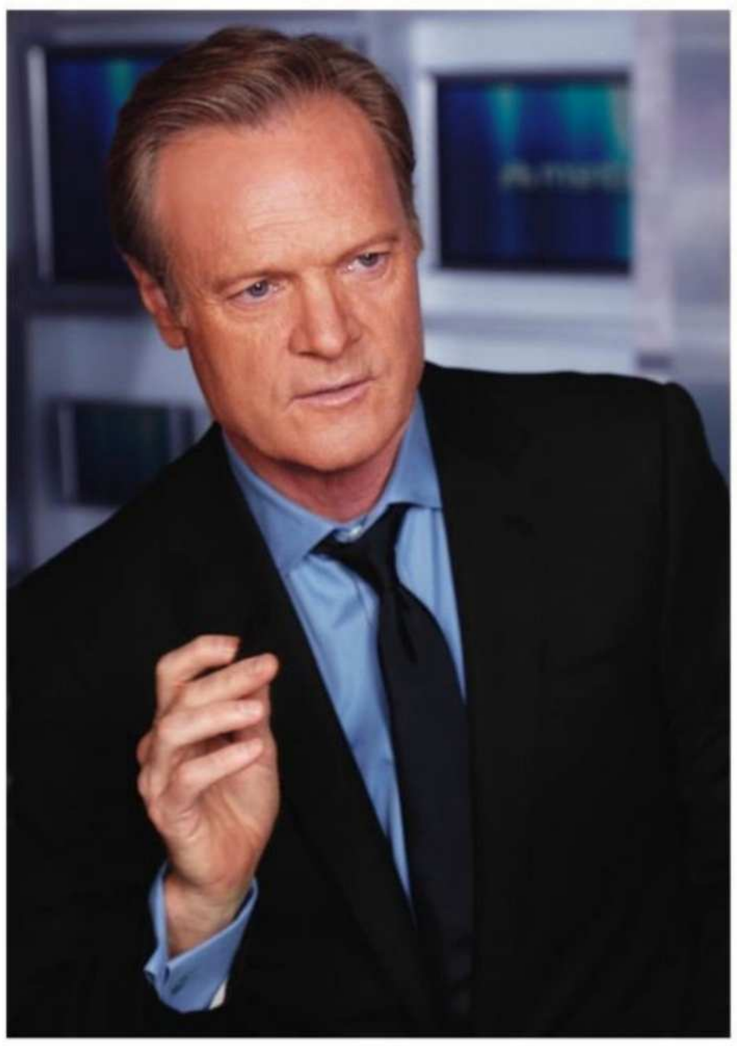
PLAYBOY: As a former advisor to a U.S. senator, do you ever feel it's unseemly to be part of the sparring on cable news shows?

O'DONNELL: It's the nature of these shows. In its successful form, primetime cable news is op-ed television, which is why CNN usually runs last.

PLAYBOY: Does contentiousness drive ratings?

O'DONNELL: My highest-rated shows were 25 minutes with the vice president, which was not contentious in any way, and any 10 minutes I've had with Bill Maher, which were not contentious either. Contentiousness is not what drives the ratings.

PLAYBOY: Yet lots of yelling goes on. Bill O'Reilly is famous for interrupting guests and sometimes bullying them.



"I don't think a single Republican congressman believes there's any issue with Obama's birth. Not one. I don't think anybody working at Fox News thinks that. But the thing people fear most with an audience is offending them."

"If you compromise and compromise, then what do you stand for? Nothing. Mario Cuomo was willing to lose his governorship over something not a single Democrat would ever risk an election over again: the death penalty."

"We're all socialists. I'm a socialist because I support Social Security and Medicare. They're socialistic. Everyone who supports these programs is supporting socialism—including most Republicans."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

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O'DONNELL: I don't think it's required. The audience is drawn to someone who gives voice to how they feel. It doesn't have to involve yelling or bullying. But I do think it's probably satisfying to his audience to see O'Reilly beat someone up.

PLAYBOY: You've attacked O'Reilly, recently for his interview with President Obama. What was wrong with it?

O'DONNELL: You have your big Super Bowl moment to interview the president and don't ask a single memorable question, not one, other than "How does it feel to be hated?" And this was coming from someone who is hated by millions of people. It's a stupid question because it's one you could ask any president. They're all hated. In fact, Obama is hated in lower numbers than most presidents. O'Reilly didn't ask one worthwhile policy question. He had an interview opportunity with the president, and he completely blew it.

PLAYBOY: You once said of O'Reilly, "I see dozens of guys I grew up with who are just like him—overbearing, argumentative Irish guys."

O'DONNELL: I can't take Bill seriously. He's a character I've known since I was a kid. He makes me laugh more than anything else, because he's this faux character, a character he plays in a series called *The O'Reilly Factor*—the braggadocio Irish guy who plays as if he's smarter than you, but in fact he doesn't know very much and can't really back up what he says. Everybody from my neighborhood knows that character and thinks that character is a joke. You know, the tough-guy part of it is the biggest fraud of all. Bill's from Long Island. Sorry, that's not tough-guy territory.

PLAYBOY: Is Glenn Beck a newer version of O'Reilly?

O'DONNELL: Beck is one of the great showmen of this field.

PLAYBOY: Some people think he's dangerous, potentially inciting viewers to violence.

O'DONNELL: He doesn't feel dangerous to me. It's hard for a man in makeup to feel dangerous.

PLAYBOY: Do you think Beck believes the extreme views he espouses, or is he pandering to his audience?

O'DONNELL: The latter. He follows his audience. He tells them what they want to hear.

PLAYBOY: So extremism sells?

O'DONNELL: Well, maybe Beck's extremism has to do with a straight decline in his audience over the past year. It's quite pronounced. His numbers have declined. People are theorizing that it has to do with his going too far, making no sense and cheering for the wrong side—for example, cheering on Mubarak in Egypt. Another thing is that he's a doomsday guy. "The world is coming to an end" is his thing. You can say that for a limited time, and then it had better come to an end or people will think it's not worth listening to you much longer. [*Editor's note: Shortly after this interview was completed, Beck and Fox News announced they were parting ways.*]

PLAYBOY: Does Rush Limbaugh also pander?

O'DONNELL: Yes. He tells his audience what they want to hear. Even more than that, he plays the character they want him to be. Rush did a horrific physical imitation of Michael J. Fox, who has Parkinson's disease. If we have a beloved actor in America, it is Michael J. Fox. He's bearing his disease nobly and bravely, and you have no option but to admire him. Rush decided to attack him, though, because Fox is a Democrat. Rush did his horrible impression, with his arms moving out of control and all that. His viewers saw Rush do that and didn't think it was funny. There's absolutely no doubt in my mind that Rush Limbaugh deeply regrets what he did, but he will never apologize for it, ever, because the character Rush Limbaugh cannot apologize. That would destroy the character, and that's all he is—a character, like O'Reilly and the others.

I can't take Bill O'Reilly seriously. He makes me laugh more than anything else. He plays as if he's smarter than you, but in fact he doesn't know very much.

PLAYBOY: Do you worry Limbaugh and other right-wing commentators' audiences believe them when they encourage rather than refute untruths, such as the so-called birthers' belief that President Obama wasn't born in the United States?

O'DONNELL: To me it's just stupid.

PLAYBOY: You angrily attacked potential Republican presidential candidate Mike Huckabee when he said President Obama grew up in Kenya.

O'DONNELL: I wasn't terribly angry about it. I just commented. He said, "The one thing I know is that President Obama was raised in Kenya." I said, "If that's the one thing Mike Huckabee knows, he doesn't know anything."

PLAYBOY: And yet some right-wing pundits continue to encourage the birthers and other Obama conspiracy theorists.

O'DONNELL: Yes, the number of people in America who believe these lies would be dramatically lower if the Huckabees and Republican congressmen and O'Reillys were all sharply and clearly adamant and honest. You wouldn't see this alarming mushrooming in the number of people who think Obama wasn't born or raised here or think he's a Muslim. The numbers would be far lower if people treated this the way John McCain did during the campaign. He clearly said that Obama isn't Muslim and is an American. They'd go away if everyone treated obvious falsehoods the way Ann Coulter does. She's adamant about the birthers being crazy.

PLAYBOY: Do the ones who fuel the flames, encouraging the misinformation, do so intentionally, manipulating their audience, or do they believe the lies?

O'DONNELL: I don't think a single Republican congressman believes there's any issue with Obama's birth. Not one. And I don't believe Sean Hannity or O'Reilly or any of those people ever thought there was any issue with Barack Obama's birth either. I don't think anybody working at Fox News thinks that. But the thing people fear most with an audience is offending them. When you know a significant portion of your audience thinks Obama isn't a citizen, you talk about it in a different way if you're in the audience-preservation business or the voter-preservation business. It's brave when someone like Ann Coulter says the deniers are nuts. She may be losing a speaking fee here or there because of it, but apparently she's interested enough in electing conservatives to separate herself from the crazies.

PLAYBOY: How will that help elect conservatives? They're the ones making the assertions.

O'DONNELL: She knows you need to appeal to independents in order to elect conservatives and that when you want to appeal to independents, you do not want to sound crazy. George Will dealt with this in his column, talking about these increasing "vibrations of weirdness," he called them, coming from Republicans and Republican candidates, and that week he labeled Huckabee the newest and worst offender of them all. Will wants conservatives to prevail electorally, and the crazier they sound, the less likely they will.

PLAYBOY: It sounds as though you don't think Huckabee has much chance of becoming the 2012 Republican presidential nominee.

O'DONNELL: [*Shakes head*]

PLAYBOY: How about Sarah Palin?

O'DONNELL: Palin is the most recent losing vice presidential candidate who will never be president. In the television age, no losing vice presidential candidate has ever succeeded. Exactly two managed to get themselves back on a convention stage: Walter Mondale and Bob Dole. They lost. Palin knows this, and she has no intention of running for anything again in her life. She made that absolutely clear the day she quit the governorship in Alaska. She's doing everything she should do as a moneymaking operation, which is what she is. She will never say she's not running for president until *(continued on page 112)*

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WHEN AN UNPRECEDENTED STREAK OF

SHARK ATTACKS STRIKES TERROR

IN AN EGYPTIAN TOURIST TOWN,

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THE SHAKY CAIRO GOVERNMENT CALLS ON THE

U.S.'s TOP OPEN-SEA INVESTIGATOR.

HIS DISCOVERIES ARE EVEN MORE

UNNERVING

BY STEPHAN TALTY ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE McKEAN

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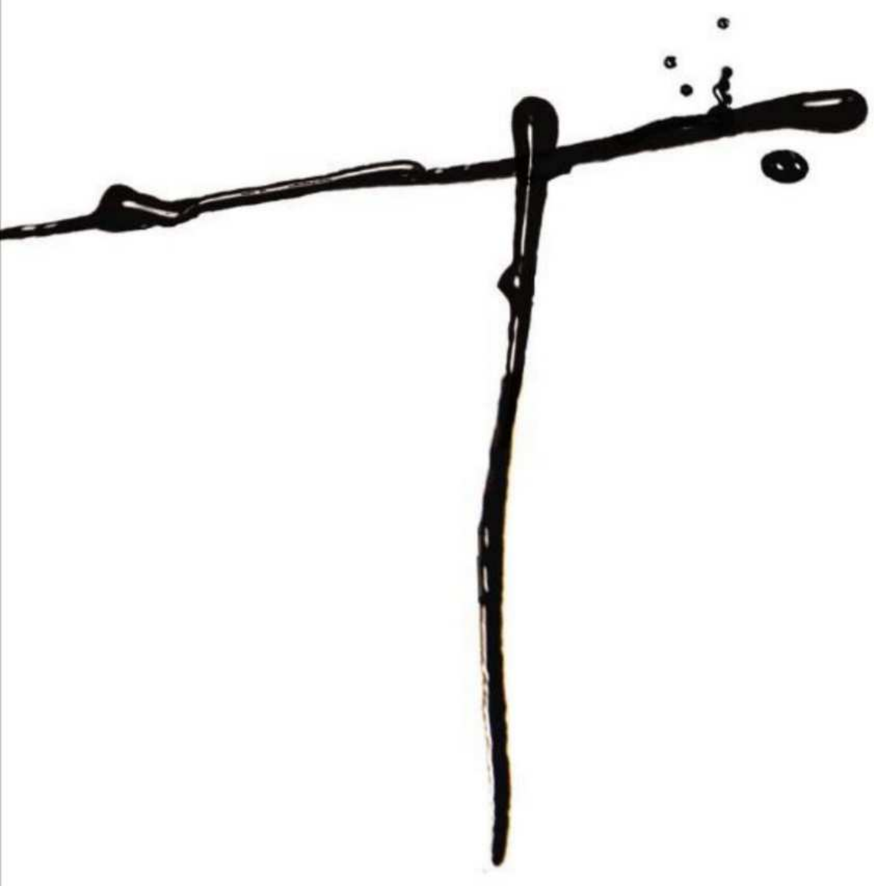


THE DIVE INSTRUCTOR knew he was in trouble when the shark began to circle. Seeing the bleached edges of its dorsal fin, Hassan Salem realized this was an oceanic whitetip, a species with a well-documented and disturbing habit. Before it moves in for a kill, it swerves around its prey in long, slow loops that slowly get tighter.

An oceanic whitetip isn't as visually terrifying as a great white, the subject of most common shark nightmares. It's not as fast as the *Galeocerdo cuvier,* the ferocious tiger shark. But among experienced divers, the whitetip is the one to look out for, a clever and highly persistent killer, "the most dangerous of all sharks," as Jacques Cousteau wrote.

Salem peered through the glass-clear water as the predator cut circles around him. Its inside eye—black and shiny—watched him. The diver brought his camera up to his face as the whitetip swerved and came at him. Breathing hard, Salem raised the camera a few last inches and jammed it hard into the shark's snout while furiously blowing bubbles to confuse the animal. The shark rolled its head, then dashed off, heading straight for two nearby snorkelers.

Frantically, Salem reached over and tapped his air tank with the camera as a warning. The snorkelers turned their heads sharply, then swam quickly to a piece of exposed coral and clambered on top. Salem rattled out a breath. He spun around, but the whitetip had disappeared into the depths. Then Salem felt something brush past his scalp. The terrified diver ducked, but the shark shot away from him, straight at a Russian swimmer who was looking down at the coral, unaware of the whitetip barreling toward her.

The diver slammed the camera against the metal. The sound pinged through the water. But the woman didn't look up.

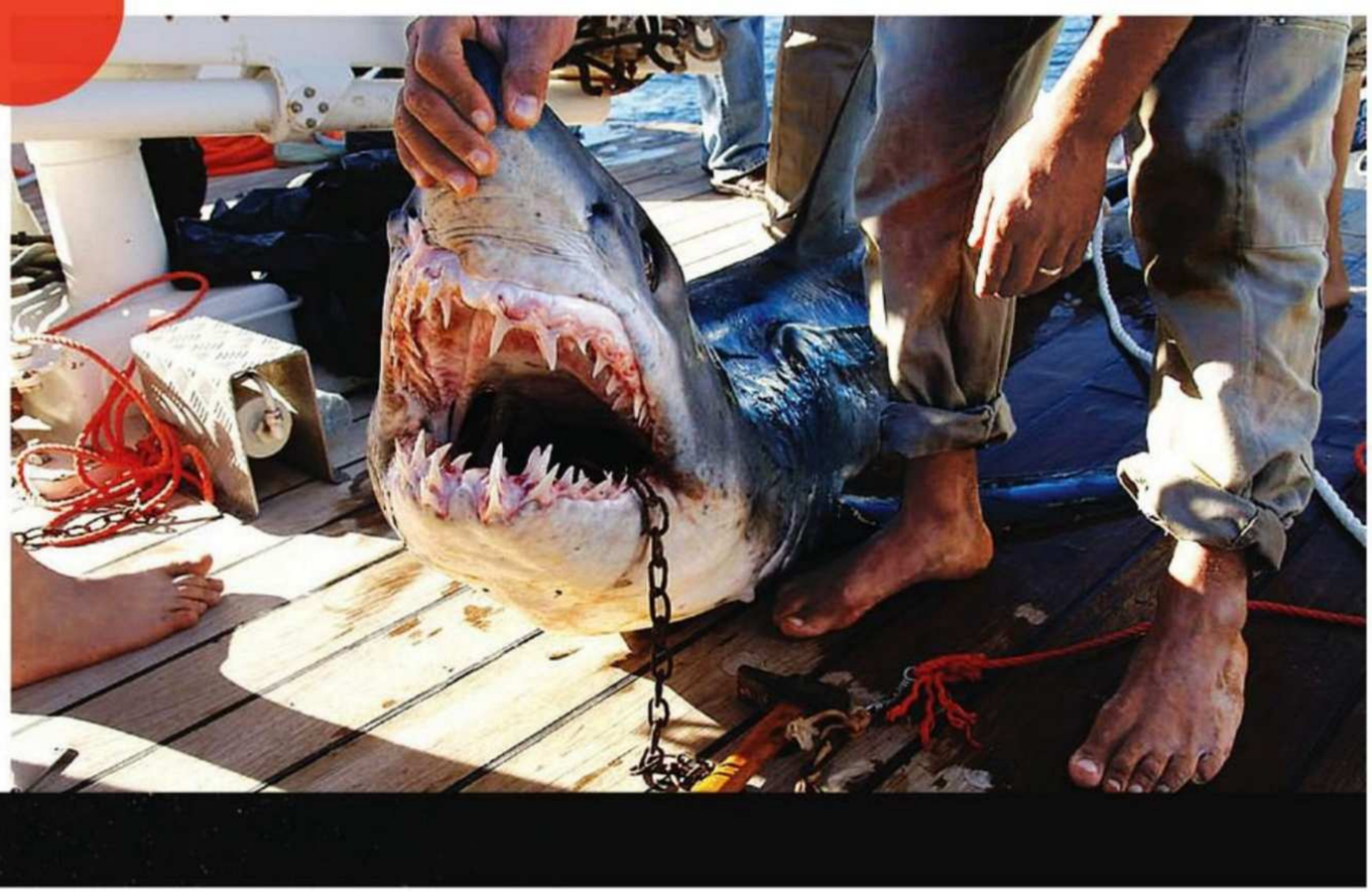
THE ATTACK Hassan Salem witnessed was the second that day in late November 2010 at the Egyptian Red Sea resort of Sharm el-Sheikh. The next day, two more attacks occurred, and four days later there was a final, fatal attack on a German woman. Taken together, the string of incidents were unprecedented in their violence and bizarre circumstances. The outbreak caused havoc, closed beaches and temporarily crippled the linchpin of Egypt's multibillion-dollar beach tourism industry, sending economic shock waves through an already volatile Middle East nation.

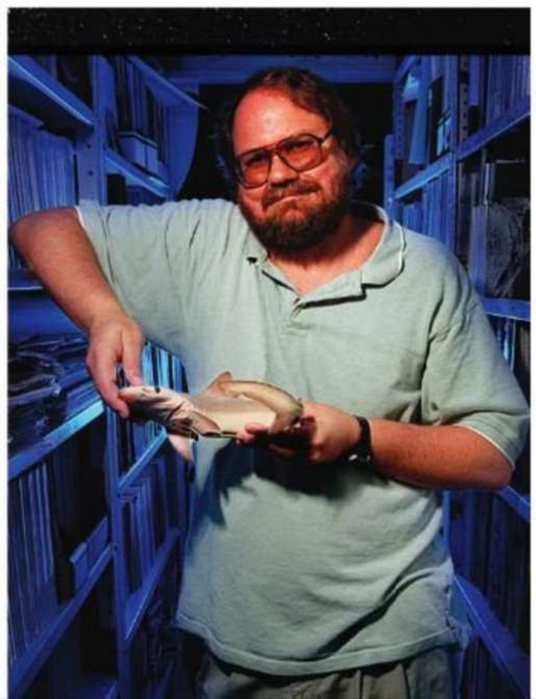
Five days after the fatal attack a Lufthansa jet was cruising 30,000 feet over the Atlantic as passenger George Burgess put aside his drink, pulled out his laptop and began looking at the images of the victims. He studied the pictures, zooming in on the torn flesh and shorn-away limbs. He turned the laptop away from the aisle so passengers on the way back from the bathroom couldn't get a glimpse.

To anyone else, the richly saturated color photos sent hours before from Egypt would have proved hideous. But to Burgess—director of the Florida Program for Shark Research at the University of Florida Museum of Natural History and the most respected attack investigator in the world—they were the first pieces of evidence in a singular case the Egyptians were counting on him to solve, right up to then president Hosni Mubarak, who was at that moment facing the first wave of unrest that would eventually cost him his dictatorship two months later.

Judging by the extent of the German victim's injuries, she had died of exsanguination, "bleeding out" into Sharm el-Sheikh's bath-warm water. Looking at the wounds, Burgess knew she hadn't stood a chance. If there had been a trauma surgeon sitting next to her in the water, he thought, he wouldn't have been able to save her.

The marine biologist was baffled. The pictures told him two species were





▸ **Clockwise from bottom left: Frantic over attacks at Sharm el-Sheikh on the Red Sea (pictured), the Egyptian government pointed fingers at Israel's Mossad. Was this mako, caught offshore, the culprit? The University of Florida's George Burgess flew in to solve the case.**

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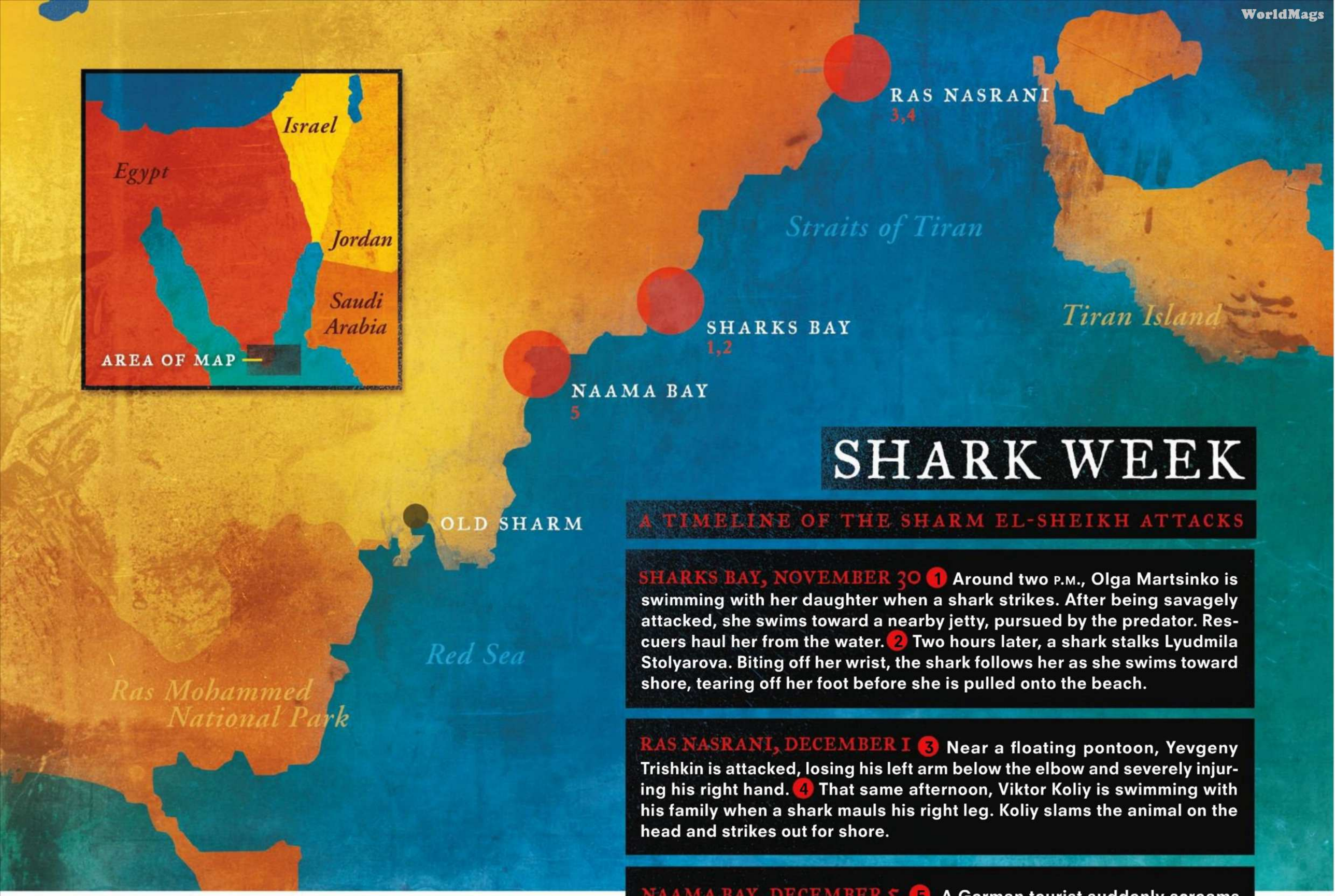

SHARK WEEK

A TIMELINE OF THE SHARM EL-SHEIKH ATTACKS

SHARKS BAY, NOVEMBER 30 (1) Around two P.M., Olga Martsinko is swimming with her daughter when a shark strikes. After being savagely attacked, she swims toward a nearby jetty, pursued by the predator. Rescuers haul her from the water. (2) Two hours later, a shark stalks Lyudmila Stolyarova. Biting off her wrist, the shark follows her as she swims toward shore, tearing off her foot before she is pulled onto the beach.

RAS NASRANI, DECEMBER 1 (3) Near a floating pontoon, Yevgeny Trishkin is attacked, losing his left arm below the elbow and severely injuring his right hand. (4) That same afternoon, Viktor Koliy is swimming with his family when a shark mauls his right leg. Koliy slams the animal on the head and strikes out for shore.

NAAMA BAY, DECEMBER 5 (5) A German tourist suddenly screams as a shark hits, churning the water red. A lifeguard pulls her onto a piece of exposed coral reef, but she dies within minutes.

involved. Two different kinds of teeth were clearly evident—sharp thin ones like a mako's, which "cut people to ribbons," and the sheared-off marks of the triangular-toothed Carcharhinus family, which includes the oceanic whitetip. This type of shark grips the flesh of its prey, anchoring its serrated teeth down to the bone, and then whips its head back and forth, literally sawing its victim apart. Two different shark species, five victims and six days—that doesn't happen. The only recorded instance of the same shark making multiple attacks on humans was the 1916 Matawan incidents—the true story on which *Jaws* is based—when a seemingly deranged great white (or possibly bull) shark had gone on a killing spree.

"I knew immediately," Burgess says, "Sharm el-Sheikh was the most unusual attack scenario ever recorded."

One other thing was immediately clear to Burgess: The killers were both big. An average-size blacktip shark, for example, could gnaw at a human all day without detaching a limb. But here the sharks had taken arms and legs with a single bite. Eyewitnesses stressed the fury of the attacks. A British tourist who'd been only feet away

"I KNEW IMMEDIATELY IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL ATTACK SCENARIO EVER RECORDED."

from the German victim described a shark that seemed enraged. "The water was churning like I was in a washing machine," he told reporters.

The main suspect in the attacks—the strangely beautiful blunt-bodied whitetip—had shadowed Burgess his entire career. It had been the dominant predator in the infamous 1945 attacks on the men of the USS *Indianapolis,* which Burgess had studied obsessively, even interviewing the survivors decades later. And it had been the culprit in a terrifying attack described in Jacques Cousteau's *The Silent World,* the book that had caused Burgess to become infatuated with sharks as a boy.

The son of an Air Force officer, Burgess had grown up a water geek, collecting specimens—pointy-beaked squid, barracuda, gnarly-looking freaks of the depths—and toting them home, where they'd sat in murky-watered jars that ringed his room, which began to smell like a swamp at low tide. The boy had practically worshipped at the feet of one local hero, the great Frank Mundus. Crusty and self-aggrandizing, Mundus was the model for the shark hunter Quint in *Jaws.* "I would sidle up to him on the docks when he came in," says Burgess. "He was too crotchety to be much of a role model, but just watching him was enough."

Now 60, Burgess had become a veteran of shark-attack investigations, and he'd need every bit of his experience to solve the Sharm el-Sheikh incidents.

AS SOON AS HE STEPPED off the plane at Cairo International, Burgess realized how eager the Egyptians were to solve the case. "There was this entire entourage waiting for me," he says. "You can't move three feet in that airport without bumping into some soldier with a submachine gun." But soon he and the scrum of high-ranking ministers were running across the polished floor with no one daring to stop them.

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THE ANATOMY *of a* KILLER

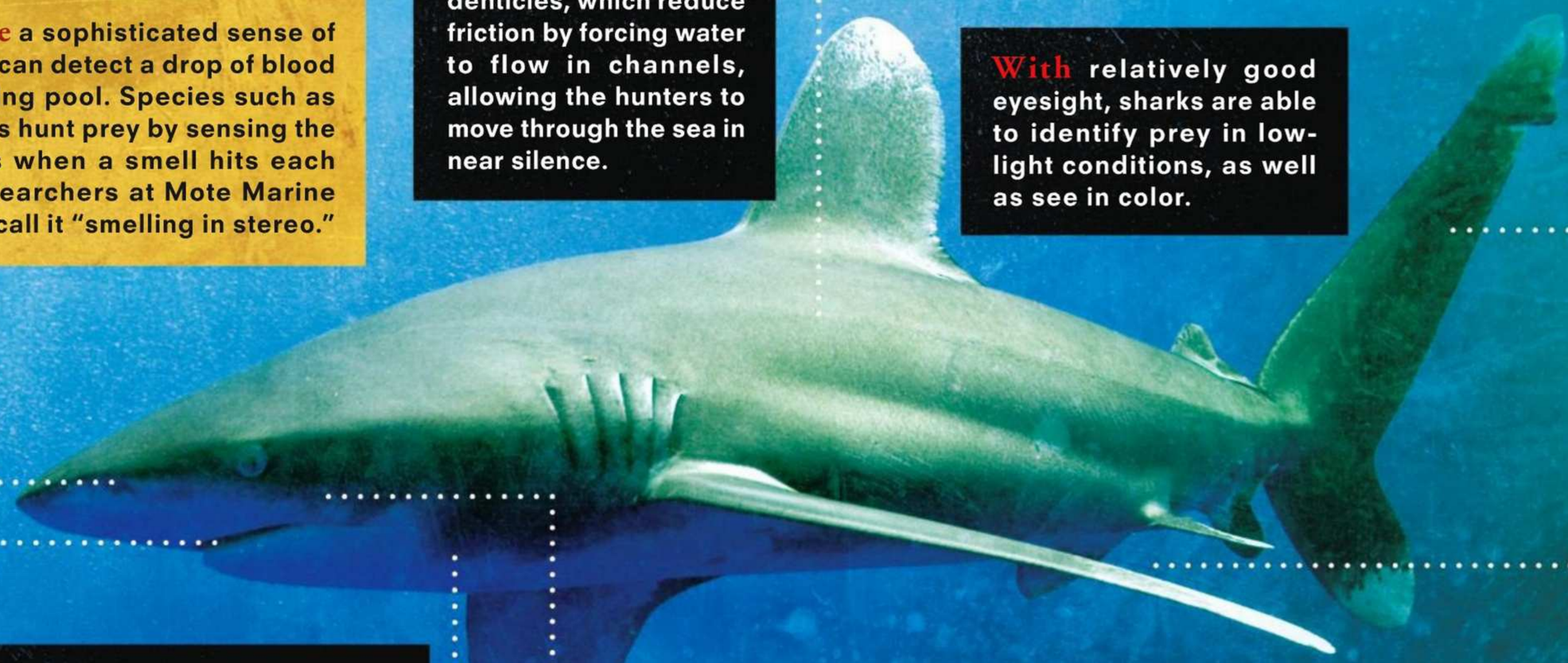
Evolution has made sharks the world's most perfect hunters. Juliet Eilperin, author of *Demon Fish: Travels Through the Hidden World of Sharks* (published this month), explains.

Sharks have a sophisticated sense of smell. They can detect a drop of blood in a swimming pool. Species such as nurse sharks hunt prey by sensing the differences when a smell hits each nostril. Researchers at Mote Marine Laboratory call it "smelling in stereo."

Shark skin is covered in denticles, which reduce friction by forcing water to flow in channels, allowing the hunters to move through the sea in near silence.

Tail shape helps determine a shark's role. The fast-swimming species (great whites, makos) have tails with upper and lower lobes that measure almost the same length, giving these sharks more thrust per stroke.

With relatively good eyesight, sharks are able to identify prey in low-light conditions, as well as see in color.



The jaws of a shark are layered with multiple rows of teeth on the top and bottom. As these teeth break, spare teeth behind them take their place. The largest great whites can bite with up to 3,600 pounds of pressure. By comparison, an African lion can produce roughly 1,200 pounds of force.

In some instances the thickness of its skin hints at a shark's mating practices. Male blue sharks bite females fiercely during copulation, which is why the females' skin is demonstrably thicker than their male counterparts'.

Most of the biggest sharks breathe through a process of ram ventilation. They have to swim constantly with their mouths agape to get the oxygen they need to survive.

Male sharks have two pelvic fins, called claspers, that must be inserted into a female shark to fertilize her eggs. Recently, however, scientists have discovered that females in some species are capable of parthenogenesis, or asexual reproduction.

Many sharks have a row of small holes that run from head to tail and have tiny fluid-filled sacs known as ampullae of Lorenzini in their snouts and chins. They can detect the electromagnetic fields generated by a fish's beating heart, and they can navigate ocean basins by picking up the earth's magnetic fields.

A jet bound for Sharm el-Sheikh was being held on the tarmac. A hulking, silent man—a bodyguard, Burgess guessed—took the seat next to him. The preparations were impressive and a bit unnerving.

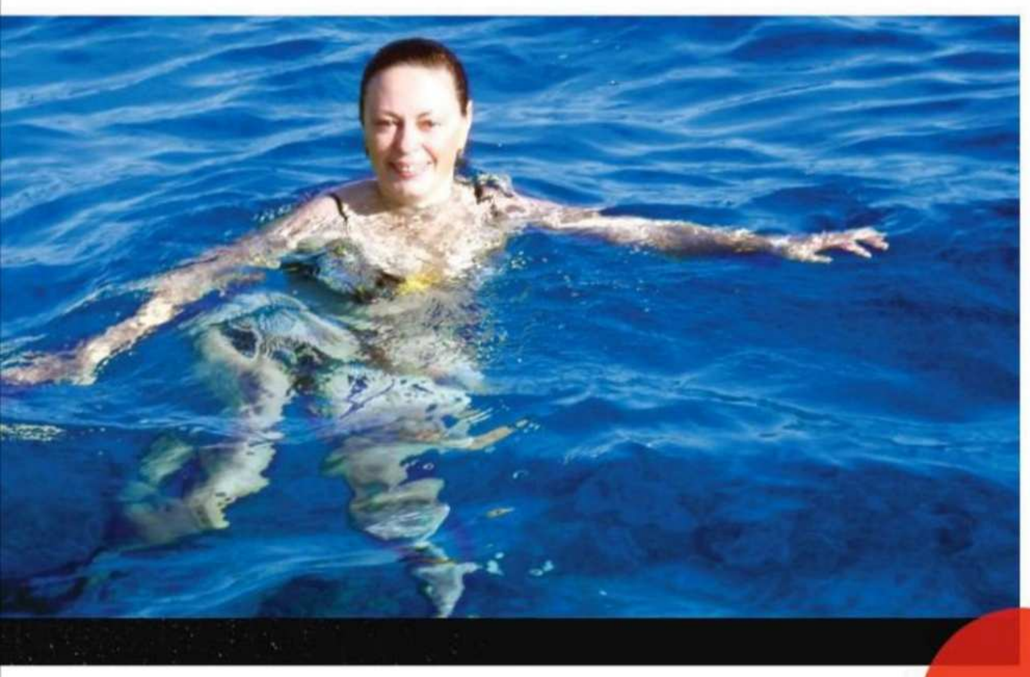
Burgess has identified four stages to these kinds of things: panic, denial, more intense panic and acceptance. The Egyptians were now in stage four, but they'd spent a few crucial days in stage two, denial. The governor of South Sinai, who was responsible for Sharm el-Sheikh, had gone as far as to scuba dive in the ocean with his aides to show there were no man killers lurking nearby. And he'd ordered the ritual shark cull, sending boats out to spear everything with a dorsal fin.

The governor had publicly accused the Israeli spy agency of sending the shark to Egypt as a provocation. "What is being said about the Mossad throwing the deadly shark [in the sea] to hit tourism in Egypt is not out of the question," he told reporters, "but it needs time to confirm." Other bureaucrats suggested the shark's head had been fitted with a GPS receiver to steer it toward Egyptian shores.

The Egyptian beach tourism industry was in free fall. Now they'd called in Burgess to make the attacks stop. Already the British tabloids were reporting that "the Mr. Big of the shark world" was flying in to Sharm to catch the killer. When he arrived at his four-star hotel—the one where the German tourist had been staying—Burgess grabbed some sleep and was up with the sun the next morning. The hunt was officially on.

A shark attack investigation is run much like a murder investigation, with one difference: Burgess didn't give a damn about catching the individual killers. Before he arrived, a mako had been caught and exhibited on a local dock, a chain hooked through its mouth revealing rows of dagger-like teeth. "A sacrificial kill is par for the course," Burgess says. "If you want an eye for an eye, go ahead and do it. But these sharks can move 30 miles or more in a day, and you have a slim to no chance of catching the real culprit."

What Burgess wanted to know was what had brought the whitetip and the mako to *(continued on page 108)*



▸ Russian tourist Olga Martsinko smiles for the camera moments before she is attacked.

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"We're going to get married, but he wants to go on the honeymoon first…!"

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She Comes in Colors

AS THE LOVE CHILD OF
THE WORLD'S MOST GLAMOROUS
COUPLE, MODEL-ACTRESS
LIZZY JAGGER
WAS BORN TO BE WILD

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LIZZY JAGGER, daughter of rock legend Mick Jagger and supermodel Jerry Hall, says you have the wrong idea about her. "People assume that because I was brought up on Rolling Stones tours and my father is who he is, I'm some kind of rock-and-roll bad girl," she says, giggling. "But I do like to have a bit of fun."

story by **Gavin Edwards**

Here are some of Lizzy's recent amusements: visiting the rain forest in Brunei and swinging from vines like Jane in a Tarzan movie, reading *Scientific American* and dressing up members of her brother's band, Turbogeist, as Medusa and octopuses. "We're very into the tentacle aesthetic," she says.

"I'm optimistic and loyal, and I persevere," Lizzy

photography by **Sasha Eisenman**

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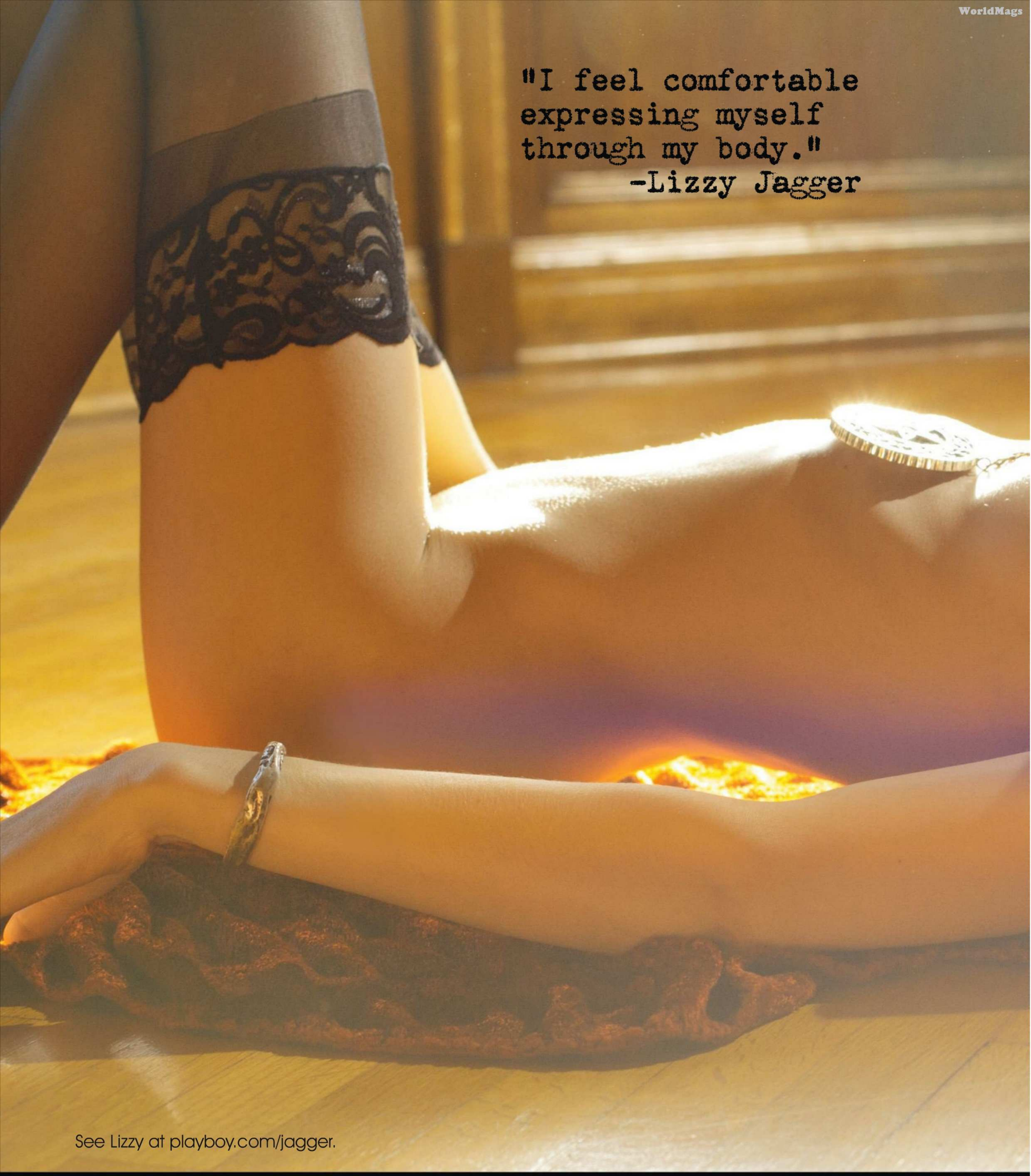

See Lizzy at playboy.com/jagger.

says about herself. "And I'm giggly." She says it's a quality she inherited from her dad: "He's a giggler as well. Both my parents are mature, sensible people, but they've kept their youth about them."

Lizzy's parents met in 1976. Mick was the frontman of the hottest band in the world, and Jerry was the hottest model in the world, her trademark long hair and legs gracing the cover of every major fashion magazine. Needless to say, the pair drew a lot of attention. Lizzy was the first of the couple's

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four kids. When she was two, her mother appeared in the October 1985 issue of PLAYBOY, photographed by Annie Leibovitz. (We guess that makes posing a family tradition.)

Lizzy says her parents didn't have any issues with their daughter revealing herself in the intimate photos you see here. "They understood that when you don't know when you're going to have kids, it's nice to have wonderful pictures of your 20-something self. And at *(concluded on page 117)*

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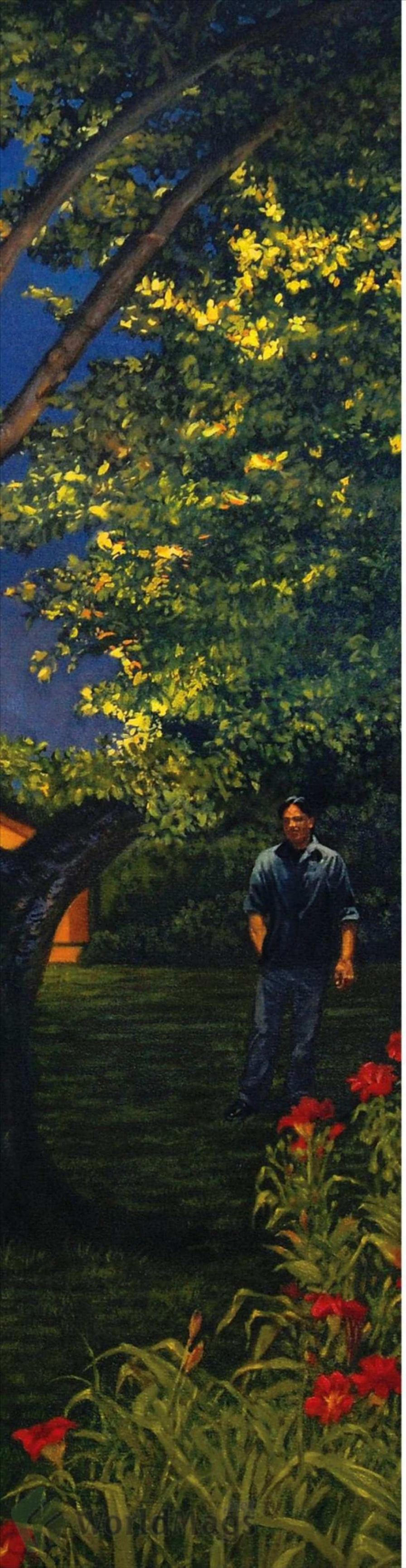

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

BY ROBERT COOVER

He fell in love with the girl next door and in due time married her, though she continued to live next door. He was known then as the husband of the girl next door. His mother, who was known as the mother of the husband of the girl next door, neither approved of this marriage nor opposed it. Rather, she accepted it as one accepts the contents of the succeeding pages of novels, of which she was an avid reader. Turning the page of the novel she is reading now, for example, she comes upon a father raping his daughter and then beheading her to remove her as a witness to his crime, blaming it all on the mentally defective son of a neighbor whom he lures to the scene, encouraging him—she is only sleeping, he tells him, this is your chance!—to have relations with the dead girl to leave traces of his bodily emissions inside her. He has placed the severed head back on the neck and tied a kerchief around the wound, and soon the boy's confused thrusts cause the head to fall off and bounce onto the floor, so terrifying him that he breaks down and blubberingly confesses everything. The mother of the husband of the girl next door does not approve of such behavior, but she goes on reading, and so she has gone on living with her son, washing his clothes and preparing his meals, even after he became the husband of the girl next door.

Her son is not a reader, though he does go often to the movies, usually together with his wife, the girl next door, for it was in the local movie house, while watching a romantic musical about a charmingly innocent boy, like himself, and the sweet and wholesome girl next door, that he first fell in love with her even though she wasn't with him at the time. In fact, he had paid very little attention to her until then, but he went straight to her house and knocked on her door and proposed to her immediately, before they had even gone to their first movie together. That first one was a film about a mass murderer who killed his victims, often quite young, with candy bars laced with tiny razor blade fragments, then ground the bodies up and sold the meat to fast food restaurants to finance his drug habit and his taste for expensive professional women. The girl next door said she didn't know if she'd ever eat a hamburger again, though in fact she did so that same night when they stopped in a fast food place after the movie, and in further fact she ate two. After that they always had hamburgers after the movies in memory of their first date together, and often as not in the same place, which has, as the girl next door always says, a very special place in her heart.

The husband of the girl next door is indeed charmingly innocent, as many have remarked, and not just he himself. He is perhaps not as handsome as the hero in the musical and can't reach the very low and high notes, but otherwise he could step right into the role and just play himself. He has the best of manners, is polite to his elders, respectful of his co-workers at the supermarket, kind to children and those less fortunate than he, is a regular churchgoer who sings in the choir and a good citizen who always puts an extra quarter in the parking meter and never forgets to vote. He willingly runs errands for his mother, does not jaywalk or spit in the street, mows his own lawn and that of the girl next door and has never been known to commit a public indecency, not even as a small child. *(continued on page 126)*

ILLUSTRATION BY SCOTT GORDLEY

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GRANNY

BY BUCK BROWN

"Good news, everyone! Granny is rallying!"

"Skip the flowers, girlie, where's the lay the travel agency promised me?"

"Promise me you'll be gentle."

"Ya better try me <u>now</u>, sugar—tomorrow I turn pro!"

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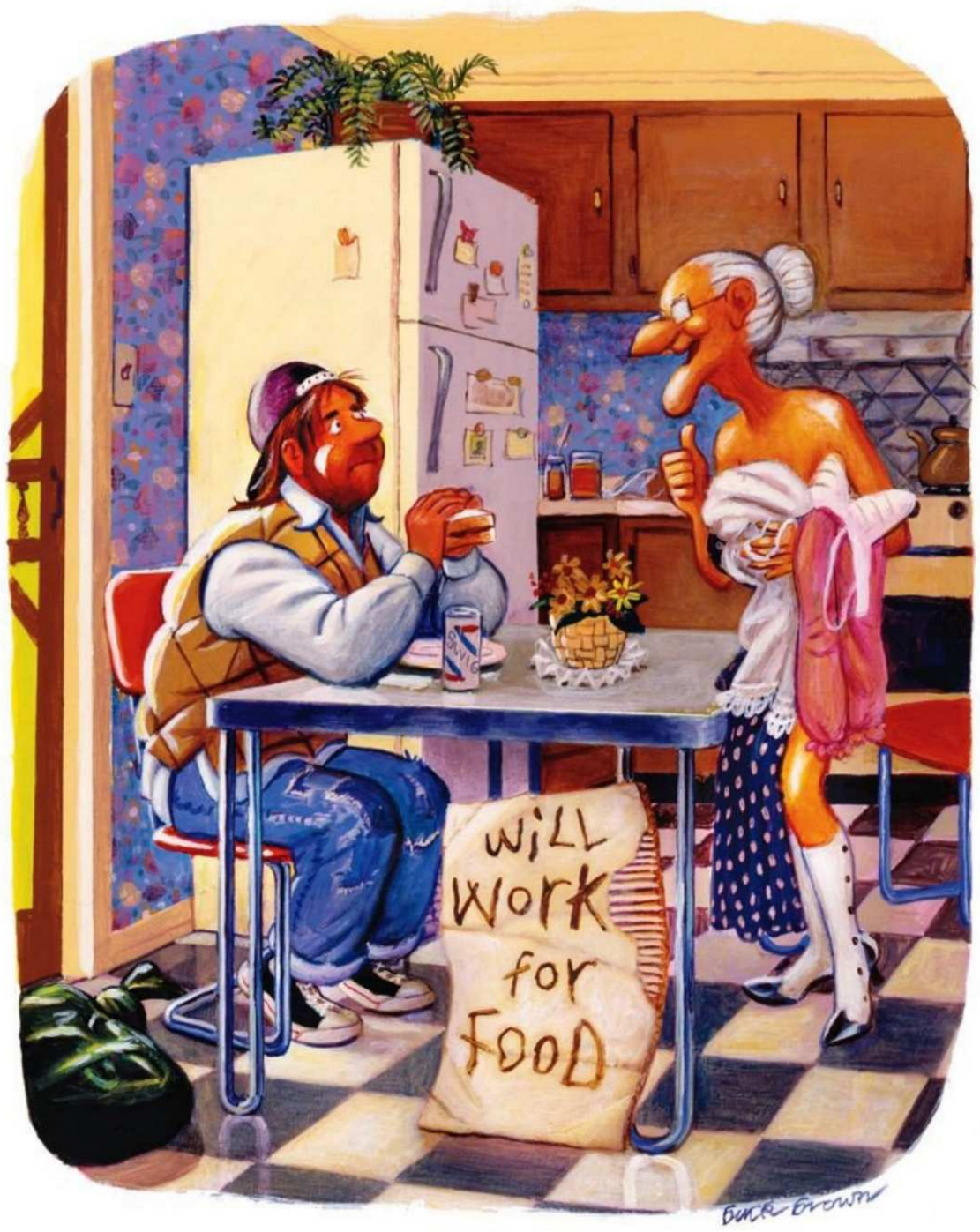
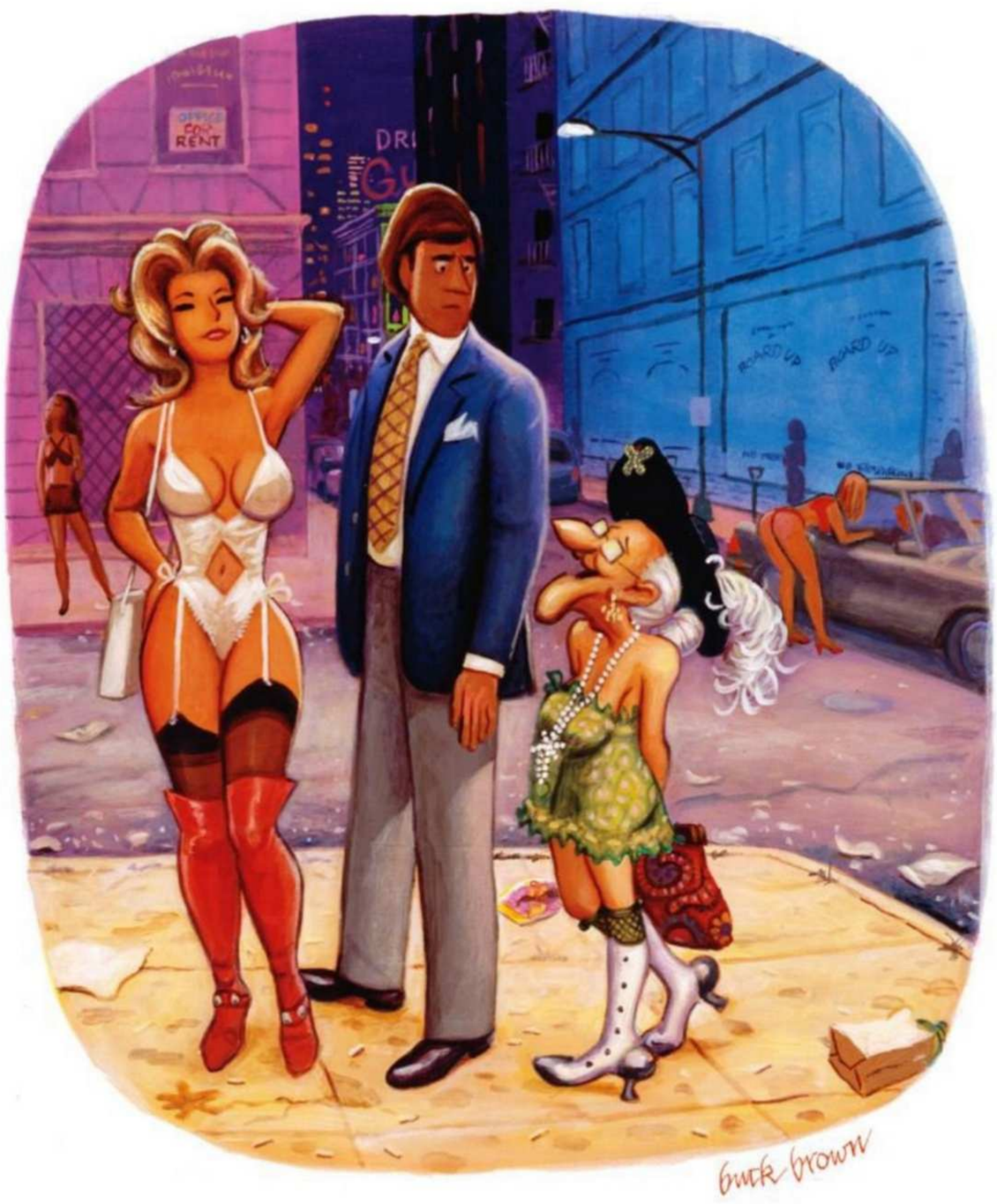


"Finish your sandwich n' let's get busy!"

"Oh, drat! My glasses are fogging."

"I thought you'd like to know, sir, she's not part of airport security!"



"Buy one, get one free."

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THE DALY SHOW!

Pro golf's best soap opera has more sex, booze, gambling, gluttony and jail time than *Jersey Shore.* Meet the star: John Daly, the most colorful renegade golfer in America

by **Alison Bonaguro**

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The fog was thick at Kohler, Wisconsin's famed Whistling Straits Golf Course. San Francisco thick. It made it impossible to see down the fairway of the first hole. The green 408 yards away was not visible, nor was the lake just beyond it. There were no spectators, marshals or other golfers in sight. John Daly's golf partner for the day, Rickie Fowler, joked that visibility was at three feet. Daly's caddy wasn't quite as affable about the weather, acknowledging under his breath that if this was a game day and not just a practice round, the PGA would enforce a fog delay. But Daly said nothing. He was perhaps assessing how to tee off into the unknown. Or he was thinking that even if he golfed his worst golf, it wouldn't be his fault.

Daly has a knack for thinking things aren't his fault. Three stops in rehab and some ongoing therapy with a psychologist in Florida have given Daly a definite mantra, which he pulls out of thin air when need be, saying, in effect, "It's not all my fault. I'm a good person. I have a good heart. I care about people. I'm not a bad guy." But not everyone agrees.

By tee time, seven A.M., Daly was just a silhouette against that fog. He looked like any other professional golfer on the course at that hour, except for the bold black pants with a neon kaleidoscope pattern and the ubiquitous cigarette dangling from his lips. At 45 he was a beacon of unconventionality in a sea of peers dressed uniformly in basic solids.

Had Daly slipped into a pair of flat-front khakis, though, he would still have been nothing like the others. His square-peg-round-hole routine has always defined him. He put in a special order for Diet Coke at the Pepsi-sponsored event, just to goad his hosts. He tells endless pussy, beaver and tit jokes no matter who can hear. He requested steak and mashed potatoes during the PGA Past Champions four-course Korean barbecue dinner. And while other pros traveled the rugged links-style course respectfully, Daly tossed lit cigarette butts wherever he damn well pleased—on the contoured fairways, in the fescue grasses that flank them and in bunkers that litter the course. The world is his ashtray.

Daly's demeanor continued to reveal itself hole after hole, so that by the time he'd finished up on the 18th green and ascended the cobblestone stairway off the course to have lunch with his oldest daughter, Shynah, it was fitting that he barely said hello to her. There may have been a nod or a hushed "Hey," but Daly was not about to fall all over himself for anyone. That's just not in his nature. He keeps to himself when he is surrounded by others, even at lunch in the players' clubhouse. His daughter to his right, his girlfriend and her daughter to his left. He gave more attention to his hamburger patties.

If Daly is aloof around his daughter, it's not without precedent. His father was the same. "If I did something good, it wasn't good enough," Daly recalls. "We're just not real close like a father and son should be."

His upbringing was straight out of some old-school country song. Born in California, Daly and his family moved when he was four to a log cabin in Dardanelle, a tiny town in Yell County, in the middle of Arkansas. It was the epitome of redneck life, one in which his mother made chocolate gravy and biscuits in the kitchen and homemade shirts on her sewing machine. He and his brother Jamie would drag a trampoline up to the house so they could jump off the roof onto it, just for kicks. Their father made his own muscadine wine and stored it in mason jars. All the Daly kids risked a belt whupping when trouble came around. "I got beaten so many times by hoses, sticks and belt buckles," he says. Now that he has three kids of his own, plus a stepson, Daly says he's never going to be the kind of father his father was.

•

From an early age, Daly wanted golf to be his life, not just a hobby or a way to put himself through college. He dropped out of the University of Arkansas in 1987 to launch his career as a professional. In 1991 he came out of almost nowhere to win the PGA Championship in an unlikely turn of events. Nick Price had dropped out of the major because his wife was about to give birth, creating a slot for an alternate. The first round of alternates couldn't make it, but Daly could. He threw his clubs into the trunk, got in his car and drove from Memphis to Carmel, Indiana to the Crooked Stick Golf Club. If nothing else, Daly figured, at least he could have a few drinks with his hero, golf legend Fuzzy Zoeller. He left Memphis on Wednesday, and by Thursday afternoon he was teeing off without a good night's sleep or even a practice round. By Sunday he was the PGA Champion.

The big-money sponsorships and appearance fees that followed that pivotal day are likely behind him. While major tournament purses get bigger (the 2010 PGA winner Martin Kaymer received a check for $1.35 million, compared with Daly's paltry $230,000 win in 1991), Daly's chances of even making the cut become very slight. But his past is scattered with some vital wins: the 1991 PGA, a onetime comeback at the 2004 Buick Invitational and then the one he calls the most important, the 1995 British Open. "That's the hardest one because the golf courses are so different. And it's like Jack Nicklaus said, 'If you win the British Open at St. Andrews, your golf career can't get any more complete.' Or something like that," Daly says.

Daly has married four women, some with careful consideration, others on a whim. But the picture he paints is of four women who had all the flaws. The first was too young, he says. Then, he claims, the second was too dishonest, hacking 11 years off her age, telling Daly she was 27 when she was really 38, a significant age difference that Daly didn't notice at the time. The third was too much of a homebody. The fourth one, Sherrie Miller…well, she was bad news from the start of their 2001 marriage. According to Daly, she wanted him to pay her $2,500 every time they had sex. "She was playing like a hooker. She wanted her husband to pay her to have sex with him," he recalls. "How bad is that?" Daly is adamant that her body was gorgeous but she was horrible in bed. "She wasn't worth a cent," he says.

Miller also went to prison in Lexington, Kentucky in 2006 on a federal charge involving a drug ring and an illegal-gambling operation. Having a wife in federal prison would be the nadir of most marriages, but Daly insists she came out even worse than when she'd gone in. "She just wanted to party every night. She was out all the

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time. My seven-year-old son says 'My mom's never home. She's always out,'" he says. Daly is still bitter. "It was a sad, sad marriage," he says. "I held on as long as I could. I was the most miserable, loneliest man you could ever be."

His new love, Anna Cladakis, has filled the ex-wives' shoes for now, but Daly says he has no intention of marrying her. His complaint is one countless men have. He laments the faltering libidos of women after a wedding and a couple of kids. "You marry somebody, that's one of the perks of being married—you get to have sex anytime you want it," he explains. When his wives stopped giving it to him, he says, he'd flat-out tell them, "The hell with it. I'll go get it somewhere else."

"I'm real close to being a nympho, if I'm not one," he admits. He and Cladakis try to have sex at least once every day. "If I'm with somebody, I want to be with that person. I wanna have sex a lot. Anna's been great. We're both nymphos, I think. We like each other's company. We like making love to each other," he says as his eyes wander to the front door of the remote Sheboygan Falls house he's rented west of the golf course. "If somebody's relationship is great, I don't want nobody else." Daly calls Cladakis the first woman in his life who truly loves him for him, not because of the celebrity status or money. On paper she's just the latest in a long line of women who've come and gone through Daly's life. But this time around he found love when he was *not* at the top of his game.

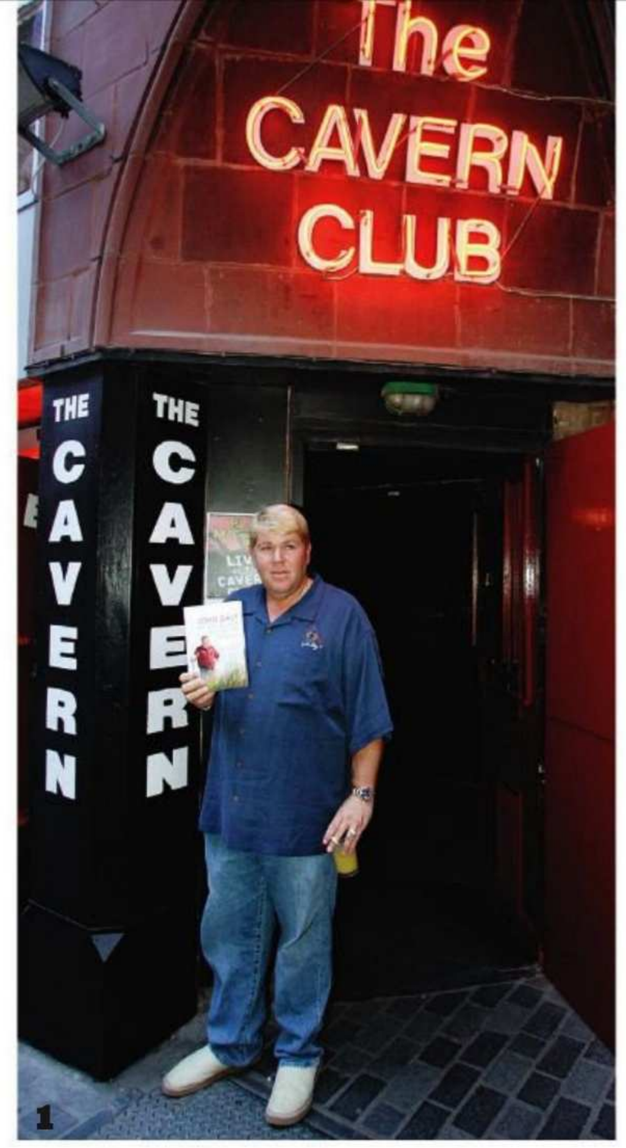
Aside from their shared hypersexuality, Daly seems just as effusive about Cladakis's independence. She has her own life, a daughter, a house where they live together in Clearwater, Florida and a job. She says it, too. "I have my shit together," she says defensively. When Daly met Cladakis, a few years ago, she was a promotional director with Hooters, one of his sponsors. She was also in the process of filing a suit against Outback Steakhouse chairman Chris Sullivan, her daughter's father. Cladakis now receives an estimated $7,500 a month in child support, meaning that she collects close to $100,000 a year for raising her daughter. Sullivan testified in court that during one of their sexual encounters, Cladakis "removed the condom from me, saying I didn't need that with her." Daly himself seems to have wised up about the allure of love, lust and promises of forever. Marrying Cladakis wouldn't be good for his sex life or his erratic financial highs and lows.

•

Daly estimates that his monthly expenses these days add up to a staggering $43,000. It used to be around $120,000, but with the sale of a couple of Hummers and some other asset reductions, he's whittled his liabilities down. A bus payment of $16,500 every month is, to him, a necessity to get to tournaments. Then there are the child-support payments to two of his ex-wives for his two younger children. "Sherrie is probably $5,000 and Paulette is $2,000 a month. Two house payments, the bus," he says with a heavy sigh. "It's a grind."

Cladakis tightened the reins on Daly's legendary gambling, which saves him untold amounts. "Anna hates gambling," he says as if he has a bit of a chip on his shoulder. Of all Daly's addictions and excesses, gambling had the tightest noose on him. "If he had the money, the gambling might still be a problem right now," says one friend.

It wasn't just the simple gambling of the common man that thrilled Daly. It was how he played big. Vast amounts of money changed hands in his most moneyed years, from the tournament purses to the casinos, with Daly acting as the sieve. Every chance he had he'd retreat to the high-limit rooms upstairs at the Wynn or Bally's or any other swanky casino in Vegas that would welcome him. A waitress would be at his side, the gawkers kept at bay. A balcony overlooking the pool awaited him when he needed to clear his head and strategize his next move. The risks felt less perilous when he was surrounded by the luxury he deserved. *(continued on page 124)*



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(1) In 2006 Daly sang country songs to 300 fans in the club made famous by the Beatles. (2) A fashionable stroll with current flame Anna Cladakis. (3) A massage helped loosen him up at the Bob Hope Chrysler Classic in 2008. (4) When you get too drunk at a Hooters in 2008, you get the indignity of a mug shot and suspended by the PGA for six months. (5) Goofing around with Hootie and Blowfish. (6) More singing at the BMW Asian Open Pro-Am. (7) And proof that Daly is not the Situation's long-lost twin.

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"I know I have the right to remain silent, but I want you to know I'm a screamer."

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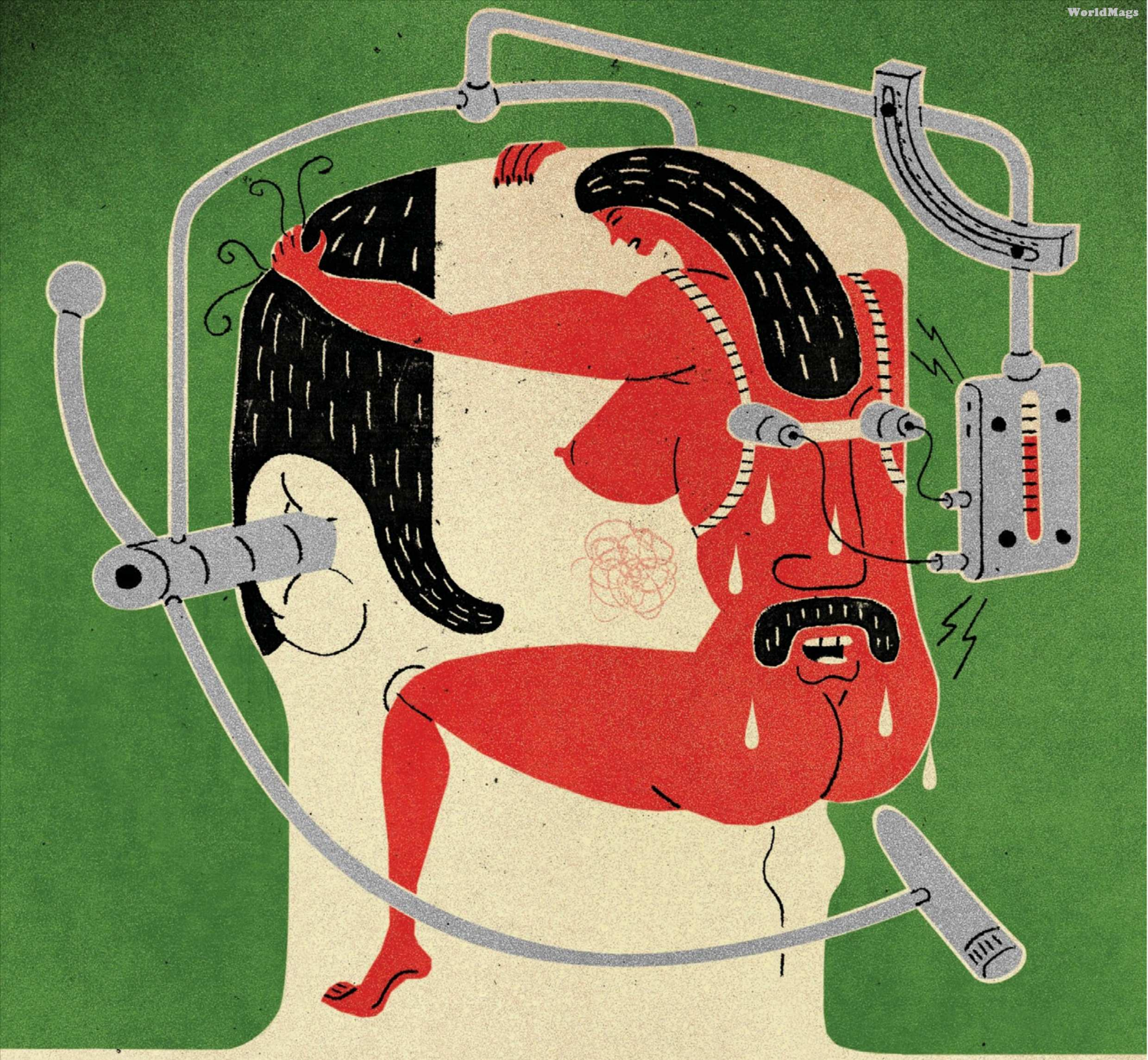

THE 2011 PLAYBOY

SEX SURVEY

A SNAPSHOT OF HUMAN MATING HABITS IN THE DIGITAL AGE

BY THE EDITORS OF *PLAYBOY*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID PLUNKERT

THE MECHANICS OF SEX haven't changed for a long while—insert A into B, C or D, wiggle around, have an orgasm (or not). But the way we come together is faster, less discerning and, many would argue, less intimate since the arrival of the internet. Last year a polling firm asked 1,074 adults, "If you had to choose, would you give up sex or the internet?" Thirty-five percent couldn't decide. It's come to this?

We wanted our own figures. Not since the pill has a cultural force as powerful as the internet had such an effect on the way humans copulate. In 1983, over the course of five issues, PLAYBOY reported the results of the most sweeping sex poll in history, after surveying 65,396 male and 14,928 female readers about their habits. The timing is important: Just months after that survey was on newsstands, Apple unveiled the Macintosh—a seminal moment in digital media.

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This year we repeated the survey so we could compare sex today with sex at the dawn of the digital age. With the help of Harris Interactive, we collected responses from 8,002 male and 2,001 female visitors to Playboy.com, the results of which were weighted to reflect the demographic of the average PLAYBOY reader. You will find the results (in abbreviated form) on this page.

Next, to avoid being myopic, we asked Harris to present the survey to a sample of American adults (not just PLAYBOY readers) to learn more about how men and women are having sex in 2011, and particularly the role of technology. The firm interviewed 1,210 men and 1,100 women online and weighted the results to reflect the race, gender, sexual orientation, age, education and other attributes of the U.S. adult population—all 232 million of us. Turn the page to see those results.

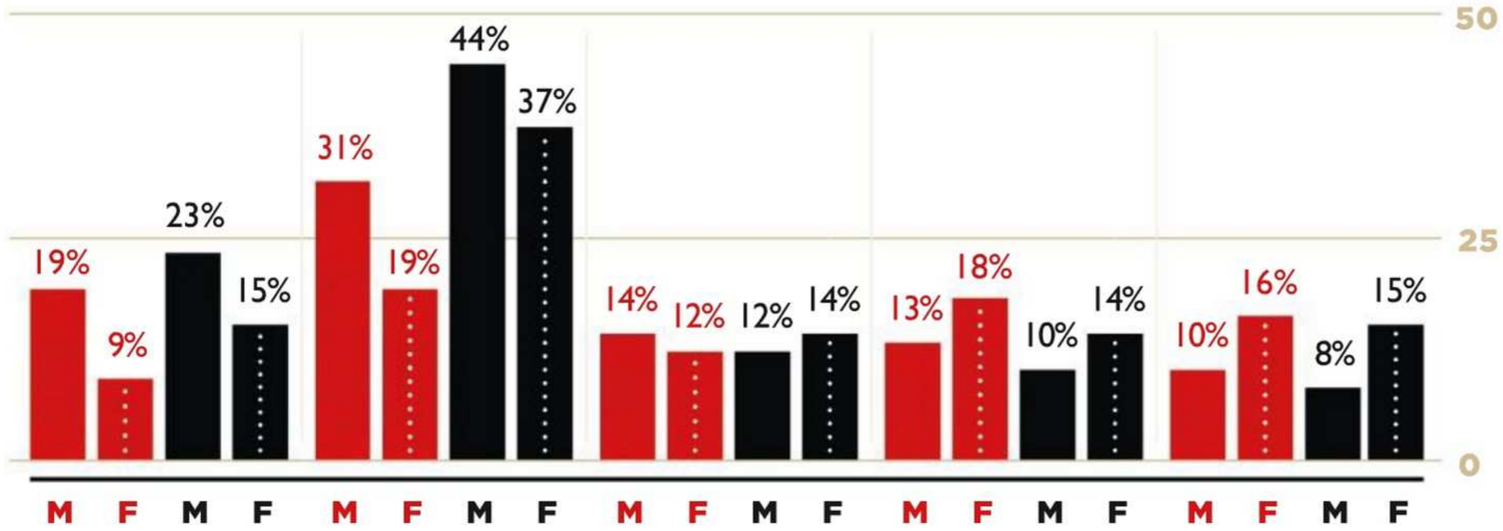
Certainly a number of factors have changed how we view and practice sex since 1983—AIDS and Viagra come to mind. But a great amount of the new data we collected points to the influence of internet porn. This includes a huge leap in the number of people who report watching adult movies (78 percent today, 40 percent in 1983). Both men and women masturbate more while having less intercourse. In 1983 we didn't ask if people shaved their pubic hair—who would do that? Now more than half the respondents in our survey are trimming. We also noticed a boost in the incidence of reverse cowgirl—woman on top, facing away—a position popularized by porn.

Need more evidence? The security cam and gonzo porn genres are phenoms supported by the huge increase in readers who say they have had sex in public or other risky places (up to 76 percent from about 35 percent). And what's one to make of the fact that 70 percent of female respondents have been photographed nude and nearly 50 percent while having sex? Thanks to digital cameras and smartphones, you no longer need to develop the film. That's progress.

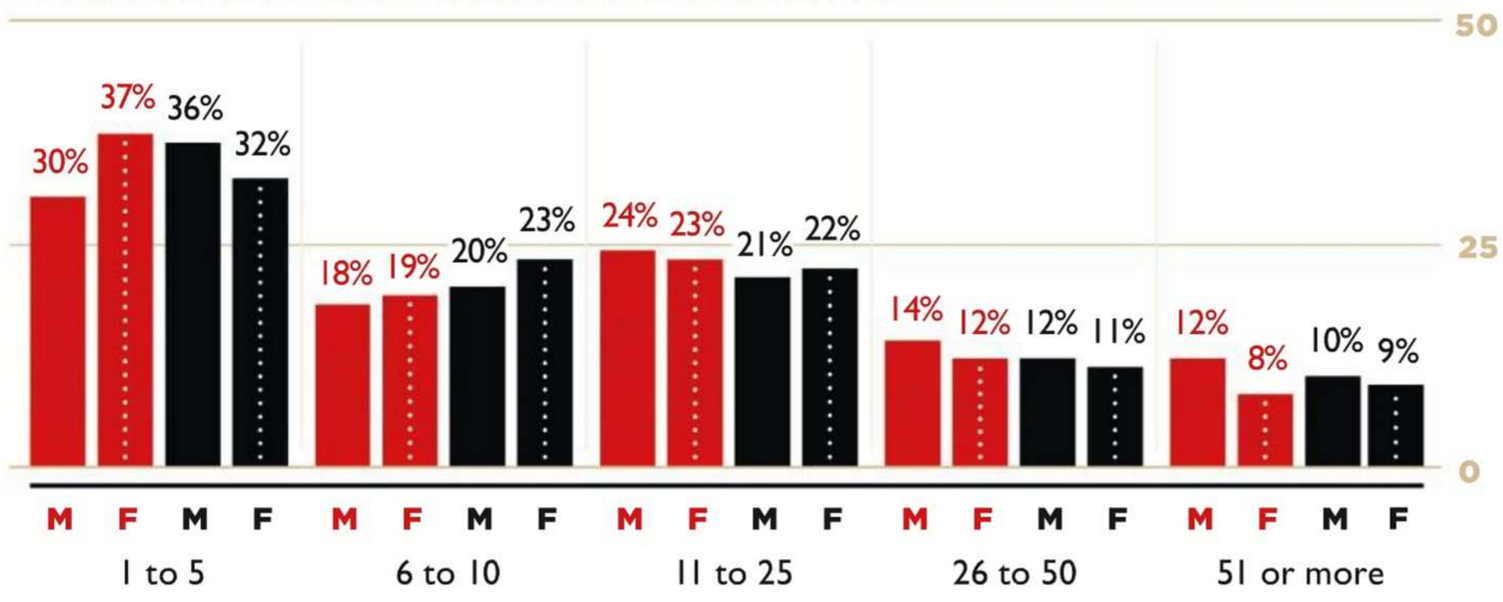
THE 2011 PLAYBOY READER SEX SURVEY

LEGEND 1983 2011 **M** Male **F** Female

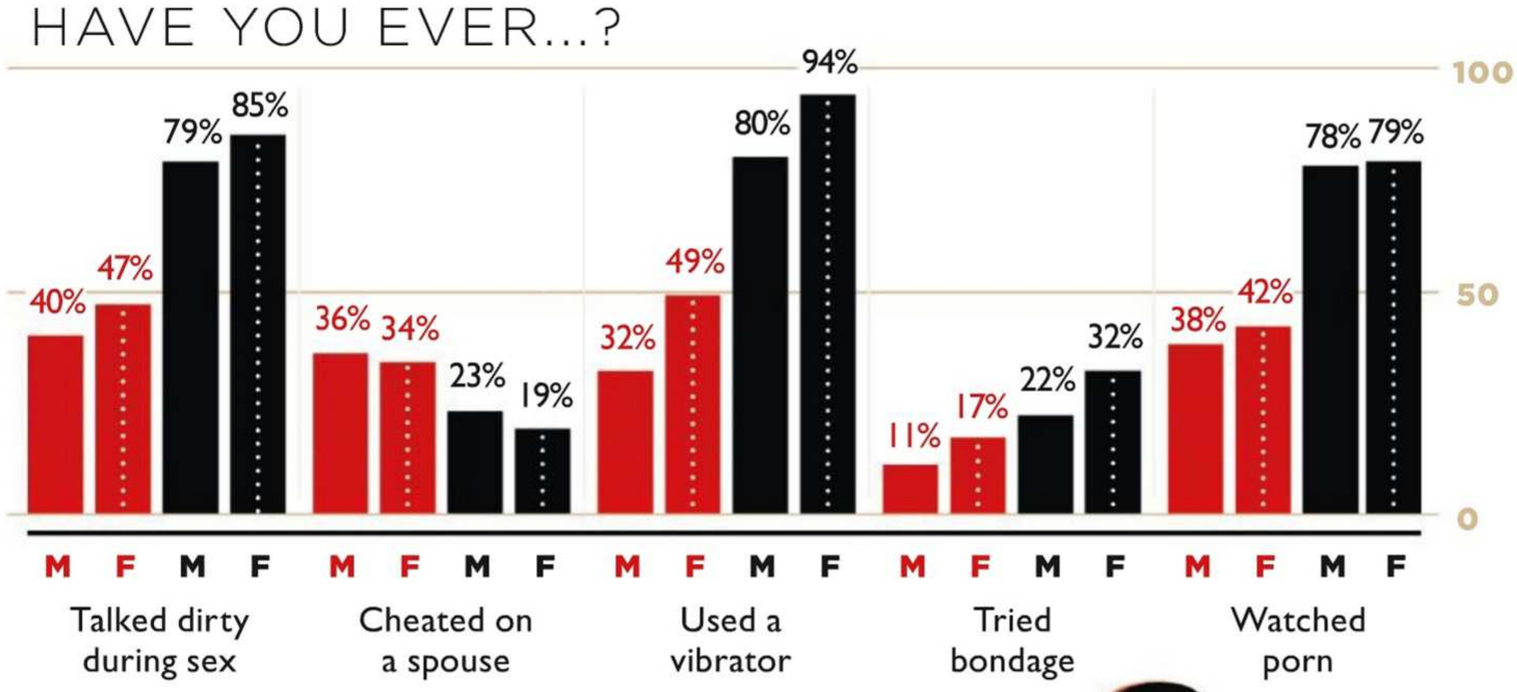
HOW OFTEN DO YOU MASTURBATE?



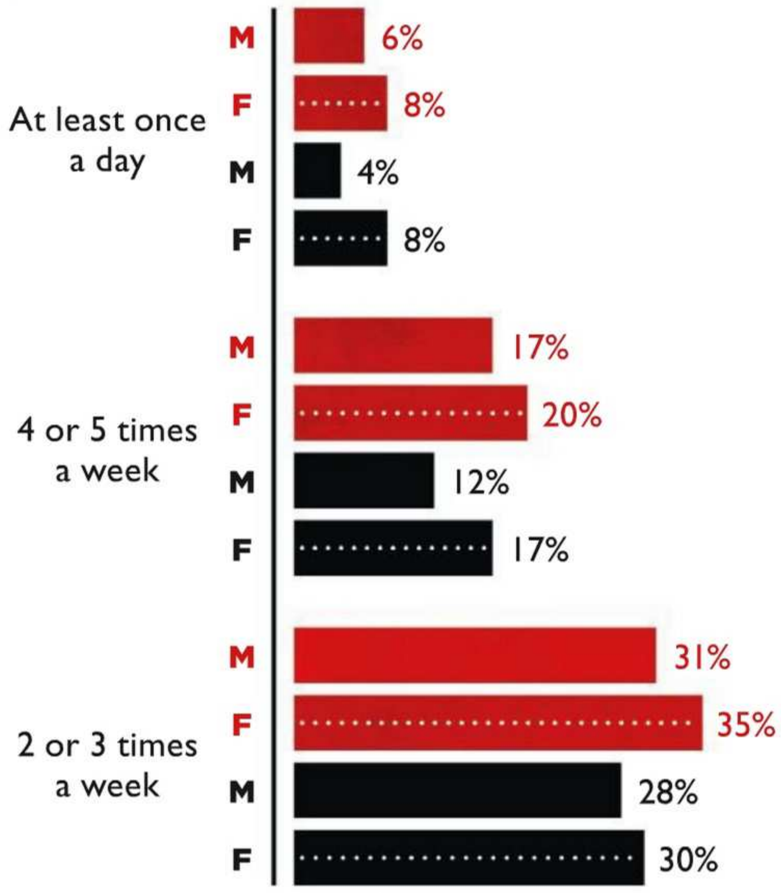
NUMBER OF SEX PARTNERS

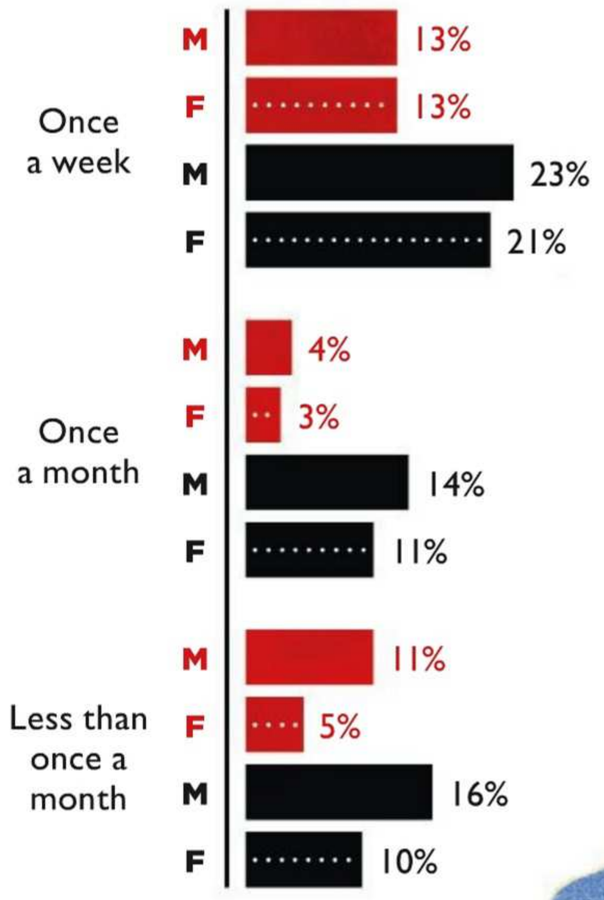


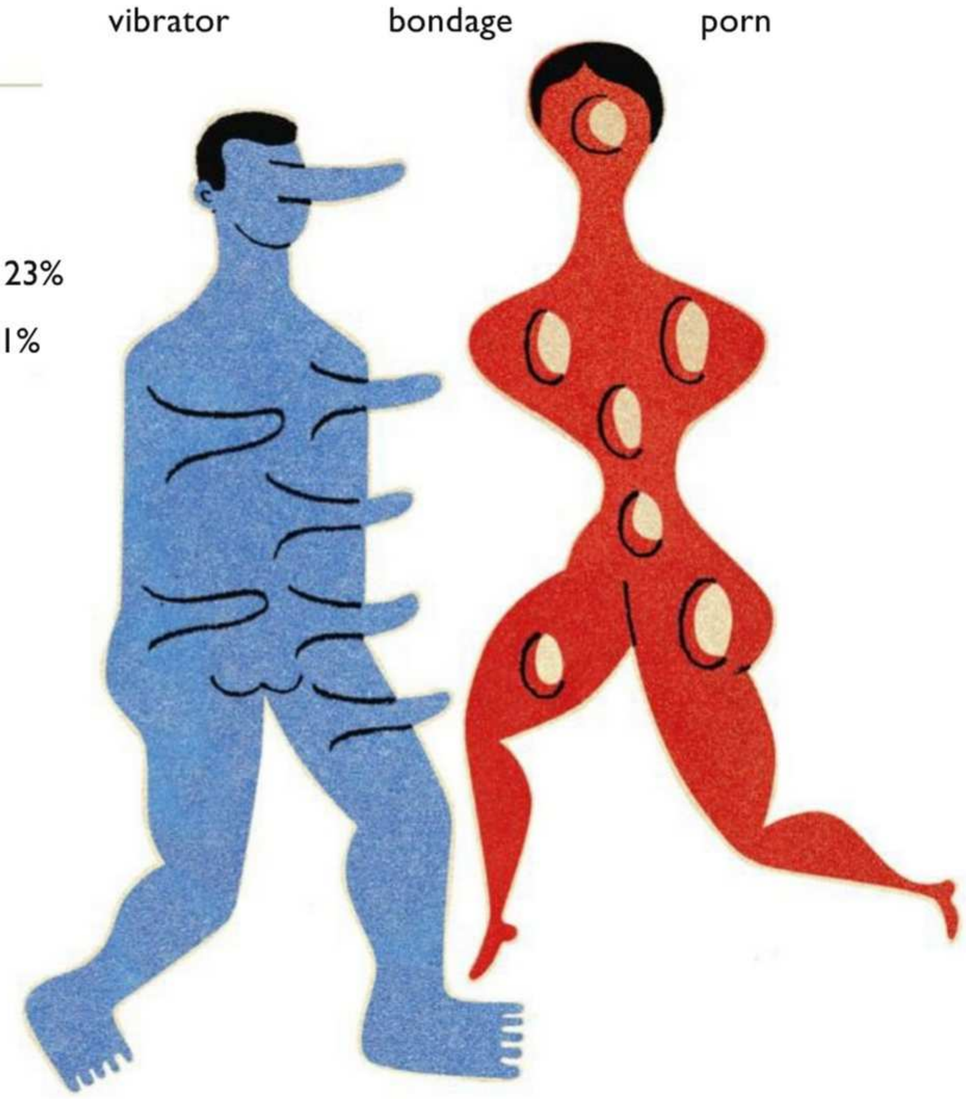
HAVE YOU EVER...?



SEXUAL FREQUENCY







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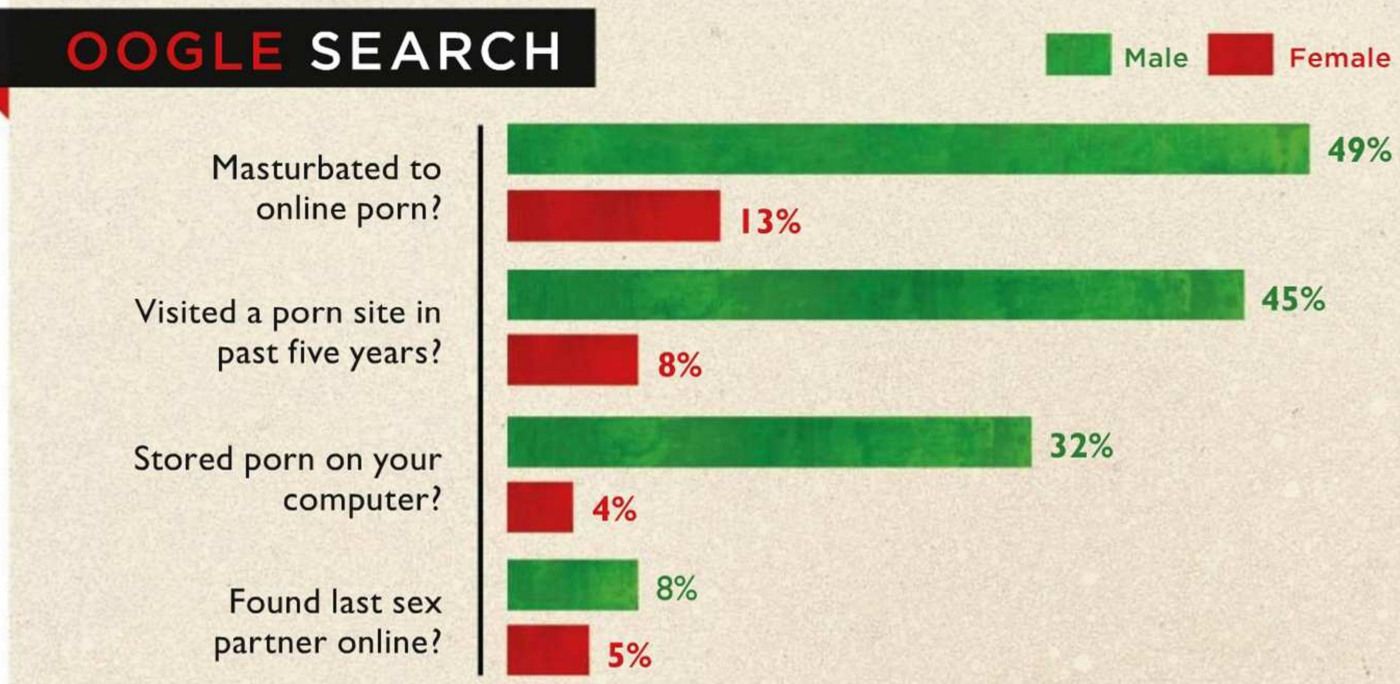
We commissioned the **ESTEEMED POLLING COMPANY HARRIS** to help us learn more about the sex lives of all 232 million American adults. It polled a sample of 1,210 men and 1,100 women online, then weighted those results to reflect the race, gender, sexual orientation, age, education and other attributes of the entire adult population. Here are some fascinating findings.

PLAYBOY.COM/SEXSURVEY

SEX & POLITICS LIBERALS VS. CONSERVATIVES

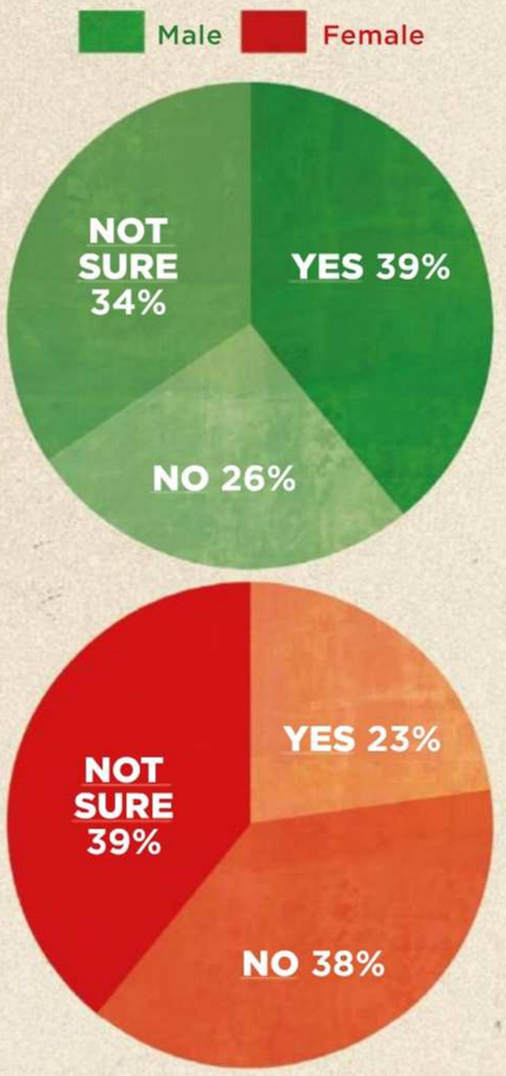
	Liberals	Conservatives
Has porn on computer	24%	15%
Has been photographed nude	36%	20%
Has posted ad while in relationship	24%	38%
Has tried to contact an ex online	38%	23%
Has watched sex in mirror	34%	19%
Has had interracial sex	46%	26%
Has had sex with a foreigner	31%	19%
Has had sex with a neighbor	29%	17%
Has had anal sex	35%	16%
Know full names of all past lovers	51%	64%
Had sex within six hours of meeting	40%	24%
Has sent a "sext" message	24%	9%

OOGLE SEARCH



STEPPIN' OUT

21 percent of men and 13 percent of women have cheated on a spouse; 18 percent of males and 14 percent of females have cheated while in a supposedly monogamous relationship. Could you forgive a partner who cheated?



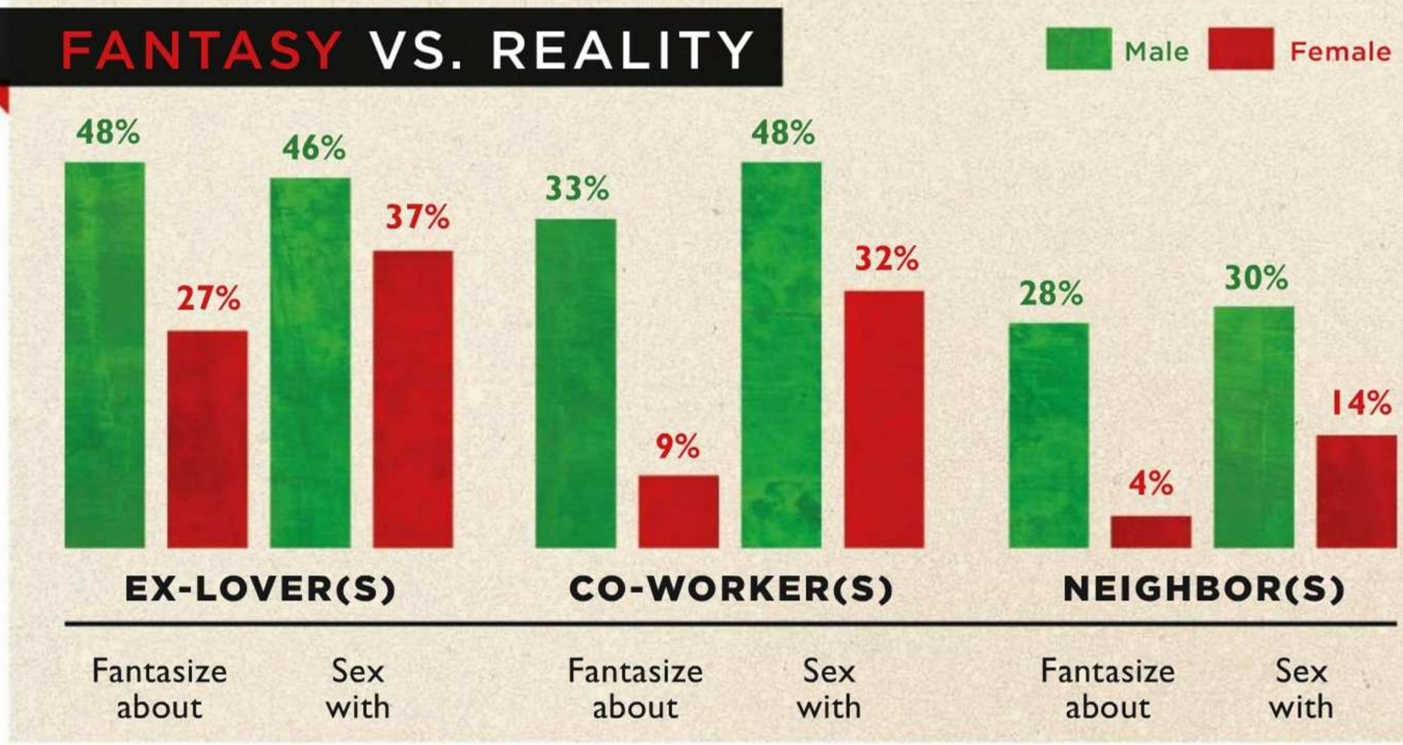
THE MODEST MIDDLE

Midwesterners are the least likely Americans to be photographed with their clothes off or while having sex.

40-YEAR-OLD VIRGINS

40 percent of adults between 18 and 24 years old have not yet had sex, while 5 percent of those between 35 and 44 are still virgins.

FANTASY VS. REALITY



HOOKUPS

19 percent of adults met the last person they had sex with at work and another 27 percent through friends.

TIME TRAVELERS: **Of adults who have had sex, only 18 percent of males and 14 percent of females are sleeping with someone their own age.**

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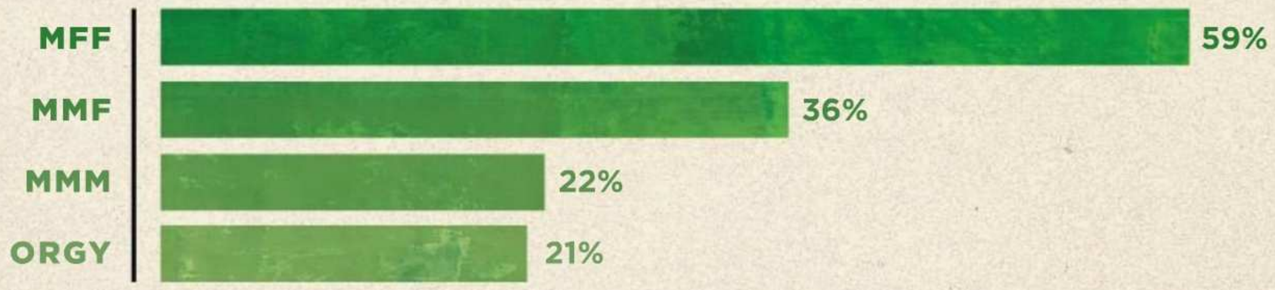
GROUP GROPES

Male Female

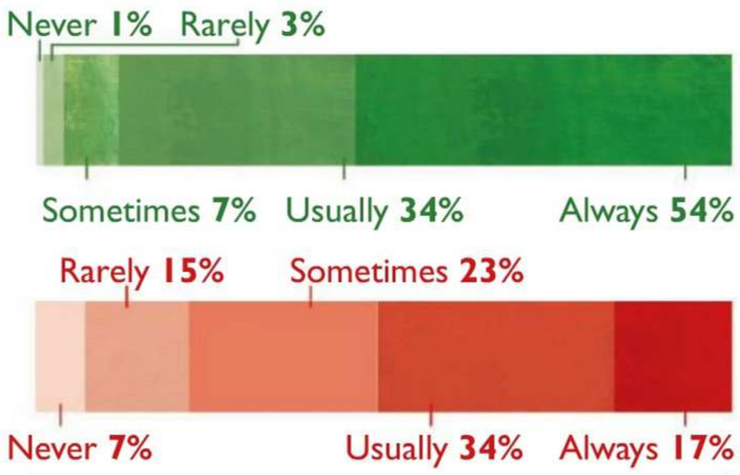
Of adults who've had sex, 31 percent of men and 14 percent of women have done it with two or more people at the same time. Percentage of those men who've had:



Percentage of those women who've had:

HOW OFTEN DO YOU COME DURING SEX?

Male Female



OPTIONS: OPEN

Of men who have used a dating site, percentage who have done so while in a relationship: 33. Of women: 23. Percentage of people in the East who have done this: 46. In the West: 13.

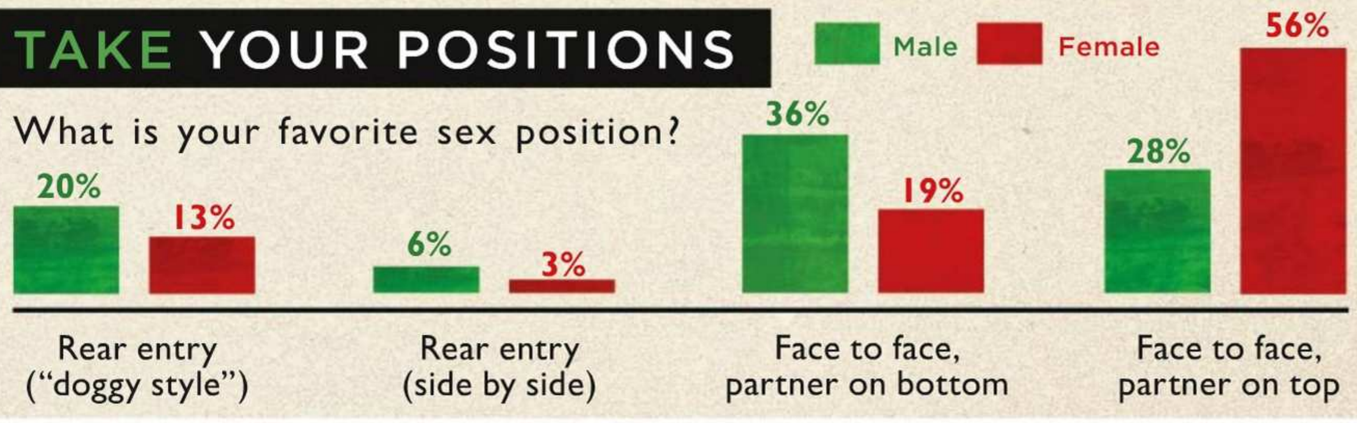
YOU KNOW WHAT I LIKE

17 percent of men experience the most intense orgasms from blow jobs, 6 percent from hand jobs and 7 percent from masturbation. 21 percent of women come most intensely from cunnilingus, 20 percent while being fingered and 13 percent during masturbation.

TAKE YOUR POSITIONS

What is your favorite sex position?

Male Female



CALL FOR ACTION

16 percent of adults have "sexted" someone on their phone with an explicit message or photo. 16 percent have answered the phone during sex, and 20 percent have had phone sex.

MEN VS. WOMEN

Shaved pubic hair
30% **32%**

Masturbated with someone
31% **20%**

Used a sex toy
37% **47%**

Tried bondage
11% **8%**

Know the first and last name of everyone slept with
43% **73%**

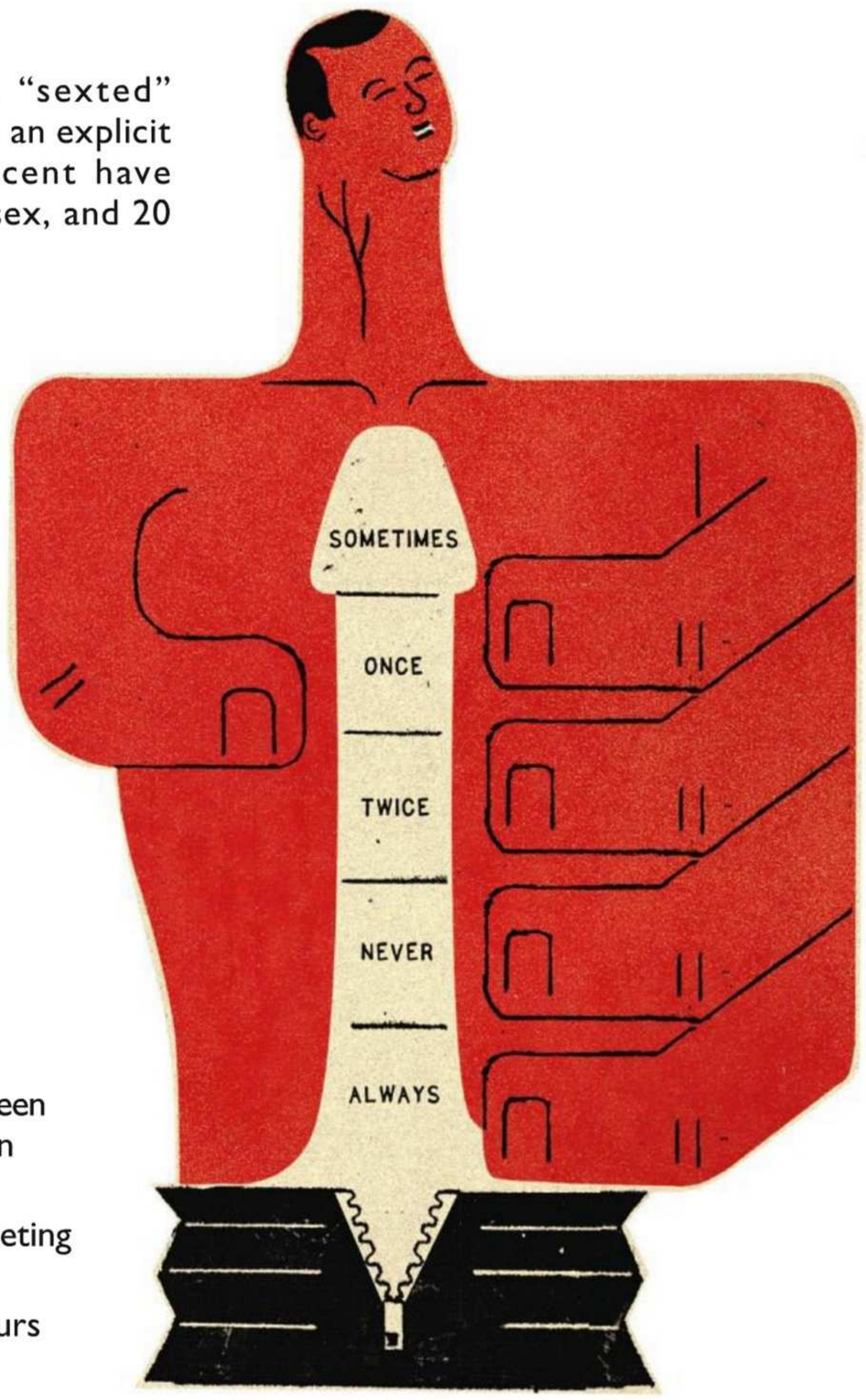
Would like more sex
55% **34%**

Would like less sex
2% **5%**

Had to wait a year or more between losing virginity and having sex again
9% **14%**

Had sex within six hours of meeting
44% **17%**

Slept with two people in 24 hours
38% **14%**



HOW OFTEN DO YOU PERFORM ORAL SEX ON YOUR PARTNER?

Male Female

GEE SPOT: **54 percent of women say they have a G-spot; 32 percent aren't sure.**

THERE'S MORE! **Continued on page 120**

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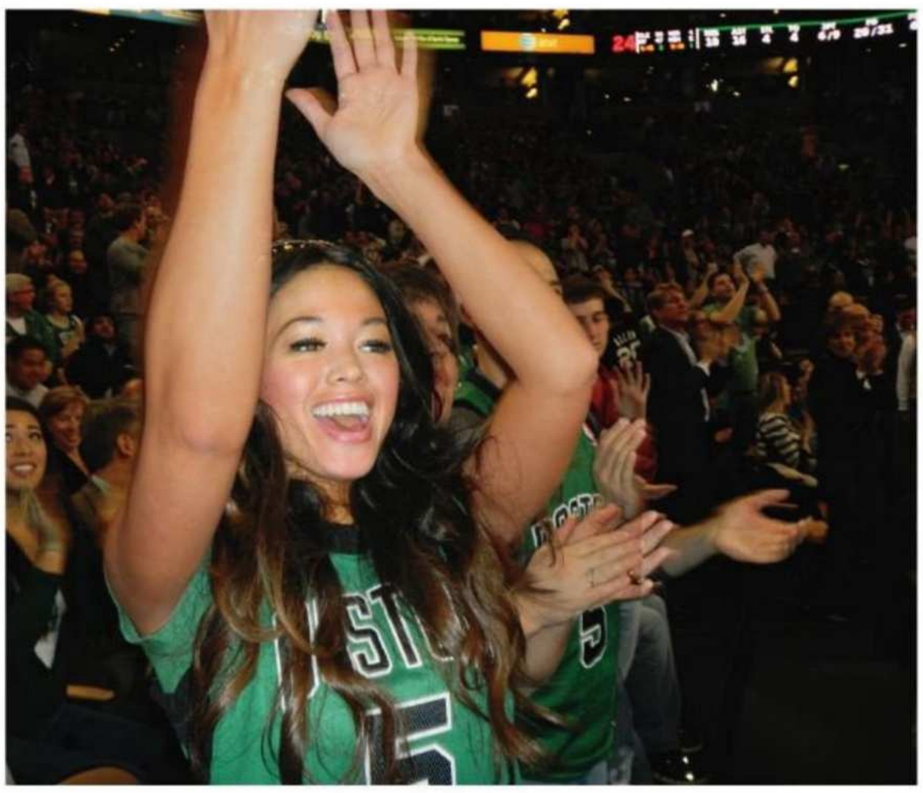
SHE'S GOT GAME

MISS JUNE HOLDS COURT



PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ARNY FREYTAG

GAME PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEWART SMITH

Reeling off Mei-Ling Lam's passions is a slam dunk. They begin and end with her beloved Boston Celtics. "Kevin Garnett is my favorite player, but I also love Paul Pierce and Ray Allen," our 27-year-old Miss June says about the team's trio of stars, dubbed the Big Three. "Truthfully, though, I love the Celtics, period, because there's nothing like them and their fans. The atmosphere is absolutely electric during games. Even when they're playing the worst team in the league, their fans are bonkers. I know I am—especially when the refs make a bad call. It drives me crazy!" Mei-Ling, the daughter of a Chinese restaurateur father and a French Canadian mother, got hooked on the Celtics as a kid when her older brother would routinely drive her from their Clinton, Maine home down to the TD Garden in Boston. In those days her love of the Celtics was rivaled only by her fervor for beauty pageants. "I lived, breathed and ate pageants," the 2001 Miss Maine Teen USA says. "I adored the dresses and getting all dolled up." As for posing for PLAYBOY, Mei-Ling is merely doing what comes naturally. "The truth is that during my pageant days I was always running around naked backstage because of how quickly the wardrobe changes took place. So as crazy as it sounds, I never felt naked when I was shooting my pictorial. In fact, I loved it. I'm simply celebrating womanhood and embracing how comfortable I feel in my own skin." Then, as if Ray Allen had just made a victorious buzzer-beating three-pointer, she exclaims, "I'm so excited about my future!"

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See more of Miss June
at club.playboy.com.

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MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Mei-Ling Lam

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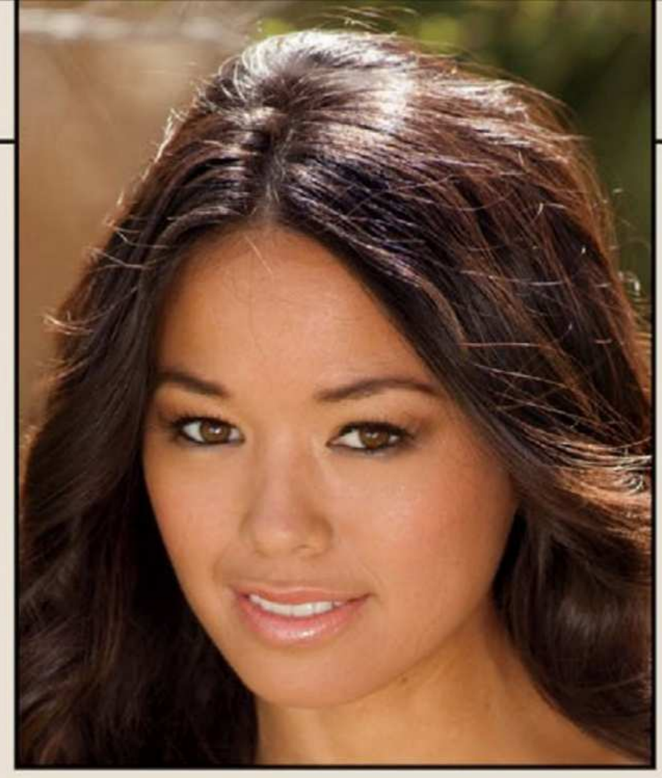
PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Mei-Ling Lam

BUST: 32B WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'6" WEIGHT: 109

BIRTH DATE: 1-26-1984 BIRTHPLACE: Waterville, Maine

AMBITIONS: To be a successful entrepreneur, mother of three and a loving wife.

TURN-ONS: A gentleman's soft lips touching my neck. AHHH... drives me nuts... bonkers!?

TURNOFFS: Foulmouthed men with negative attitudes who express themselves in a violent way.

MY R&B CRUSH: Maxwell, Maxwell, Maxwell! His voice makes me crazy!! xoxo!

CRAZIEST THING I'VE DONE FOR LOVE: Moved states for a man. I will not do that again without a ring. A BIG ONE!

MY PERFECT DAY: Waking up to ESPN, soaking up some sun at a swimming pool, piña colada in hand, then topping the day off with hot sex. YESSS!

Sixth grade, Asian persuasion.

GO, TEAM!

Miss Maine Teen USA at 18. :)

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PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What does an old woman have between her breasts that a young woman doesn't? A belly button.

A man on his deathbed made one final dying request of his wife.

"Darling, promise me you'll marry Andrew after I'm gone," he said.

"Of course, honey, anything you want," his wife replied, "but I thought you hated Andrew."

With his last dying breath her husband said, "I do."

How do you make a blonde laugh on Saturday? Tell her a joke on Wednesday.

One evening a man and his friend were sitting in the first man's den, drinking beer and watching a baseball game, when they started talking about sex. Before long they were arguing about the correct name for the area between a man's asshole and his penis.

"It's called the taint," the first man said.

"No," his friend countered. "It's called the runway."

After their argument had gone on for a few minutes, the first man's wife walked into the room and asked them what they were debating about.

"Honey," her husband asked, "what do you call that thing between the dick and the asshole?"

His wife glanced from one man to the other and finally replied, "The coffee table."

One morning a conservative business executive showed up to work wearing an earring in one ear. His shocked co-workers proceeded to tease him mercilessly.

"When did you start wearing an earring?" one of them asked.

"Since my wife found this one in my car," the man replied.

A man was talking to his psychiatrist during a session when he said, "Doc, I'm worried about my wife. Yesterday she posed for a nude picture."

"It's probably nothing to be too concerned about," the doctor said. "Maybe she just wants to express herself artistically. What was the nude photo for?"

"Her driver's license," the husband replied.

One evening a man approached a blonde at a bar and said, "I couldn't help but notice you across the room. I was wondering if I could get your number so I can call you sometime."

"Oh, you can find it in the local phone book," the woman replied.

"But I don't know your name," the man said.

"That's in the phone book too," she answered.

One evening a man arrived home from work and found his wife waiting for him at the front door.

"I want you to take me somewhere expensive tonight," she said.

"No problem, honey," the man replied. "I know just the place."

"So," his wife asked as they were pulling out of their driveway, "where are we going?"

"The gas station up the street," he replied.

What is the difference between a penis and a bonus? Your wife will blow your bonus.

A wealthy young woman was being driven to town by her chauffeur when the car got a flat tire. The chauffeur got out and tried to take off the wheel. After he had been struggling for several minutes, the woman rolled down her window and asked, "Would you like a screwdriver?"

"Hell, we might as well," the chauffeur replied. "I can't get this stupid wheel off anyway."

What do tofu and a dildo have in common? They're both meat substitutes.

Send your jokes to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail through our website at jokes.playboy.com.* PLAYBOY *will pay $100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.*

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"Hi, honey, I think I found us a best man."

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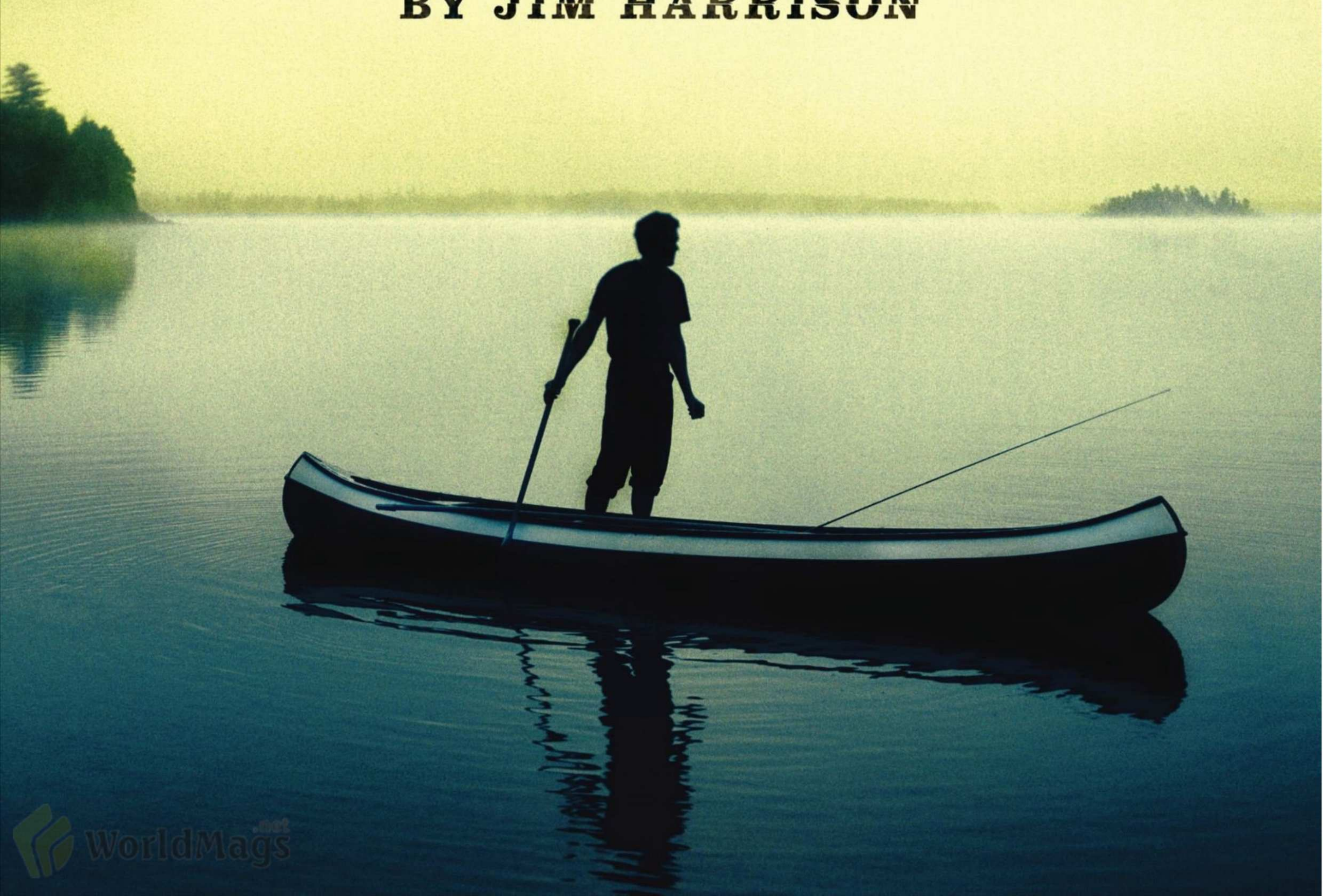
AT FIRST HE COOKED
JUST TO SURVIVE,
BUT THEN COOKING BECAME
A WAY TO THRIVE

CHEF ENGLISH MAJOR

BY JIM HARRISON



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NOBODY

can tell you nothing," my dad used to say to me. He was actually well educated but regularly used a remnant of rural bad grammar for emphasis. The off-the-wall arrogance that allowed me to become a novelist and poet didn't pan out in the kitchen, and it has taken me nearly 50 years to become a consistently acceptable cook.

There are obvious and somewhat comic limitations for the self-taught golfer, tennis player or cook. With the last it's not all in the recipe, but that's a start. About 40 years ago when my eldest daughter was 10 and my wife was taking late-afternoon tennis lessons, my daughter said, "Dad, don't you think we should follow the exact recipe, at least the first time out?"

What a preposterous idea! Was my own daughter quelling my creativity? Of course. And of course she was right. I was blundering through one of Julia Child's epically complicated seafood dishes while she was studying the recipe in careful detail. Here we were stuffing sole with crab when the mortgage payments of $99 a month on our little farm in northern Michigan were a struggle.

I still have grand lacunae: I have never successfully baked a loaf of bread or made a soufflé that rose higher than its liquid batter. I do well with fish, wild piglets, chicken, elk, venison, antelope, doves, grouse, woodcock, varieties of wild quail and sharp-tailed grouse but not so well with Hungarian partridge in our present home in Montana. The key to any failures has always been arrogance and perhaps too much alcohol. Once while having an after-lunch drink with the famed chef André Soltner of Lutèce, he said that when he hired the young for his kitchen, within a day they wanted to create a salsa of their own devising. "As for myself I have invented nothing. I cook only French food," he said. This seemed not quite true because in answer to my question he rattled off a half dozen possibilities for Muscovy duck, a large fowl and difficult to master. My problem here is an errant creativity that befits the page rather than the kitchen.

Poverty can hinder, but it can also help. In graduate school I was struck by Arnold Toynbee's notion that great cuisines come from an economy of scarcity. By common consent we are dealing with the cuisines of the Chinese and the French, throwing in the Italians as third. By extension this is why it's hard to get a good meal in Iowa or Kansas, where they have everything. In our own case it was a long period of near poverty averaging about 12 grand a year for 15 years during my apprenticeship as a poet and novelist. We ate very well because my wife has always been a far better cook than I. My specialty was food shopping and studying recipe books. My wife had the specific advantage of not cooking with her ego. As a fisherman and hunter I was always good at "bringing home the bacon." In the rural areas in which we lived wild game and fish were in plenitude, and since I learned how to hunt and fish early in life, wild food plus what we grew in our big garden was a large part of our eating. Luck plays a goodly part in hunting and fishing, assuming you've mastered the technique. I recall one cold spring evening coming home from nearby Lake Michigan with five lake trout that had a combined weight of 60 pounds, and one day during bird season my French friend Guy de la Valdène and I came home with nine grouse and seven woodcock. The next day he was startled when a local friend of mine stopped by and gave me an "extra" deer. A gift deer in France would be a very large gift indeed.

For the man who cooks perhaps twice a week the prime motive in cooking is to have something to eat worthy of your heart's peculiar desires. In my own critical view 99.9 percent of restaurants in America are in themselves acts of humiliation for someone with exacting tastes. When you live rurally and remotely good restaurants are rare, and there were these long periods when if a good restaurant did exist in our area it was rarely visited because we couldn't afford the tab. It was the same when I lived in New York City at 19 and my weekly salary of $35 was split evenly among room rent, food and beer, and the recreation other than chasing girls was to walk the streets reading restaurant menus pasted to doors or windows. The restaurants *(continued on page 118)*

LUCK PLAYS A GOODLY PART IN HUNTING AND FISHING, ASSUMING YOU'VE MASTERED THE TECHNIQUE.

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20 Q

BY JASON BUHRMESTER
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTHIAS CLAMER

LOUIS C.K.

HE'S THE COMIC WHO CHANNELS OUR INNER CRANKINESS. WE LET HIM VENT ABOUT RACE, LIFE AS AN IMMIGRANT, GROWING UP IN BOSTON, BOMBING AS A COMIC, SARAH PALIN, CONAN O'BRIEN, CHRIS ROCK, DIVORCE, COLD MILK, GETTING DRUNK AND WHY MISSISSIPPI IS THE WORST STATE IN THE UNION

Q1

PLAYBOY: Your TV show *Louie* is based loosely on your life as a 40-something stand-up comedian and single father of two little girls who struggles with things such as going to the gym and dating. Does growing old suck?

C.K.: No, it doesn't. I mean, it sucks in the way that life generally does, but I think being old sucks less than being young. As you go through awful things and survive them, you become more equipped to go through them later. It's all about surviving failure so you get better at it.

Q2

PLAYBOY: In one episode last season a high school student threatens and embarrasses you while you're on a date. Your date later admits that watching you back down was a turnoff. How would the real Louis C.K. have handled that situation?

C.K.: I think not very differently than my character. When you're young you size yourself up against somebody and think, Can I fight this guy? You wouldn't mind walking away with a swollen eye or something. But when you're past your 40s, if you get a black eye you're fucked for months. I can't see that

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well anyway. I could throw my back out. It's not worth it.

Q3

PLAYBOY: *Louie* does a great job of tackling race issues. In one episode you attempt to ask a black cashier out on a date, and in another you spend a night going to clubs with black comedians. Is it hard to talk about race as a white comic?
C.K.: Yeah. We're still racially divided, so that makes it interesting. What I do on the show is take little feelings and make them bigger. I don't really feel awkward around black women, but it's fun to show that feeling.

Q4

PLAYBOY: Why take an audience to an uncomfortable place like that?
C.K.: If you make them laugh, then they've come there for a good reason. If you take them to that uncomfortable place and just upset them, some people might like that. But if you take them there and make them laugh, then that won't be such an awful place to go anymore.

Q5

PLAYBOY: You're half Mexican and lived in Mexico until you

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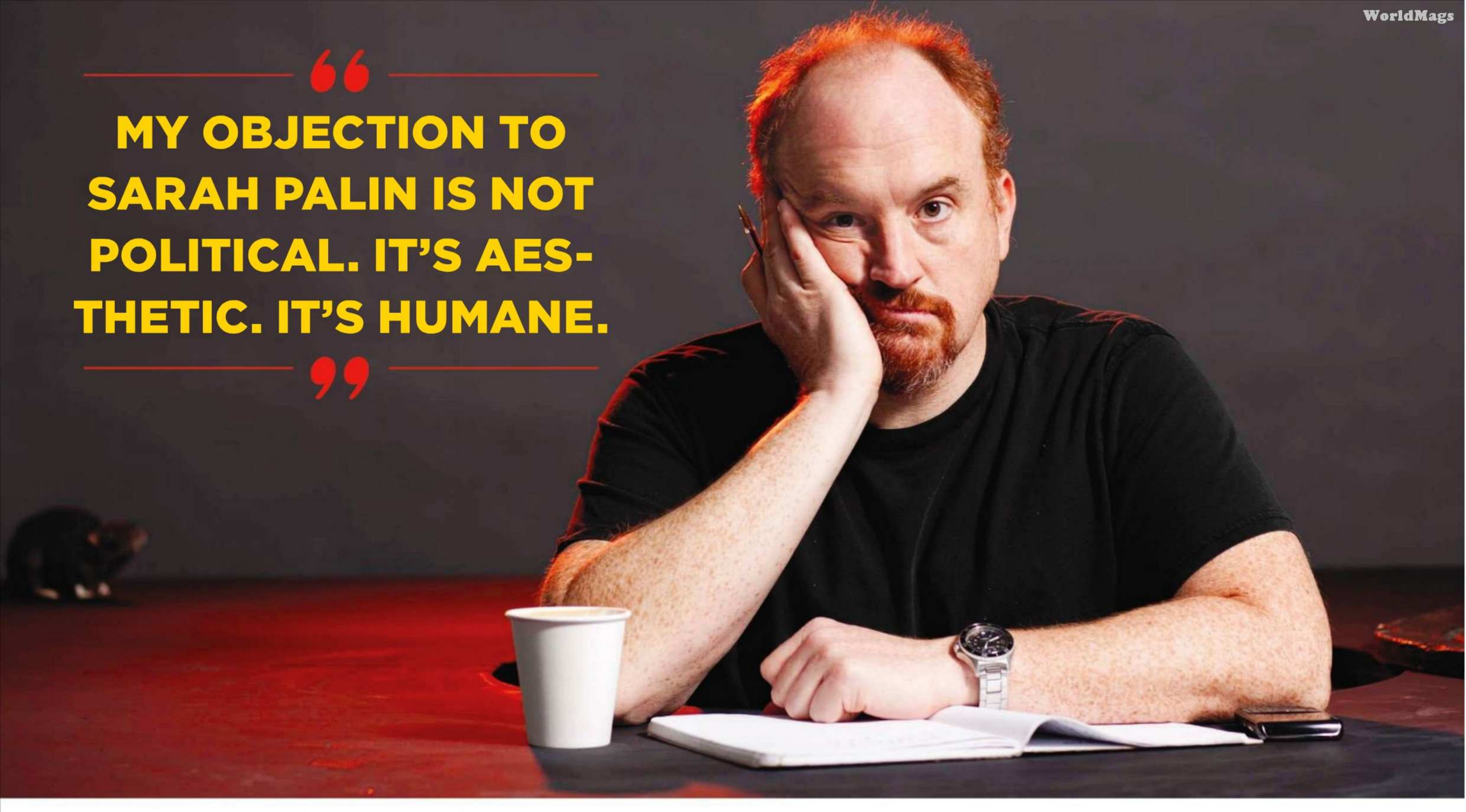

were seven. What was it like when you moved to Boston?

C.K.: I didn’t speak English, so that was kind of difficult, but I loved it. America was clean and big and amazing. I remember coming from a big, smog-filled, overcrowded city in Mexico that was a little drab and poor.

Q6

PLAYBOY: Does that experience influence your feelings about immigration?

C.K.: Yeah, because I know what it feels like. It makes me feel differently about America. In Mexico in the 1970s, when I lived there, you couldn’t even drink the milk because the refrigeration wasn’t strong enough. Milk would go bad, so you drank Carnation powdered milk. Until I was seven I drank only powdered milk. When I first lived in America there were these big jugs of freezing-cold milk. I still have that perspective on milk.

Q7

PLAYBOY: Do you recognize parts of you as being distinctly derived from Boston?

C.K.: Oh yeah. Boston is a scrappy town full of drunk Irish people and rich Jews. That’s my upbringing. I had Jewish friends I grew up with whose parents were so cool they let them smoke pot in the attic and stuff. I also had these scrappy Irish friends. I swear that was my comedy upbringing in Boston. If you weren’t funny you got your ass kicked. It wasn’t just about getting laughs; it was about survival.

Q8

PLAYBOY: You first tried stand-up when you were a teenager. How did it go?

C.K.: The first time I did it, it was terrible. I did about two minutes onstage, and I didn’t get one laugh. I tried again and did even worse. I was just too young to relate to it all. I took about six months off, and then I came crawling back. I wanted to do it so bad. And then I just kept working at it until I got better. All comedians suck when they start, every single one.

Q9

PLAYBOY: What made you stick with it?

C.K.: It was just a desire and an interest. And bombing and failing aren’t so bad. You can handle it. The rewards are that it gets incrementally better. Looking back, I gave everything to it. I gave up any rational way to live a life so I could try to get good at this thing. To be part of the community of comedians was a big deal to me. I really admire comedians, and I wanted to live that life. Things got really hard, but I never thought it wasn’t worth it.

Q10

PLAYBOY: At one point you auditioned for *Saturday Night Live* and got rejected. Did that put pressure on you to quit?

C.K.: I don’t remember anyone ever telling me I should quit. When I started out and I was struggling, my mom would say, “Why do you have to be a comedian?” But she’s thrilled with my life, and I’ve always managed to find a way to make a living. I’ve always survived, so she’s never worried about me.

Q11

PLAYBOY: Your stand-up is very personal, but you’ve avoided talking about your divorce. Is divorce not funny?

C.K.: The transition of divorce happened to me three years ago, and it just doesn’t matter to me anymore. It would be like if you had children and you obsessed about the day they were born rather than their lives every day.

Q12

PLAYBOY: Comedians have a reputation for ending up as addicts and alcoholics. How did you avoid that?

C.K.: I did most of my drugs in school. I did loads of drugs when I was in eighth grade, ninth grade. For some reason those were the years I picked, and I learned what the pitfalls were. Also, I’m too driven. I love what I do, and it’s important to me. Being addicted is one thing. If you’re addicted you have a sickness. But to do drugs recklessly when you’re trying to be a comedian, you’re just not trying hard enough. *(concluded on page 130)*

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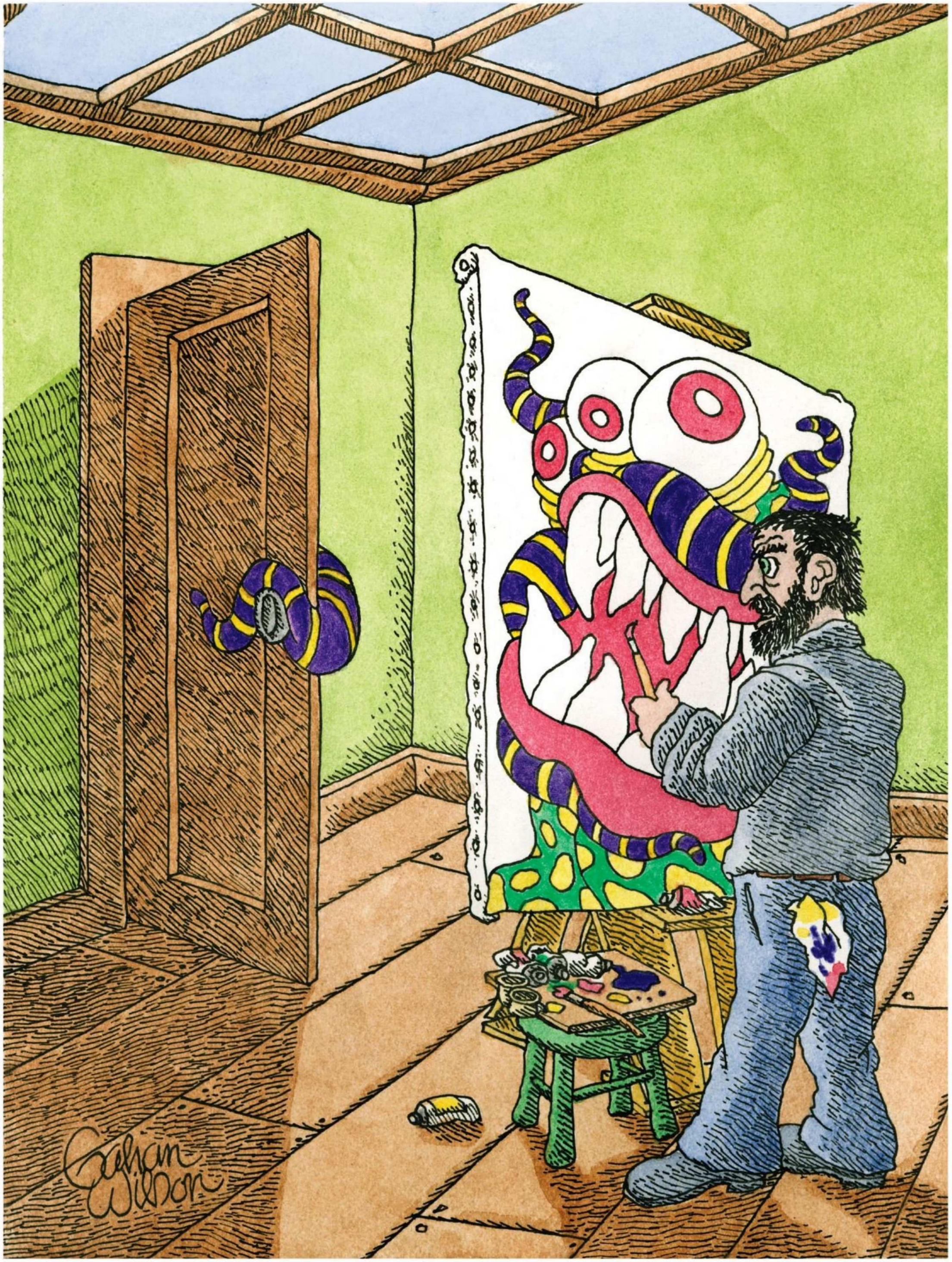

"You're late again!"

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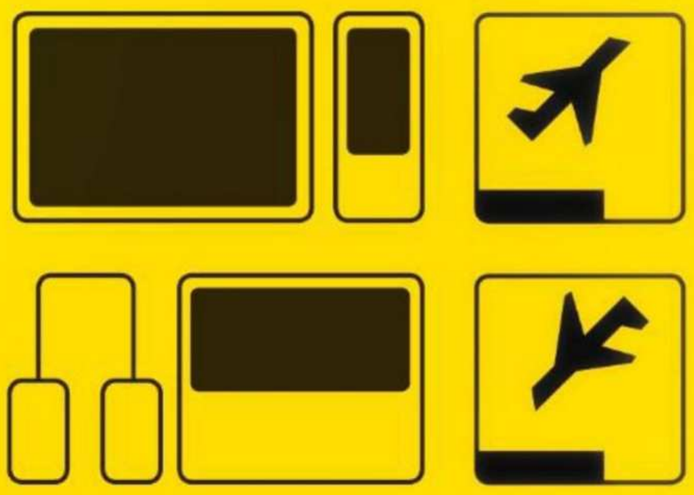
Going Mobile



The latest tech for the globe-trotting man

By Jason Buhrmester

THE promise of portable electronics has always been freedom. Back in the day, men worked in offices with bursting file cabinets and smoky conference rooms. Now you can squeeze that entire operation into a tablet like the MOTOROLA XOOM (right, $800, motorola.com) and conduct your business from the beach. It can be your assistant, your stereo, your paramour, even a shoulder to cry on. Shall we pack up and take off?

TUMI TOWNHOUSE ATTACHÉ ($1,895, TUMI.COM). BURBERRY LONDON SHIRT ($185, BURBERRY.COM).

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Laptops

ASUS U36
TOSHIBA A665
LENOVO IDEAPAD U260

Tuck the ASUS U36 (far left, $1,000, asus.com) into your carry-on. The slim (19 millimeters thick) laptop weighs three pounds and provides 10 hours of battery life. Asus's notebooks have been road tested on the *Mir* space station—two thumbs up. Sandy Bridge sounds like a golf course, but it's the code name for Intel's new Core processors. The Intel i5 inside TOSHIBA'S A665 (left, $790, toshiba.com) cranks out amazing game graphics and breezes through work so you can hit the real golf course. The LENOVO IDEAPAD U260 (right, $900, lenovo.com) is the first 12.5-inch laptop with a 16:9 widescreen for watching HD movies. Upgrade to a 1.33-gigahertz processor and four gigabytes of RAM for serious spreadsheet-building power.

MARC BY MARC JACOBS LEATHER BAG ($478, MARC JACOBS.COM).

Headphones

HOUSE OF MARLEY TRENCHTOWN ROCK
SENNHEISER MM550
WESC MARACA

Sweet sounds: HOUSE OF MARLEY TRENCHTOWN ROCK headphones (above, $300, thehouseofmarley.com) come with a cord that's long enough to stretch from the bong to the beanbag. SENNHEISER MM550 headphones (right, $500, sennheiser.com) are Bluetooth enabled, so you don't need a cord at all. WESC'S MARACA headphones (far right, $70, wesc.com) offer retro style and a retro price point, with plenty of kick.

MARLEY HEADPHONES COME IN AN ECO-FRIENDLY HIPSTER BAG.

Tablets

BLACKBERRY PLAYBOOK
HP TOUCHPAD
MOTOROLA XOOM

Wirelessly connect to your smartphone with the BLACKBERRY PLAYBOOK (far left, $500, blackberry.com) for easy synching of your e-mail and calendar—perfect for poolside computing. You'll love the seven-inch screen and speedy one gigabyte of RAM, while your office IT guy will go for the corporate security controls. The HP TOUCHPAD (left, $500, hp.com) runs webOS, an underrated operating system that opens programs in "cards" that can be stacked, shuffled or flicked off the 9.7-inch screen. The tablet has sound tech developed by Dr. Dre. MOTOROLA'S XOOM (right, $800, motorola.com) runs a turbocharged version of the Android system, complete with Gmail and Google Maps. The one-gigahertz dual-core processor blazes through the web and games on a gorgeous 10.1-inch high-definition screen.

HLASKA'S OCEANIST ZIP MEDIUM CASE IS PERFECT FOR A TABLET ($35, HLASKA.COM).

Phones

MOTOROLA ATRIX 4G
HP PRE3

A wily smartphone is the key to working remotely from the beach or bar. MOTOROLA'S ATRIX 4G (left, $200 with contract, motorola.com) is the most powerful smartphone on the planet. Behind the four-inch touch screen, the Android device packs two gigahertz of processing power and one gigabyte of RAM—enough muscle to blow away your old laptop. When dropped into the optional dock (not pictured, $500), the Atrix actually converts into one, complete with full keyboard and 11.5-inch display. The HP PRE3 (right, $200 with contract, palm.com) mixes business with pleasure by pulling together all your calendars, e-mail accounts and other digital services in one place. Slide out the keyboard, start typing and the Pre can automatically start an e-mail or update a Facebook status. Multitaskers will love the ability to open several applications at once, shuffling e-mails, Word docs—whatever you need. One thing this phone won't do: mix you another drink. Bartender?

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Beach Boys

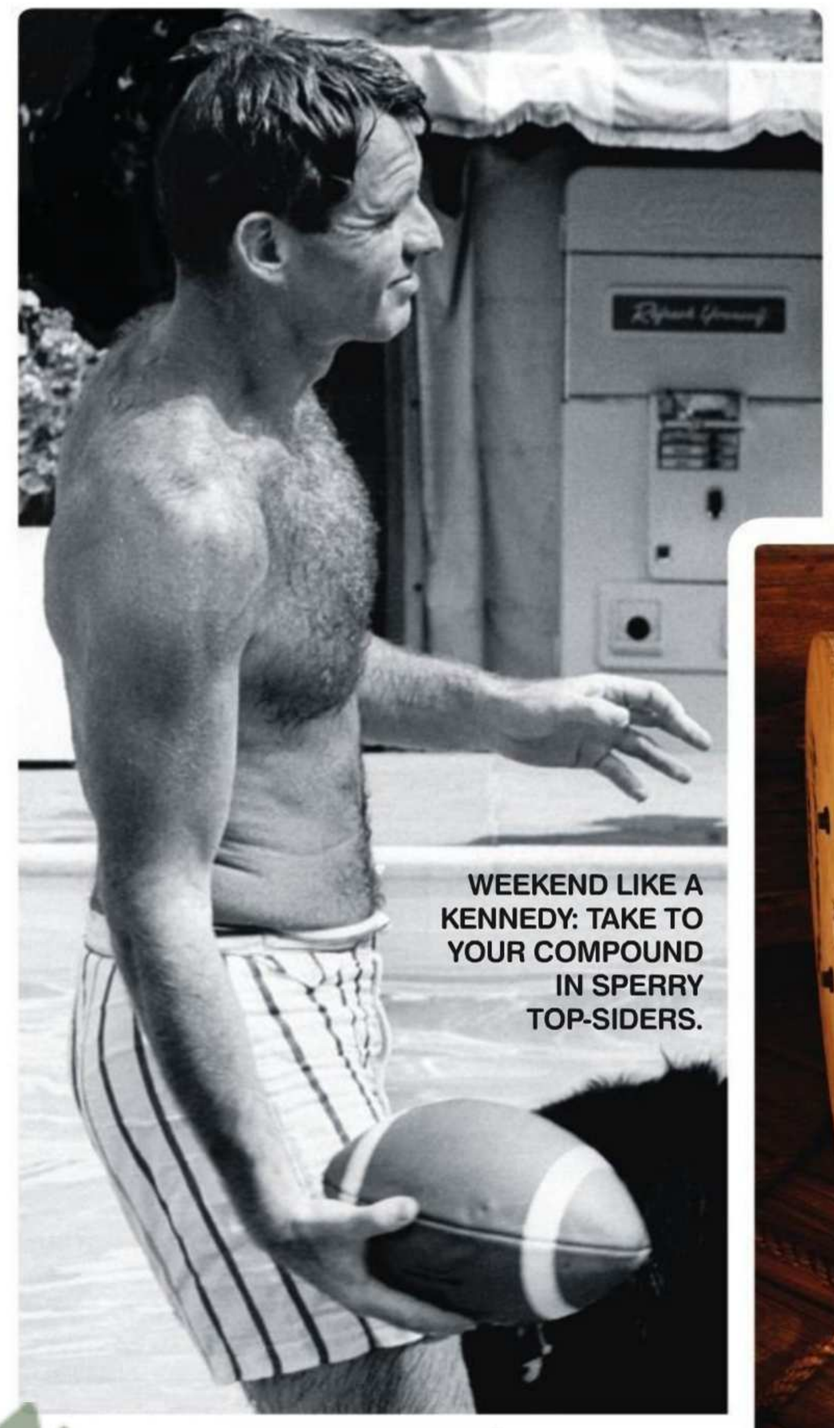
Whether it's West Coast surf or East Coast prep you're looking for, dive into these beach threads

Despite the fact that most of us consider the fall and winter months as the time to strut our style acumen, making your summer look distinguishable truly raises the wet bar. Below, PLAYBOY offers you a primer on how to get out of the inner tube and into some stylish summer duds. Madras, the drink or the fabric, not entirely required.

Fashion by
Jennifer Ryan Jones

Text by
Steve Garbarino

Still-life photography by
Zachary James Johnston



East Coaster

Summer of *Jaws* meets the Kennedys

From Hyannis Port to East Hampton, the prep-set look is here to stay. Classic and showy—like a saltwater-faded pair of Nantucket Reds—today's Cape Cod–to–Outer Banks attire is gingham, seersucker and weathered cotton. Could the Kennedys, William F. Buckley and Peter Benchley all be wrong?

TRUNKS: TOMMY HILFIGER, $68; POLOS: GANT BY MICHAEL BASTIAN, $165; HOODIE: AÉROPOSTALE, $50; SHOES: SPERRY TOP-SIDER, $85; BODY SPRAY: BIG PONY COLLECTION BY RALPH LAUREN, $15.

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West Coaster

The Endless Summer meets 2011

Not since the late 1960s and early 1970s has the surfer-skateboarder look (from Zuma Beach to San Onofre) been so refined...and redefined. Catch the wave of cool new men's beachwear that uses tried-and-true nylon blends that stretch and dry quickly.

FLIP-FLOPS: ETNIES, $30; **SUNGLASSES:** VONZIPPER, $95; **FLANNEL SHIRT:** O'NEILL, $55; **BOARDSHORTS:** O'NEILL, $70; **LEATHER CORD NECKLACE:** AÉROPOSTALE, $7; **CUFF WATCH:** VESTAL, $100.

WEST COAST BEACH-PARTY REQUIREMENTS: GIRLS, MUSIC AND WAVES.

South Beacher

Miami's Versace era meets retro deco

The jet-set boomtown mirage has always defined Miami's more-is-more exhibitionism—whether it was the Tony Montana *Scarface* look or Gianni Versace's gold-medallion moment in the 1990s. Both retro and contemporary, today's SoBe style continues to mirror its surroundings. Pick your hues from what's in front of you—wild neon, popping flora and anything that makes you look as thin as a royal palm. And just to be clear: It's not Hawaiian prints; it's haute hula and chicer-than-you-think midnight cowboy. What about Crockett and Tubbs and their unforgettable fusion of Technicolor T-shirts and Armani jackets? Well, every city has its wardrobe malfunctions.

SUNGLASSES: DOLCE & GABBANA, $260; **SWIM TRUNKS:** 83990 ST. TROPEZ, $145; **HAT:** BLOCK HEADWEAR, $58; **FLIP-FLOPS:** HAVAIANAS, $22.

THE SOBE LOOK: BRIGHT COLORS AND LOTS OF BRONZE SKIN.

Vanities of the Bonfire

FROM THE BLUFFS OF MALIBU TO THE MICHIGAN DUNES, UPGRADE YOUR CAMPFIRE S'MORING WITH SOME SHORE-THING ESSENTIALS.

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP: GUITAR CASE ($825, WHIPPING POSTLEATHER.COM), CAMP BAG ($70, LLBEAN.COM), STEEL-BELTED COOLER ($150, COLEMAN.COM) AND MAGNO SMALL RADIO ($225, AREAWARE.COM).

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The New Congressman's

GUIDE TO GETTING LAID

by Anonymous

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CONGRATULATIONS!

You've survived your first six months in Congress.

Today you're a **BONA FIDE**

BIG SWINGING DICK

who is making **HISTORIC DECISIONS** ***daily***

AND COMMANDING MORE *blow jobs* THAN A KENNEDY

By now, however, you've realized this was far cooler in theory. To be reelected, you will need to raise a few thousand dollars a day, every day, for the next 18 months. And when you're not flying across the country once a week to spend time with needy constituents, you're explaining to your wife why you won't be able to make it home for your eight-year-old daughter's soccer game. Worse yet, there are 10,000 bloggers out to get you. One misstep, perceived or real, and you're screwed—especially when it involves screwing of the flagrante delicto variety.

But hey, you deserve some companionship without rat-fucking political operatives such as myself using it to derail or obliterate your political career. A decade ago Slate offered a mathematical formula for determining how many young women a congressman would have to seduce in order to generate a five percent likelihood that their mothers would know each other. (The answer was about 20.) I can do better. Follow these handy tips and that percentage will shrink to zero.

TIP #1: DOWNSIZE YOUR DATING POOL

Stick to women who have as much to lose as you do. Avoid constituents; they will stalk you at town-hall meetings, show up at your office unannounced and follow your wife around the local grocery store. Nor are interns a good idea. The last thing you need is a semen-soaked blue dress floating around a Georgetown apartment rented by five 21-year-old college seniors, each with 1,500 Facebook friends and a generationally looser definition of *privacy*. Come to think of it, stay away from anyone with a roommate.

Staffers are no better—they're a dangerous mix of ambitious star fucker and poverty-stricken assistant. Good luck keeping them quiet. Like former Speaker of the House Newt Gingrich, you could try to save face and placate your Christian-right base by marrying the staffer. But that strategy works only until you want to run for president—isn't that right, Newt? I understand the allure of high-end call girls, but they're a trap. A few extra thousand dollars might get you more adventurous companionship but no more discretion. We're talking about entrepreneurial women who are engaged in an illegal enterprise and therefore prone to saving mementos such as cell phone bills and canceled checks for future leverage.

Whatever you do, keep your hands off the wives of powerful political operatives such as Roger Stone, the flamboyant Republican consultant who specializes in making his enemies feel pain. He is a crazy motherfucker who will slit your throat and then invite your widow to Miami Velvet, a swingers club where he reportedly met a hooker who had crossed paths with then New York governor Eliot Spitzer.

So who are you allowed to fuck? Mainly female lobbyists and current and former members of Congress. The best lobbyists earn your annual salary between New Year's Day and the National Cherry Blossom Festival in March. One hint of selling sex for access will make that cushy job and five-bedroom home vanish. Missouri Republican senator Roy Blunt did it right; his hot second wife is a lobbyist for Kraft Foods. As for congresswomen, they're in the same boat as you—an affair that goes public will sink them. Just be forewarned: Except for maybe South Dakota Republican representative Kristi Noem and Alabama Republican representative Martha Roby, there are no prom queens within the congressional chamber.

TIP #2: KEEP THE SEX STRAIGHT AND STRAIGHTFORWARD

First and foremost, whatever the sexual position, always wear a

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CODY TILSON

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condom. Your bastard child will be revealed—even if it takes decades and/or it's after you're dead. Exhibit A: Essie Mae Washington-Williams, the elderly African American woman who outed South Carolina Senate stalwart Strom Thurmond as her father nearly 80 years after he got her 16-year-old mother pregnant. Otherwise, stick to normal sex, behind closed doors and on your home turf. Don't believe me? Try this cautionary tale on for size. Once upon a time, according to court documents, U.S. Senate candidate Jack Ryan took his actress wife Jeri Ryan (of *Star Trek: Voyager* fame) to sex clubs in New York and Paris. One such club in New York had "cages, whips and other apparatus hanging from the ceiling." Thus, he violated two of my tenets: (1) He strayed far from his home base in Illinois, and (2) he demonstrated peccadilloes that could easily be interpreted as deviant. Consequently, he helped his opponent, a then unknown Democratic state senator named Barack Obama, coast to electoral victory. Think how history might have changed had Ryan saved the kink for his political afterlife.

Another verboten act: gay sex. Unless, of course, you're Barney Frank, which leads me to a quick side note—know the sensitivities of your constituents and fuck accordingly. When you represent southern California, pretty much every freakish act can remain on the menu; however, when your district falls within the Bible Belt, never stray from the missionary position or your wife. Now, back to purely masculine conquests. My advice: Don't pursue them—like, ever. If Idaho Republican senator Larry Craig had wanted to hook up with a woman in a Minneapolis–St. Paul International Airport bathroom, he'd still be in the Senate. And if New York Democratic congressman Eric Massa had admitted to tickling female aides instead of their male counterparts, he'd still be in the House of Representatives.

No matter your sexual persuasion, steer clear of teens. Former Illinois Democratic congressman Mel Reynolds's affair with a 16-year-old female campaign volunteer cost him his seat in Washington and earned him a prison sentence. (The exact charge: 12 counts of sexual assault, obstruction of justice and solicitation of child pornography. Try keeping that out of your opponent's next round of robocalls.) Additionally, Reynolds attempted to set up a threesome with his underage paramour and her 15-year-old friend—also a no-no.

TIP #3: KNOW YOUR SURROUNDINGS

Always be sure you're the one who chooses the hotels where you seal the deal. I recommend the Ritz-Carlton, the St. Regis and the Willard. There, you are paying for discretion, so be sure to tip the concierge and doorman well. Unlike pricey hookers, concierges and doormen are known for keeping secrets, not selling them. Also: Memorize your exit routes. If you don't, there's a good chance you'll end up cornered in the hotel basement bathroom, frantically calling your consultants for advice on how to dodge the *National Enquirer* reporters awaiting you outside. Along those lines, never book the reservation in your name. And because there are cameras everywhere, no foreplay in the elevator.

Bring her back to your place only if you're one of the handful of congressmen with their own apartment or condo. (Remember what I said about roommates? They may be friends, but they're also witnesses.) The office is a different story. You have a plausible cover—you were working late—and constituents love to hear how you sleep on your couch to save money. (You can clean up the next morning in the House gym.)

Romantic dinners are thornier. Particularly avoid both D.C. Morton's locations, the Monocle Restaurant and the Capital Grille, which is situated on Pennsylvania Avenue halfway between Capitol Hill and the White House and frequented by such notorious lady-killers as former Tennessee Democratic congressman Harold Ford Jr. His signature Grille move was scrawling personalized notes to the woman he was interested in. The taller and blonder the woman, the nicer the note. Keep in mind, though, that Ford was single at the time. (Probably not coincidentally, he married a tall blonde.) You're not. So handwritten notes aren't sweet; they're evidence.

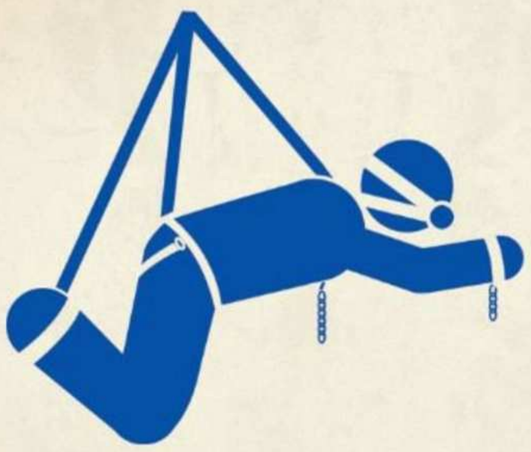
Finally, don't forget about your congressional lapel button. It allows you to skip through security and ride in special elevators, but it also makes you immediately recognizable as someone influential and therefore worth observing in closer detail. Most guys take off their wedding ring when they're on the prowl. You should too, but stash your lapel button with it.

TIP #4: THE SUN IS YOUR FRIEND

The old adage is true: Nothing good happens after two A.M. However, the corollary is equally true: All kinds of good things can happen during business hours. Stick to the daytime, when you can claim you were attending a cap-and-trade-policy briefing with European diplomats in your suite at the St. Regis.

The real key is to hire the right staffers to free you up during the day to fund-raise, fact-find and fuck. Thus, aggressively seek out blindly loyal Capitol Hill lifers who know their way around Washington like fifth-year seniors know their way around campus. The right inner circle will allow you to be Bill Clinton behind closed doors and Mike Huckabee before the masses. Cherish it as much as your two P.M. booty call.

FIG. 1 / *Bondage*



The only whip you should be caught with—House Majority Whip Kevin McCarthy.

FIG. 2 / *Gay Sex*

Beware the closet. A gay affair won't ruin your career as long as you're openly gay.

FIG. 3 / *Prostitution*

Never forget that the transaction involves money for sex, not money for discretion.

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"On second thought, make that a double."

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Claire Sinclair Is PLAYMATE of the YEAR

The newest pinup queen pays tribute to the glamour royalty of yore

Bettie Page. Dita Von Teese. And now Claire Sinclair—our 2011 Playmate of the Year and the latest addition to the pantheon of pinup queens. Claire wouldn't have it any other way. "Pinup girls are timeless," says the curvaceous 20-year-old, a brunette bundle of brains and beauty. "Dita is contemporary pinup royalty, and Bettie has been one of my biggest inspirations because she was everything a pinup should be—sexy, funny and approachable."

And so we wanted to bring these quintessential pinup qualities to life in the pictures before you, with, of course, a playful nod to the work of legendary glamour painter Gil Elvgren, the so-called Norman Rockwell of cheesecake. "I'm all about vintage, so I loved the idea," Claire says. "I mean, getting to swing 10 feet in the air to replicate a 1950s pinup? That's a dream come true. I'm a lucky, lucky girl."

Claire's ascent to Playmate of the Year has been swift and sure. One week after the native Angeleno first posed for our in-house pinup painter Olivia De Berardinis, in fall 2009, she met Hef, who promptly asked her to test shoot for Playmate and ultimately named her Miss October 2010. Next, Claire moved into the Bunny House with fellow PMOYs Hope Dworaczyk and Jayde Nicole and a gaggle of other Playmates, an event captured by E! cameras for the network's August special *The Bunny House*. And that was

"I was so determined to become PMOY," Claire says. "I visualized it all the time. I even listed it as a goal on the Vision Board I kept at the Bunny House."

"When Hef told me at a party at the Mansion that I'd gotten PMOY," she adds, "I started crying puddles of tears. I got makeup all over his smoking jacket!"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN WAYDA

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merely a warm-up. Soon thereafter, producers from the fabled burlesque cabaret Crazy Horse Paris invited Claire to the MGM Grand in Las Vegas to guest star in the stateside version of their revue. Not two weeks later, Bettie Page Clothing anointed her its official spokesmodel. "Becoming a Playmate opened up so many cool opportunities," says Claire, who stayed with Holly Madison in her Planet Hollywood suite after performing with the Crazy Horse showgirls. There, E! cameras found her yet again as she became part of *Holly's World*. "I knew this was my shot, so I worked my ass off. I even zip-lined down Fremont Street in a Crazy Horse Paris T-shirt for publicity. If they had asked, I would have bungee jumped off the Stratosphere!"

In Vegas she found a kindred spirit in 83-year-old burlesque starlet Tempest Storm. "I love Tempest. She co-starred in one of the only color films Bettie Page ever made, *Teaserama*. In it there's a scene where Tempest wakes up and Bettie dresses her. By today's standards it seems quite innocent, but at the time it was big-time frisky. Back then Tempest was known as the Girl With the Fabulous Front because she had these ginormous boobs, which she had insured for $1 million. Isn't that fantastic? I don't think I could be in better hands when it comes to learning about burlesque."

When it comes to everything else, however, Hef is her numero uno guru. "I trust him with my life and career," says Claire. She hopes that career includes more burlesque and lots of hosting, acting and writing gigs. (A book fiend, Claire counts David Sedaris and Chuck Palahniuk among her favorite authors.) "There's so much I want to explore, because I'm curious about everything!" she bubbles forth with her trademark exuberance. "I was determined to become Playmate of the Year, and now that I have, I feel as successful as any 20-year-old could be. I'm so excited about it. I promise you that I'm going to liven it up as the pinuppiest Playmate of the Year you could ever imagine. This is just the beginning."

Per usual, the PMOY bounty includes a vehicle—in Claire's case, a Harley-Davidson Sportster 1200 Custom.

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"Bettie Page was everything a pinup should be—sexy and approachable."

See more of Claire at playboy.com/pmoy2011.

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SHARK!

(continued from page 52)

Sharm el-Sheikh in the first place—and what had caused them to strike at humans.

"We had to look at the oceanography, storms, water temperatures, weather anomalies, changes in the fishing stock, salinity. Are the food resources going up or down? Is there anything here that shouldn't be here? Is there anything missing that should be here?"

Burgess wanted to see the attack scenes. He jumped into the nondescript government car the Egyptians had provided, along with a driver and Nasser, a top Egyptian scientist who would be his right-hand man for the investigation. They headed north to the ironically named Sharks Bay, the first attack site.

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Olga Martsinko is a 48-year-old emergency-services telephone operator from a small town near Moscow. A self-confessed underwater fanatic, she'd wanted to dive Sharm for years. And it had lived up to its billing. "I saw what I'd been dreaming about," she said about the trip.

On her fourth day at Sharm, Martsinko went for a morning swim with her daughter and another tourist. They stayed well within the marked-off areas, away from the abyss where the reef dropped off into black water. Burgess studied the victim's postattack testimony, which she had given to local authorities:

"I was slightly ahead of the other two, swimming on my back, and my left hand suddenly felt something rough, like a kind of sandpaper with warts on it. The first thought was, Could it be a dolphin? I realized it was something really large and powerful. It left me momentarily, then came back and I felt its jaws sink into my arm.

"It pulled me down for a minute under the water, trying to shake me this way and that. I saw the bottom of the sea as I was pulled under, and I also felt that my arm had been severed. There was a sharp pain and then a numbness. At some point I came up for air—I think I was screaming."

Martsinko realized the predator was playing with her, nuzzling her body as he pushed it through the water as though it were a baby seal, "perhaps trying to tire me out before killing me."

She swam desperately for a floating jetty, where other swimmers pulled her aboard. The shark had ripped off her arm, torn off her left buttock and ripped away most of her right one as well. The base of her spinal cord was exposed.

Arriving at Sharks Bay, Burgess stepped out of the car into the 88-degree heat and ambled down to the water's edge. "Being there gives you a feel for the event, a vibe, if you will," he says. As he walked, the American scientist was thinking about a detail from Martsinko's testimony—the shark pushing her through the water as if she were a baby seal.

"Look how close that strait is to the beach," Burgess said to Nasser, pointing to a fast-moving current just off the coral reefs. "You can't tell that from the pictures." That meant that anything dumped into the strait would have been carried swiftly down, parallel to the beach. It could be significant, or it could be nothing.

Burgess flipped to his notes on the next attack. Approximately two hours after Martsinko was maimed, Lyudmila Stolyarova had come to a nearby beach in Sharks Bay. Despite a premonition of her husband, who didn't want to go into the water on the last day of their holiday, the 70-year-old Russian woman had been swimming for 10 minutes when she saw a dark shape in the water.

Stolyarova called for help. But there were no lifeguards watching from shore. Burgess had noticed that too. The ratio of guards to swimmers was way too low. And it worried him. From Stolyarova's testimony:

"It circled me. It was three meters in length. It just came straight at me and bit my wrist clean off.... It came up behind me, biting at my back. But I could never properly see it. I felt its teeth all over me."

Why did it start with the wrist? Burgess thought. Such a small, thin area of the body. Sharks go for the middle of the mass, the buttocks, the stomach.

There was one reason it could have targeted Stolyarova's hand: Perhaps people had been hand-feeding the predators. Burgess asked Nasser to check. Later the Egyptian scientist would confirm: Some dive operators had been feeding bread and cake to the sharks to drum up business. It was a telltale clue.

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As the sun hit high noon, Burgess and Nasser jumped back into their car. "Ras Nasrani," Nasser said, and the driver headed north to the second attack site, a few miles up the coast.

The day after the first maulings, 54-year-old Yevgeny Trishkin was at Ras Nasrani, diving about 60 feet from shore, photographing the stunning coral and native fish flitting through the brine. No warning signs had been posted on the beach. No shark nets were safeguarding the swimming areas. The lifeguards watched calmly as thousands of swimmers, including young children, waded into the Red Sea.

Trishkin, a career naval officer, was so entranced by the natural splendor in front of his lens that he didn't see the macro predator approach until it was a few feet away. He later recalled:

"It was huge. It went for my left arm. As its jaws locked, I struck some blows on its snout, and for a second it released its grip on my arm—only to bite my other hand."

Later that day a Ukrainian tourist, Viktor Koliy, was bitten severely on the legs. By the time he was dragged to shore, a full-blown panic had gripped Sharm el-Sheikh.

Standing on the golden sand, Burgess peered at the spot where the swimmers were attacked. Just off the coral reefs, fast-moving water cut a channel. "The flow regime is definitely north-south," Burgess said to Nasser, who nodded.

The attacks had followed a geographical pattern: center-north-south. The killers had followed the general direction of that strait. But why?

Now Burgess wanted to see all the attack scenes—including the final, fatal one in Naama Bay—from the water. The Egyptians produced a 35-foot speedboat owned by a rich local investor. Burgess climbed aboard with Nasser. The twin engines sputtered to life and the boat shot southward.

When they reached Naama Bay, Burgess sent divers into the water and stared over the ship's railing at their black forms. Right under the prow of the boat was where the fifth victim, the unnamed 71-year-old German woman, had bled out.

"The shark kept coming up and taking bites of her and then coming back for more," one witness had told reporters. "It was ghastly, like something out of a horror film," said another.

Burgess knew it had been horrible. Incapacitated, the diver had had no protection from a voracious predator. But Burgess had to visualize the scene from the point of view of the shark.

What brought you here? he thought to himself. Why Sharm?

The drop-off from the coral reefs to deep water was clear—a black line just a few feet away. But whitetips spend most of their lives in one place, deep in black water, often resting on the ocean floor, stacked one on top of the other like a cord of wood. Why had this outlier come hundreds or thousands of miles to find a meal?

Burgess shook his head. He was still coming up empty. After staring at the water for hours, he rubbed his eyes and ordered the speedboat to drop him off at his hotel.

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As he turned in grueling 18-hour days, Burgess was at least spared one thing: victim interviews. They were the worst part of his job. "I remember every dead victim I've seen," he sighs. Once he had walked into a Florida mortuary and found a body lying under a sheet. The coroner had arranged the sheet to expose only the torso, but Burgess told him he needed to inspect the entire body in order to see the defensive wounds. He pulled the sheet off. Lying on the slab was a pretty 14-year-old girl. "I saw my daughter's face in hers," he says.

Still, he had to talk to the witnesses and fast. "Just like a cop, you want to get 'em while they're fresh," Burgess says. Many of them were still traumatized. Hassan Salem, the dive operator who'd scared the whitetip away, was so frightened by what he'd seen that he told Burgess he couldn't imagine going into the water again.

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"Let's do that one again. I lost a pound and a half!"

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And then, something snapped Burgess's head up.

A local fisherman was droning on when the marine biologist caught a word: *tuna*.

"Say that again," Burgess barked.

The translator rattled off a question in Arabic. The man replied. "He says, 'The tuna didn't come this year.'"

Burgess nodded. The Red Sea, he knew, was a tropical body of water without rivers feeding into it. Very little detritus, what biologists call "energy," to support schools or large fish. Plenty of species but not very high numbers. Which meant that any shark that came into its waters would find little to eat.

And now the tuna hadn't come?

Burgess sensed a plotline. "People were telling me illegal overfishing had been going on for at least 10 years," he says. Officials had overlooked boats taking tons of illegal fish out of the Red Sea. It had left the sharks nothing to eat. Except the foreign guests.

A local biologist brought in another tantalizing clue. The water temperature had been unusually high, 82 to 84 degrees Fahrenheit, for weeks before the attacks. Some scientists believe spikes in water temperature increase a shark's metabolism. Burgess believes that idea has credibility, but he has a more unusual theory. Call it the "Hot Town Summer in the City" postulate.

"When do riots start? When do people murder each other?" he says. "In the summer, that's when. When it's hot and sticky."

Burgess believes sharks may have heat tolerances. Go above them, and the shark gets irritated—some can even die from thermal shock. So the predators in the Red Sea were not only hungry, they were pissed off. Burgess was starting to set the scene. But the key question remained: What had brought these deep-ocean species to Sharm el-Sheikh in the first place? It was the domino that set off the whole chain of events, and he didn't have it.

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Every day of the investigation Burgess felt the tension at Sharm el-Sheikh ratchet up. The Red Sea resorts, he learned, are the premier vacation spot for Eastern Europeans. "You can live in a tiny flat in Vladivostok or wherever, but you save your whole life for a trip to the Red Sea," he says. "And you can go home and brag about it for the rest of your life."

Now Burgess was denying the tourists their lifelong dreams. As he walked the beach, he noticed bizarre behavior from the people he was supposed to be saving: Egyptian lifeguards were chasing swimmers out of the ocean. And the Russians were telling them to go to hell. Burgess had never seen anything like it. Even the Eastern Europeans who were obeying orders and staying ashore made it clear they were far from pleased.

"I'd go down to breakfast," Burgess says, "and the guy next to me would say, 'So, Mr. Burgess, when can I get back in the water?'"

Every time the American sped back to his hotel, a new crop of powerful people would be waiting—politically connected businessmen desperate to keep money flowing into their hotels and restaurants. One of them was a middle-aged man with the last name Mubarak. Burgess realized he was shaking hands with Gamal, a son of the man who was, for the moment at least, president of the republic.

It turned out that Sharm el-Sheikh was the president's second home. He had a mansion nearby, and his children had grown up swimming in the clear waters. "It's like Hyannis Port for the Kennedys," Burgess says. All Burgess needed was to complete his investigation and have a Mubarak eaten the next day.

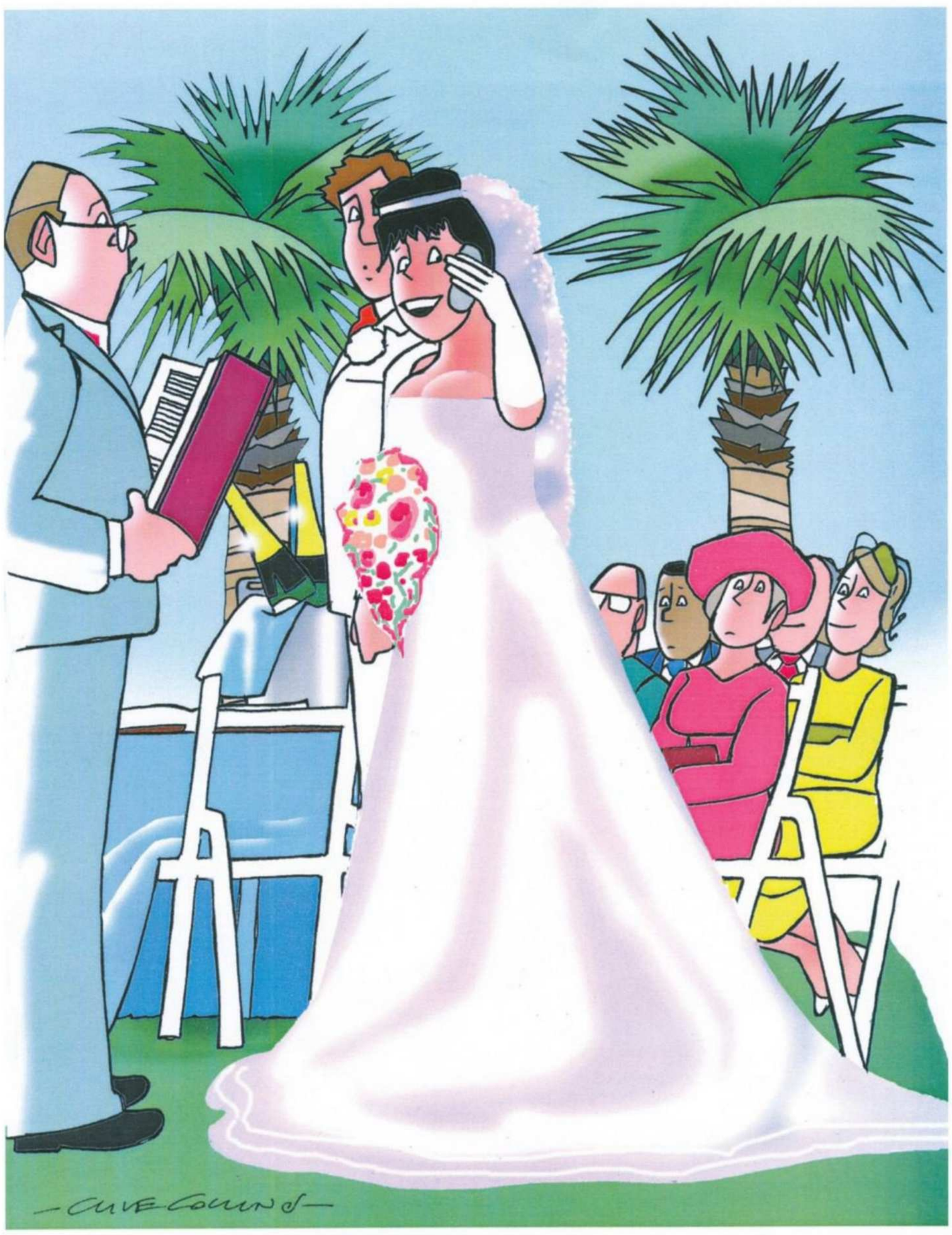
As he probed, the Sharm el-Sheikh rumor mill was working overtime. That's how the next clue rolled in. Most of the scuttlebutt was about a mystery ship seen throwing dead sheep off the side, far off at sea, in the months before the incidents. Then, more than a week into the investigation, the Egyptians came to Burgess with a critical piece of information. A sheep carcass had washed ashore near the scenes of the attacks.

It turned out the ship, bound for the Mideast out of New Zealand with a load of sheep for post-Ramadan celebrations, had been tossing sick and dead animals close to shore. Burgess shook his head in disbelief. "This brought the sharks right to the victims' feet," he said.

The last piece of the puzzle clicked into place. The sharks hadn't migrated to Sharm from the deep blue—they'd been led there.

Now Burgess could relive the entire sequence of events, literally visualizing the journey of the oceanic predators. As the ship crossed the Red Sea, the crew was washing down the decks daily, sloughing sheep excrement and dead animals into the water. "They left a chum slick all the way from New Zealand to Egypt," Burgess says.

It made perfect sense: The whitetip is a tracker. Centuries ago this shark had earned the nickname "sea dog" because of its habit of following sailing ships across the Atlantic. The behavior is ingrained—ships resemble large schools of baitfish.



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The sharks can even stick their snouts out of the water and sniff prey thousands of feet away. On its way to Jordan, this particular ship passed near Sharm el-Sheikh—specifically to the north. The offshore strait brought sheep carcasses straight past the beautiful sand beaches, a virtual meat conveyor belt for sharks.

So a careless boat crew had led the whitetips and the makos from their hunting grounds to Sharm el-Sheikh. And once there, the scarce fish populations of the Red Sea had reduced them to near starvation. There were a few tuna to be had but almost nothing else. Once the sharks finished them off, there were only the humans, chumming the waters and even feeding them by hand.

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Burgess called a meeting with the governor and his ministers. They gathered at a sprawling conference center where President Clinton had once conducted negotiations to end the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. The marine biologist walked past an enormous photo of Clinton and other world leaders to a room where the governor of Sinai and his aides were waiting. Dressed in his khakis, Burgess sat next to the balding, powerfully built official in his fabulously expensive suit.

"There's no for-sure in this business," Burgess told them. "But I have to tell you that the sharks will be back. That's the bad news."

The governor nodded slowly as Burgess explained: Sharm el-Sheikh lured so many tourists, shark attacks were going to happen. As he laid out the reasons and what could be done to prevent more attacks, he tried to lighten the mood. "In a way, the sharks are paying you a backhanded compliment," Burgess told the table of officials. This town had arrived. "You're in the big leagues now."

He handed the governor a to-do list: Ban illegal fishing, stop the sheep transports from dumping carcasses, get more lifeguards and better stations for them, train people for the next time. Because there would be a next time.

As he flew back to Gainesville, Burgess knew the story wasn't over. In Moscow, the second victim, Lyudmila Stolyarova, was beginning to recover, but she was still fragile, her mind seared by what had happened. "I looked at my wounds afterward and seriously thought it would have been better if the shark had just eaten all of me," she says.

The larger story, the one that radiates beyond Sharm el-Sheikh, is almost as disturbing. By the most conservative estimates, every year humans kill about 5 million sharks for every one person we lose to them. This indiscriminate slaughter has brought the population of some shark species down to near-extinction levels. And yet, mysteriously, shark attacks rise decade by decade. That doesn't make sense—fewer sharks, more attacks. But it does possibly say something about what's happening in the oceans.

"I can't prove this now, but in 20 years we may look back at Sharm el-Sheikh and say it was part of a continuum," says Burgess. "Global warming, overfishing, increased human activity in water...."

It could be the shark is the canary at the bottom of the seas. According to this theory, the spike in attacks is a message, even a warning. And if that's true, what happened in the Red Sea in December is a pinprick compared with what's coming toward us.

"You pulling out?"

LAWRENCE O'DONNELL

(continued from page 46)

it's absolutely beyond obvious, because she understands the second she's not running, Tim Pawlenty becomes more important.

PLAYBOY: Has Palin been good for commentators like you? She seems to provide an endless supply of faux pas, family scandals and shocking statements.

O'DONNELL: She's been good for us, and we've been good for her. We are doing everything we can to feed her moneymaking capacity by keeping her alive. What if we treated her as we did Dan Quayle? How much is a Dan Quayle speech worth right now? She is absolutely a cable news creation. There is no Dan Quayle phenomenon, and there wasn't after he was on the losing side of the vice presidential slot. There was no Joe Lieberman phenomenon after he was on the losing side of the vice presidential slot. I think she knows that, which is why she does what she does to keep herself on our radar.

PLAYBOY: Does Newt Gingrich have a shot at the nomination?

O'DONNELL: No. Newt is trying to make us French. He won't succeed.

PLAYBOY: How is he trying to make us French?

O'DONNELL: He's trying to say three marriages are okay. At some point three marriages will be okay, but not now. Two marriages weren't okay until Reagan came along and won. McCain had two, but he lost for other reasons. At this point, Newt cannot be elected with his marital record. I don't care about it, but many people do. I would have voted for Mitt Romney's great-grandfather, who had five wives at the same time, if I agreed with him on policy. I'd vote for Newt Gingrich if I agreed with him on policy. But I don't decide the elections. People who decide elections, the swing voters, apparently care what kind of person you are. Newt's story includes stuff that a consensus of Americans finds extremely negative. Having your wife in a hospital for cancer treatment and going in to discuss divorce terms is considered uncool by enough people, especially conservative Republicans. Also, I don't think he can overcome the optics of running for president.

PLAYBOY: What optics are required?

O'DONNELL: You can't look the way he looks. You have to be thinner. You have to be trimmer. He would lose in the general election, absolutely, but he'll never get to a general election.

PLAYBOY: What's your take on Mitt Romney?

O'DONNELL: Romney is going to have a problem with Christian fundamentalists who believe Mormonism is not an actual Christian branch but a heretical branch. They will not vote for a Mormon under any circumstances. I could vote for someone who married five times, and I could vote for a Mormon for anything. Tell me what your tax policy is. Tell me what you want to do with Medicare and Social Security. But Republicans, at least evangelical Christian Republicans, would have

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a serious problem voting for a Mormon, and they won't. It's why Romney gave a speech in which he tried to explain his religion. He talked about the faith of his fathers, but he didn't say anything about the faith of his fathers. He didn't say a single thing his fathers believed, not one. And the one Mormon he cited, Brigham Young, he cited heroically.

PLAYBOY: What do you have against Brigham Young?

O'DONNELL: Brigham Young said God told him that if a white person has sex with a black person, the white person will die on the spot, in the bed, won't take another breath. The media don't know that, and they think that because a university is named after Brigham Young and its basketball team has black players there's nothing else to think or know about it. But if the candidate brought up the faith of his fathers, then you can reasonably ask the candidate questions about the faith of his fathers, including the fact that well into Romney's adulthood his religion said that black men could not be priests in this church. Then, one day, the president of the Mormon church said, "God just told me he has changed his mind, and black men can now be priests." The day before God changed his mind, what did Mitt Romney think about black men not being allowed to be priests in the Mormon church?

PLAYBOY: Who would have a harder time running for president in America, a Mormon or an atheist?

O'DONNELL: An atheist would have a bigger problem in America overall but a smaller problem with evangelical Christian voters, because to them an atheist is not a heretic. An atheist is not putting a false god in front of God.

PLAYBOY: Of the current pack of contenders, who's the most likely Republican nominee?

O'DONNELL: Tim Pawlenty is the only one. It's a process of elimination. There's a serious problem with every other Republican running for president. Besides his religion, Romney has the problem of having created Obamacare in Massachusetts before Obamacare went national. In the end Huckabee probably won't run, but if he does, he won't have the wider appeal necessary. As I said, Palin's not going to run. She's a loser, and America hates losers. Ron Paul will get his solid seven percent of the vote. Pawlenty is the only guy who has no negative.

PLAYBOY: Does he have the optics?

O'DONNELL: He's got what he's got. Look, if you had a Pawlenty who was also dynamic, I'd say, "Oh, the dynamic Pawlenty is going to win. He's going to beat the undynamic Pawlenty." There isn't one.

PLAYBOY: How significant a force is Michele Bachmann?

O'DONNELL: She's another of our media creations. There couldn't be a Michele Bachmann without a lot of cable news programming chattering about her. In the old-media world, *The New York Times* would not have spent much time on her. She wouldn't be getting rewarded in any way for being Michele Bachmann. You didn't have people talking like that in the early 1990s, to go back to an ancient period, because they would be labeled quacks and ignored by the dominant media, if the dominant media decided to notice them at all. Now that we have all these media outlets and the internet, there's niche marketing. She's a niche. Anyone and anything can get on TV now, so it's possible for all sorts of things to get traction that never would have before. In 1993 a television show about ice-road truckers would have been impossible. *Ice Road Truckers* is a hit in the world of cable programming now because there are enough people—a million something or whatever it is—who want to watch it, including me. There's a market for every kind of weird idea in a country of 300 million.

PLAYBOY: You described prime-time cable news, excluding CNN, as op-ed television. Is a danger of op-ed television that viewers may not realize they're watching commentary from a liberal or conservative point of view? To borrow Fox's slogan, they may think they're watching fair and balanced news.

O'DONNELL: Which is more dangerous, getting your news exclusively from cable TV or not getting your news?

PLAYBOY: In some cases, maybe propaganda is worse than no news.

O'DONNELL: Absolutely nothing can be done about it other than to watch something else. You can watch the Discovery Channel.

PLAYBOY: How has the internet changed discourse in America?

O'DONNELL: There are many more public discussions about everything that happens in the world, both for better and worse. The only way you used to be able to get some access to what people were thinking was to listen to call-in talk radio, which I always found fascinating because of exactly that. They were the citizens who were never heard from. Now there are blogs and the internet comment world. The fun thing about it is that people can be much more intemperate and profane than they would ever be calling any radio show other than Howard Stern's.

PLAYBOY: Let's tackle a few of the pressing issues. You've said we should raise taxes, which is as unpopular a stand as you can take.

O'DONNELL: We're living in this absurd tax environment where two UCLA professors who are married to each other are taxed at the same tax rate as Bill Gates and Warren Buffett. It's an absurdly primitive notion of income distribution.

PLAYBOY: Yet the Republicans believe we're overtaxed.

O'DONNELL: Well, they think the government is doing too much. I'm someone who doesn't think the government is doing too much. My obligation on the liberal side of our politics and our governing policies is to come up with a way to raise revenue to pay for the things I think we should pay for—social services, Social Security, whatever.

PLAYBOY: Apparently you'd go much further even than many liberals. You've described yourself as a socialist. Doesn't

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that alienate you from most people? During the campaign Obama had to defend himself against those who charged he was a socialist.

O'DONNELL: Which he is. He was accused of it by socialists. We're all socialists, at least any of us who agree Social Security is a good thing. I'm a socialist because I support Social Security and Medicare. They're socialistic. Everyone who supports these programs is supporting socialism—including most Republicans.

PLAYBOY: Critics have called Obama's health care law socialistic. Is it?

O'DONNELL: It's not. It's the most absurd, ridiculous nonsolution and covers approximately half the people who need to be covered. That's what the Democratic liberal ideal had become by the time we got to the Obama presidency. Half of them? That's your idea?

PLAYBOY: Wasn't that expediency? Isn't it necessary to compromise to get legislation passed?

O'DONNELL: This president began with the notion that the smartest way to solve the health care problem would be to expand Medicare, which is correct. Medicare for people over a certain age works well. It would have taken time to figure out how to make it work for everyone, but it could, and the American public could have understood it, it could have eventually passed, and it wouldn't have scared so many people.

PLAYBOY: But do you agree that compromise is essential in a country as polarized as ours?

O'DONNELL: If you compromise and compromise on what you stand for, then what do you stand for? Nothing. Mario Cuomo was willing to lose his governorship over something not a single Democrat would ever risk an election over again: the death penalty. Does anyone remember the death penalty as a political issue? Guess which side the liberals were on. Guess which side the conservatives were on. The death penalty is not on the list of litmus tests for liberals now. Liberals gave up.

PLAYBOY: For practical reasons? Because polls show most Americans support it?

O'DONNELL: It is about being practical, and it is entirely about that for politicians. For Cuomo, a Roman Catholic, no, it's not about being practical. It's his agreement with the pope that thou shall not kill. The trick question now for politicians in either party is, Over what would you be willing to lose an election? Bill Clinton would not understand the question. He wouldn't. Over time, each adjustment you make, especially each moral adjustment you make, moves you closer to being nothing. If you watch the conservative movement on the abortion issue and over the same period of time watch the Democratic Party on the death penalty—these two things that people call death—you will notice that one utterly and totally abandoned any attachment to principle and the other gripped the principle tighter and tighter over time. In the 1990s I could have said to Republicans, "Look, can't you see the country is pro choice now? The country is pretty close to two thirds pro choice. This is a bad formula for you." However, for many Republicans and virtually all antiabortion Republican voters, this is a deeply important moral issue on which they will not yield. And their refusal to yield on a moral issue over time gives them a moral center around which to organize.

PLAYBOY: Why did Democrats give up on the death penalty?

O'DONNELL: There is no lobbying interest against the death penalty. You could be a member of Congress for 40 years and never have one visit from a person lobbying against the death penalty. On the other hand, a vast lobby and a vast voter population have a strong interest in preserving all reproductive rights as they exist now and advancing some of them. It's why abortion remains an issue for Democrats as it is for Republicans.

PLAYBOY: Will a stalemate remain when it comes to gun control?

O'DONNELL: Democrats have been silenced on gun control and ammunition control. By the way, at this time they should be taking on ammunition control, which is more important than gun control.

PLAYBOY: What's the difference? If you have a car, you need gas. If you have a gun, you need ammunition. They go hand in hand.

O'DONNELL: If you want to reduce air pollution in this country, you don't have to limit the production of automobiles; you have to limit the production of gasoline. There are a couple hundred million guns out there right now that you'll never get back, but they all need bullets. Ammunition doesn't last forever; guns do. I don't care if you have a gun. How much ammunition do you have, and how long is it going to last? Gunpowder deteriorates over time. If I can control your flow of ammunition, those bullets you have now, those 200 bullets, 10 years from now, you're going to have none. The shooter in Tucson killed as many people as he did because we allow high-capacity magazines. It used to be that you had to reload after 10 rounds. Not now. Republicans, without a whimper from the Democrats, allowed the ban on those high-capacity magazines to expire. It's not something they'll take on. Nor will Obama.

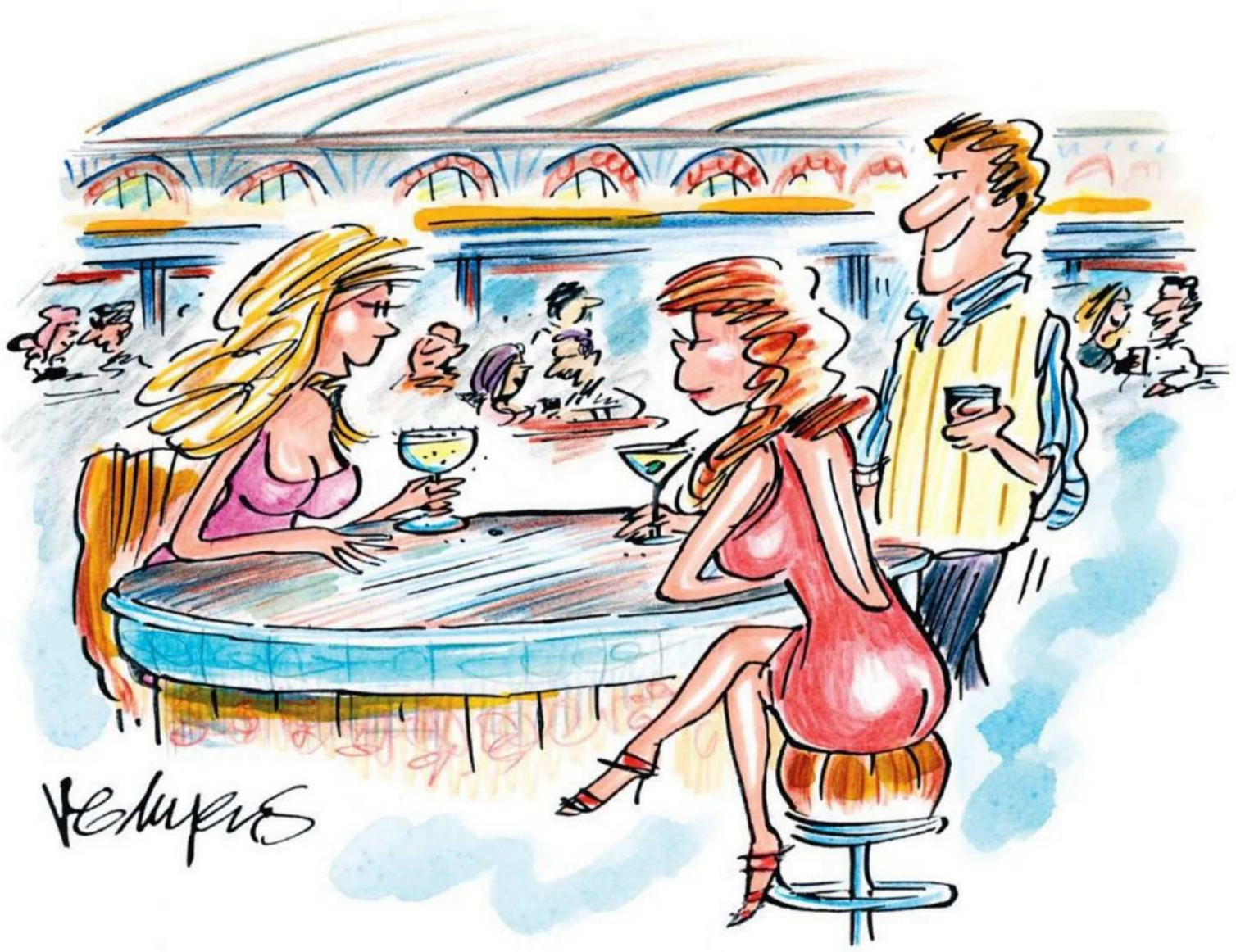
PLAYBOY: You were a writer on *The West Wing*. How close to the real thing is *The West Wing*'s depiction of the Oval Office?

O'DONNELL: The Oval Office is a very formal environment, not like on the show. You wouldn't want to be filming how stiff Oval Office stuff can be. In the end, *The West Wing* was about entertainment. Watching President Obama at work in the Oval Office wouldn't necessarily make a show anyone would want to watch.

PLAYBOY: You see the results of Obama in the West Wing. Is he effective when he's in that room?

O'DONNELL: The only way I could render a verdict on that is if I were in the governing chamber with him. I've never seen Barack Obama at work. I had moments with President Clinton in the Oval Office when he performed very well—quickly and brilliantly under pressure—and other moments when he was indecisive and slow and afraid of what his wife would think, at least on health care. That was peculiar beyond description: The problem is what the president's wife thinks?

PLAYBOY: Are you disappointed with Obama's first two years in office?



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PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Claire Sinclair

BUST: 36D WAIST: 24 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5' 8" WEIGHT: 125

BIRTH DATE: 5/25/91 BIRTH PLACE: Los Angeles, CA

AMBITIONS : To travel and see the world.

TURN-ONS : Confident men who are willing to make the first move. Guys who smell great and will make me want to get closer.

TURN-OFFS : Trying too hard, or showing up to a date in an unbuttoned shirt!

FAVORITE VACATION GETAWAY : Whether for business or pleasure, my favorite places would have to be Las Vegas, New York, and Hollywood.

DREAM DATE : A night out on the town in an iconic city with a beautiful skyline.

FAVORITE CHARACTERISTIC IN A GUY : His scent! The right fragrance can really stimulate not just me, but any girl.

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O'DONNELL: I'm not disappointed in Obama. He's done a masterful job in many areas. He did a masterful job with his Supreme Court nominations of Sonia Sotomayor and Elena Kagan. Overall, he's done more than I expected him to do. The fact that the top tax rate did not go back up doesn't surprise me. They didn't have the votes to do it. It's not up to the president. If it were, it would be back up. I get why Guantánamo as a prison facility is still there. Where are you going to put those inmates? We've known this about America for a long time: Whatever you want to do is fine, but not in my backyard. If "not in my backyard" applies to anything, it applies to Al Qaeda. Afghanistan is very complex, and the complexities of it change on a daily basis. What is a politician going to do when faced with the responsibility of dealing with those complexities? Obama didn't run as a peace candidate. People projected onto him things he did not say. They projected onto him the idea that somehow his prosecution of what was going on in Afghanistan would make more sense to people than what was happening under Bush.

PLAYBOY: Has Obama been hamstrung by the midterm elections?

O'DONNELL: Yes, and especially now that there are people in Congress whose only agenda is to stop anything from happening. We've had a sharp decline in the past 15 years in the education of elected officials. They are being educated in their political and governing views through sloganeering. We've produced a class of elected officials who are by far the shallowest in my lifetime. Their entire understanding of what it is they do for a living comes from the talking points put in front of them during their campaign. It's true of Democrats and Republicans. On the Republican side there are now politicians in office who hate government. You're electing members of the House of Representatives who are running against government. It's like saying "I'm running for president of Avis because I hate the car rental business."

PLAYBOY: Maybe that's a good thing. Tea Party legislators would respond to that—to use your analogy—they hate the rental car business, and they're here to fix it.

O'DONNELL: The trouble with approaching government from the standpoint of "I hate government" is that you are extremely unlikely to find a better way for government to do anything at all. You are also extremely unlikely to be the persuasive person on the matter of what the government should no longer do. And it's even worse because of a horrible dynamic that doesn't allow a Republican to veer from the right, no matter what he or she thinks. Occasionally a Republican would realize Rush Limbaugh had gone way too far and said something absolutely unconscionable and indefensible, and that Republican would say so, and then Rush would immediately discipline that Republican on the radio, and that Republican would apologize, all within a 12-hour news cycle. That policing system is flawless. And when you have a policing system like that on thought, thought stops.

PLAYBOY: If the media are complicit, and Limbaugh and others are the biggest offenders on the right, you have to be included in the list of the biggest offenders on the left.

O'DONNELL: I'm not policing thought. The opposite. I encourage thought. I want thoughtfulness. I want people to understand the complexity of the issues. Otherwise nothing meaningful will ever change. I want debate. I want people to be educated enough to have a conversation.

PLAYBOY: But isn't the reality that MSNBC is simply the left's answer to Fox News? Isn't that its raison d'être?

O'DONNELL: Not originally. At first MSNBC was trying to *be* Fox, doing a pathetic imitation of it. In show business you follow the leader, and Fox was the leader. If you have *Desperate Housewives,* then we're going to get a housewives show. Fox was this incredible success, just amazing all of us, and MSNBC was trying to imitate it in whatever ways it could, pulling in whatever Republicans it could. The only liberal it hired at that time was named Ron Reagan, and his father used to be president.

PLAYBOY: What changed?

O'DONNELL: It was a wonderful creative accident driven by Keith Olbermann. At a certain point in the progress, or lack of progress, of the Iraq war, Keith, who had his show on MSNBC, took a sharp turn to the left, and the ratings skyrocketed. If those ratings had gone down, that sharp left turn would have been stopped. I'm sure the executive class was afraid of it at first, until it saw the ratings reports. Once it did, there was no turning around. Counterprogramming turned out to be exactly what to do.

PLAYBOY: How much do ratings influence the stories you cover? You've said

"Yes, I'm sure Miss July does have a good chance of becoming Playmate of the Year. However, when I asked who you favored, I was speaking of the political race."

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you'd like to talk about Chinese currency on the show, yet you've also covered Charlie Sheen.

O'DONNELL: If a story's out there, and it's big and it's news, we may cover it. On a show I was hosting long before this one, the question came up, "Are we going to do the Lindsay Lohan story tonight? Does this belong in our news mix?" There are holier-than-thou audience members who believe Lindsay Lohan doesn't belong in the news mix, but I said, "Yeah, we can do the Lindsay Lohan story, but we're not doing any jokes." This was the same night we were doing a little item about Chelsea Clinton's wedding that weekend, and I noticed these stories had something in common. What we were seeing in Chelsea Clinton's wedding and in the latest Lindsay Lohan saga was a story about American parenting, the risks and possibilities. There were two girls, not of a terribly dissimilar age, who grew up with very difficult parents. If your father is president of the United States, no matter what he's like, he has made your life extraordinarily difficult. It's a hard way to grow up, and you have to find your way. And you're doing it in an age of unbelievably intense media scrutiny. Then when your father misbehaves egregiously, in a way that would be difficult for any daughter to bear, you're going to have to bear it, knowing that everybody you meet for the rest of your life knows that about your father before they meet you. And there was Lindsay Lohan, who is an extraordinary artist, really lovely, in the place she was in—is still in—because her parents chose to put her there. No one can become a child actor without parents saying, "I want my child to become a child actor." It's one of the worst things you can do to a child—to put him or her to work that way, to put the burden of movie stardom on a 12-year-old, as she was when she started, and the burden of having hundreds of millions of dollars at stake based on what she does on the set at work tomorrow, to steal childhood from her and then say, "Good luck with adulthood." It was a terrible, terrible parenting choice. So the story about Lindsay Lohan and Chelsea Clinton that interested me was about their parents. That weekend we were going to see a family, with all the human frailties families have, that did its absolute best under extraordinarily difficult circumstances to provide the best childhood they could for a kid whose father was governor and later president. And then we were watching another couple of parents who cared more about what their child could do for them than they ever cared about what they could do for their child. That's the story we did.

PLAYBOY: When you spoke about Charlie Sheen, unlike many other shows, which talked about his problems with a sort of prurience and glee, as if it were a joke, you spoke soberly about his mental state and his addiction.

O'DONNELL: You can't grow up Irish in Boston and not know something about addiction. It is one of the plagues of my culture, so I've been through these trials with friends and loved ones, and it's something you can never joke about if you've been close to it. There's no question what you're looking at because there's no original behavior. You're watching a person dying who may or may not die. If you've watched someone die that way, there's only one way to look at it. You're looking at tragedy, whether it's an unknown person from my old neighborhood or a celebrity.

PLAYBOY: Now that you're a celebrity, how does it feel when you're the subject of speculations and scrutiny by the press?

O'DONNELL: I have a perverse relationship to untruths about me: I love them. Every untrue thing said about me publicly means people know less of the truth, and that means I still have my privacy. I once told one of the Kennedy cousins about it. I said, "You know, I love it when they get things completely wrong about me, because it means I still have my privacy." Like other Kennedys, throughout his life he'd fought against untruths about himself and his family. "You mean it's a good thing?" It was a revelation for him.

PLAYBOY: What's a favorite untruth printed about you?

O'DONNELL: In the past couple of months it was written that I was some kind of barroom brawler and carouser, which I think is great, especially as it contrasts with my deep dark secret, one I haven't revealed publicly.

PLAYBOY: What haven't you wanted people to know?

O'DONNELL: My big dark secret is I've never had a drink in my life. I've never been drunk in my life, and I've never taken a drug.

PLAYBOY: *That's* your deep dark secret? For most well-known people, that would be the *un*truth. Why have you hidden it?

O'DONNELL: That fact would generate a set of presumptions.

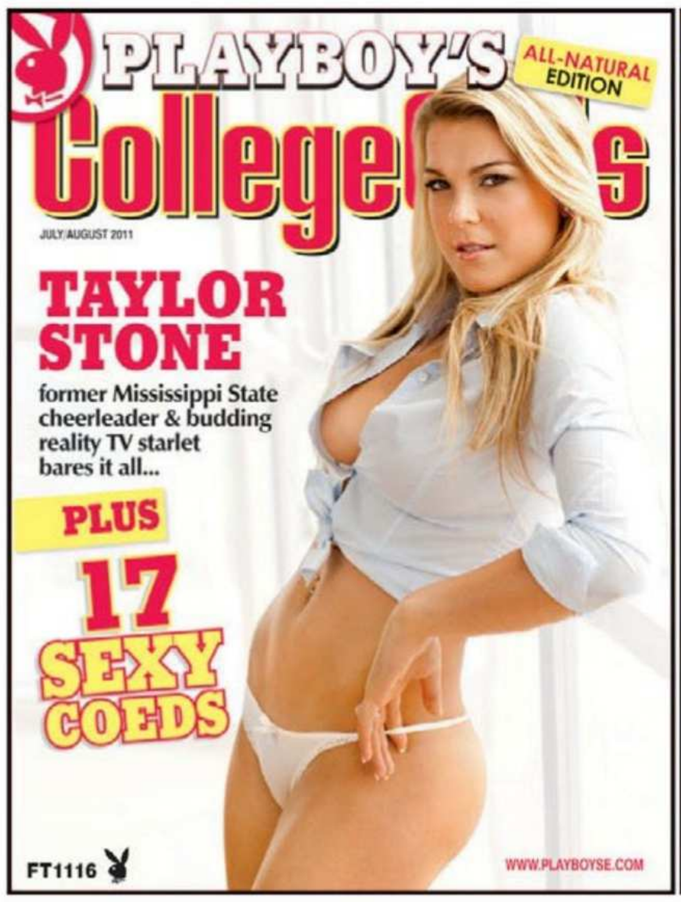
PLAYBOY: Such as?

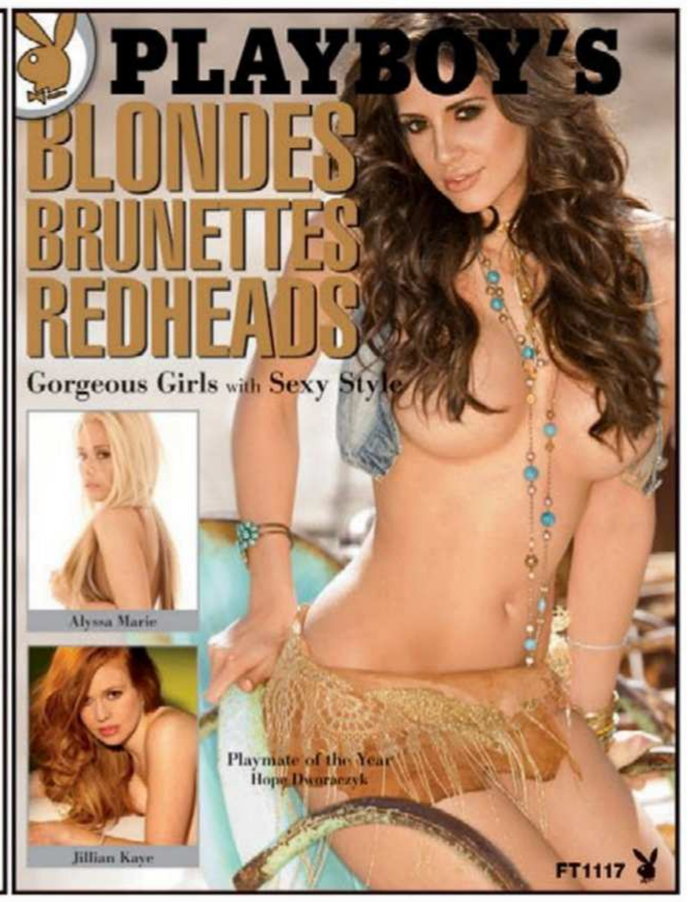
O'DONNELL: It would suggest a tremendous amount of behavioral conservatism, and that's just not the case. It also would suggest a kind of intolerance, which isn't the case either. To some people it suggests a kind of discipline that's absolutely not present. I wish I had that discipline in the face of ice cream. I just don't have an attraction to the most corrupting and dangerous of consumptions.

PLAYBOY: Did you abstain as a reaction to the alcoholism and addiction you'd seen growing up?

O'DONNELL: Every guy was drunk every Friday and Saturday night by the time he was 11 years old. Most of them started around the age of 10. Everybody was drunk by the time they were 11. By the time they were 12, they were seriously drunk every Friday and Saturday night. Some of them never came out of that. But that's not why I never did it. I simply hated the taste of it. I had nothing against it. I just wouldn't put something in my mouth that I hated the taste of. It became a mostly faulty girl-getting strategy. My teenage strategy was, "I'll be the one who's not puking. Let's see if that works." It turns out the girls in my neighborhood weren't interested in you no matter what you did, so it didn't work. I was well into adulthood until somebody

Girls of Summer





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said to me, "Well, you know, it can help on a date if a girl has had a drink." And I went, "*Hmm,* maybe that's why I'm behind the curve."

PLAYBOY: Besides your abstinence and lack of luck with girls, how else would you describe your childhood?

O'DONNELL: As I said, our neighborhood in Dorchester was almost entirely Irish, and I learned one of the most important things about my culture by watching television. I'm not sure I've learned anything since by watching television. When I was a kid, Carroll O'Connor, star of *All in the Family,* was on *The Merv Griffin Show,* and they were talking about Irish culture. Merv was asking about when O'Connor went back home to his neighborhood after he'd become a success and said, "That must have been the return of the conquering hero." O'Connor responded, "Oh, you know, the Irish would much prefer you come back in failure." On my Little League team, the best thing you could do was get a walk. You didn't want to strike out; that was embarrassing. But the other embarrassing thing would be to hit a home run.

PLAYBOY: Were your parents hard to please like that?

O'DONNELL: They were exceptions. My father was a Boston cop who would sit on the witness stand being cross-examined by lawyers and think, I could do that. And he did. He had to go to school at night, because he didn't graduate from college, and he became a lawyer. That's the kind of achievement story that doesn't belong in my culture. Everyone told him, "You can't do this. You will fail."

PLAYBOY: How are you treated now when you go home to your old neighborhood?

O'DONNELL: The good thing about my culture's alienation from achievement is that people are never overly impressed by it. They never think someone has to be looked up to because of what they've done occupationally. They take people as they think they are. If you get some fancy job, they're going to be looking for you to be a jerk about it, and they expect you to be. And if you're not, then you're okay.

PLAYBOY: Even after you went off to Harvard, worked for a U.S. senator, worked in Hollywood and had your own television show?

O'DONNELL: These aren't people who get impressed. These are people who are never disappointed in a politician because they're not childish enough to believe what a politician says while running for office. They tend not to be disappointed by a lot of things in life or by a lot of people, because they're suspicious of appearances and promises. These aren't people who end up with mortgages they can't afford in some sort of delusion-driven deals. These are people who tell you what they think, whether you want to hear it or not, which is why this is probably a pretty good job for me. I can say whatever I want about whatever is going on in the world. No one tells me what to say. No one tells me what not to say. No one ever will.

Jagger

(continued from page 59)

27, I feel comfortable expressing myself through my body."

Not that she's modest off camera. "I'm kind of a topless person," she admits. If Lizzy Jagger is your house guest, she will dig up your lawn to put in a vegetable garden—and she'll probably take her shirt off while she's at it. "I'm quite European," she adds, "so when I'm at the beach, I prefer to be topless." She has narrowly dodged citations for indecent exposure in the United States. "Because they could tell I was foreign," she explains, "they understood."

Although she spends much of her time these days in Los Angeles and New York, Lizzy was raised in London. Between Stones tours (when she's to be found backstage at every show, "helping the crew," as she says), trips with her family and her own travels (she's a working model), she has almost filled her sixth passport.

Her parents made sure she didn't get tangled up in the dark side of rock and roll. "My father, being English, taught me which forks to use and how to have polite conversation," she says about her upbringing. "And my mother, being Texan, taught me the 'yes sir, no sir' kind of thing. They both have very good manners." As for Lizzy's musical preferences, she's all for variety. Her tastes span from Kraftwerk to classical to Louis Prima. Her favorite Stones song, for the moment at least, is "She's a Rainbow." ("She comes in colors everywhere/She combs her hair/She's like a rainbow....")

Her next adventure will be the free-wheeling Burning Man ("My favorite American festival," she says). She has big plans: She and a friend bought a double-decker London bus and plan to drive it from Los Angeles to the Nevada desert (at 40 miles an hour), transporting sunscreen, catsuits and a 50-foot cloth woman they made. "All-natural fibers and scrap-wool stuffing," Lizzy explains. "And she'll double as furniture. You can jump around on her like a bouncy castle." Is the giant dressed? "Oh no. She's naked. She's *woman.* We wouldn't make her wear clothes."

Another of Lizzy's great passions: the water. She loves to be on the beach and to swim in the ocean. One of her greatest vices, she reveals, is luxuriating in long hot baths—sometimes for an hour, sometimes two. "I love being in the water so much, my friend and I are getting mermaid tails made," she tells us. Apparently, not only are custom-made mermaid tails with flippers available, they actually work in water. And there are coaches who give lessons on how to swim with them.

"I think we'll take them into the ocean and confuse some sailors," Lizzy says. Happy sailors, presumably. Her other destination: the Grotto at the Playboy Mansion. "We'll do some pictures for fun," Lizzy says (giggling, of course). "It looks like a real mermaid domain." Count us in.

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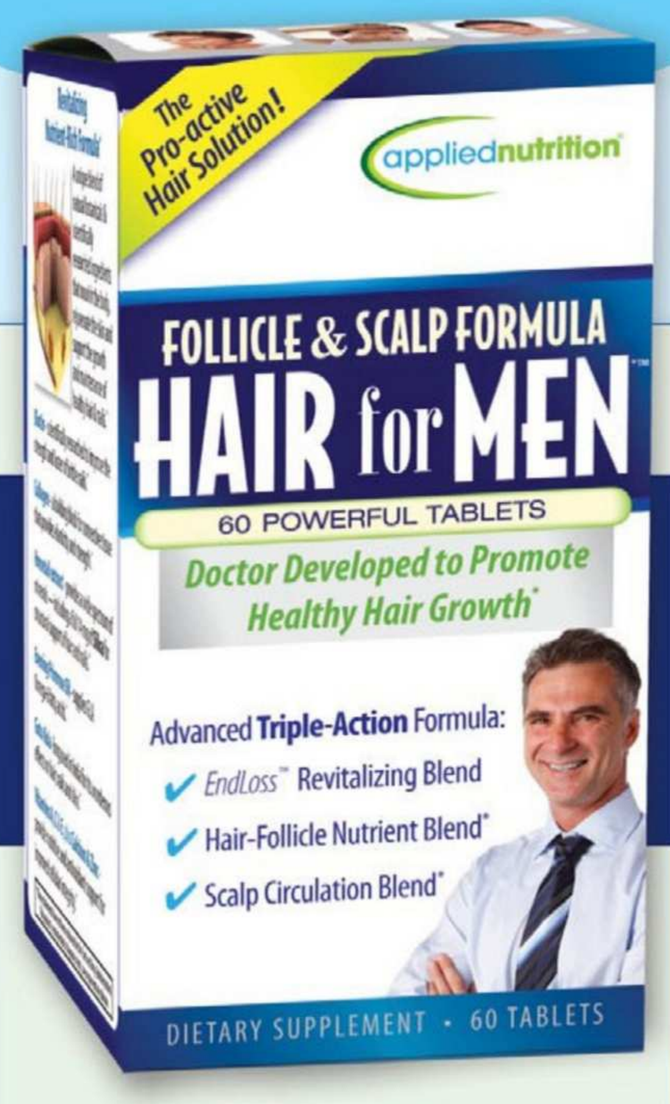

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CHEF

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were so far out of the question that I felt no envy. One evening in the White Horse Tavern I won two bucks in an arm-wrestling contest and turned the money immediately into a large corned beef sandwich. There was a place near Times Square where you could get a big piece of herring and two slices of rye bread for 15 cents. When you're 19 you're propelled by the non-calorie fuel of hormones so much so that when I'd return home to Michigan, my father would regard my skinniness and say that I might eventually return home weighing nothing. At that age you're always hungry but are too scattered to figure out how to address the problem.

Cooking is in the details and is not for those who think they must spend all of their time thinking large. This morning I burned my Jimmy Dean hot-pepper sausage patty because I was on the phone speaking with a friend about another friend's cancer. Yesterday morning I ruined a quesadilla by adding too much salsa because I was busy revising a poem. How can I creatively and irrelevantly interfere with a proper quesadilla? It's easier to screw up while cooking than driving, both of which suffer grossly from inattention.

You start with hunger and then listen to the chorus, small, of two daughters and a wife. If the weather is fair you look out the window at one of your several grills and smokers and then head for the freezer or grocer. When cooking solo at the remote cabin we used to own and sadly lost, everything depended on my captious moods, which in turn depended on how well the work went that day and the nature of the news from New York or Los Angeles. Your immediate survival can depend on the morale boost of a good dinner. I recalled a day when I got fired (for arrogance) yet again from Hollywood and the murk of the dismissal was easily leavened by grilling a baby lake trout, about a foot long, over an oak fire, basting it with dry vermouth, butter and lemon. Minor disappointments over an inferior writing day could be allayed with a single chicken half basted with a private potion called "the sauce of lust and violence." This recipe is hard to screw up, so you can easily consume a full bottle of Côtes du Rhône during preparation.

I've talked to a couple of prison wardens about how food is the central morale item for us caged mammals. At the cabin I'd even walk a couple of hours to ensure a sturdy enough appetite to enjoy a meal. I have regularly observed in both New York City and Paris that intensely effete cooking is designed for those without an actual appetite. You have to be a tad careful about your excesses because you can't make a lasting philosophical system out of cooking, hunting, baseball, fishing or even your sexuality. Life is brutal in its demand for adequate contents, but the very idea of leaving out cooking mystifies me. Life is so short, why would you not eat well or bring others to the pleasure of your table?

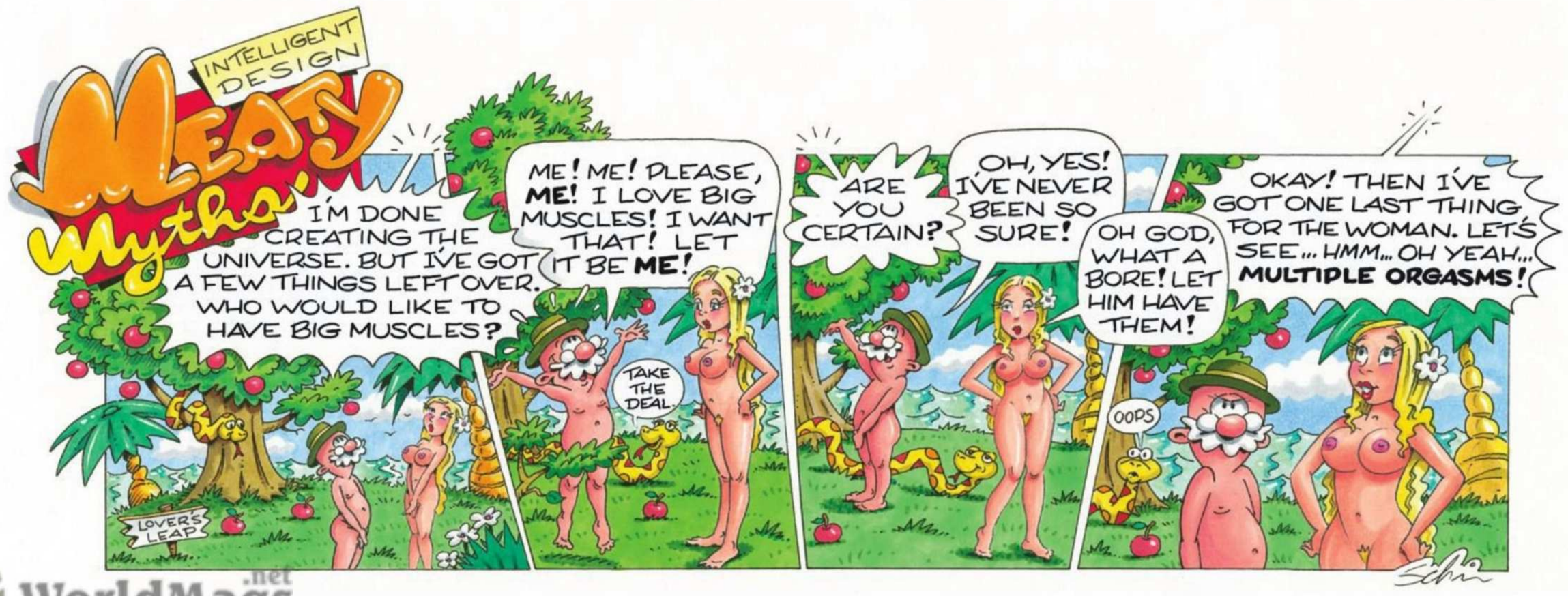
Men learning to cook often start with the BBQ grill, perhaps because they have been roasting meat over fire for a couple of hundred thousand years. Of course women do it equally as well, but then they must think, Let the dickhead go at it; I'm tired of doing all of the cooking. There is no better insurance for a long-lasting marriage than couples who cook together or a man who engineers the meals a few times a week to release his beloved of the monotony.

It is quite impossible for a man to do anything without a touch of strutting vanity, and as the years pass a man will trip over his smugness in the kitchen or at the grill. A friend who is normally a grill expert got drunk and literally incinerated (in a towering flame) a 10-pound prime rib in front of another friend, who had laid out the 200 bucks for the meat, which ultimately tasted like a burned-out house smells. And there must be hundreds of thousands of instances of the one dish a neophyte can cook. You hear "Wait until you try Bob's chili" or "You won't believe Marvin's spaghetti sauce!" as if there were only one. Bob's chili had a large amount of celery in it, which exceeds in heresy the idea that God is dead, while Marvin's pasta sauce had more oregano in it than a pizzeria would use in a week.

Currently the overuse of rosemary among bad cooks in America must be viewed as a capital crime. The abuse of spices and herbs is a hallmark of neophyte cooking and enjoyed only by those with brutish palates. I admit my guilt early on in this matter, recalling the upturned faces of my daughters and their glances, "What in God's name did you put in here, Dad?"

I admit to obsessions that by definition can't be defined, as it were. Once on my way north to the cabin I stopped in an Italian market in Traverse City, Folgarelli's, which helped shape and enlighten the eating habits of the area, and told the proprietor, Fox, that I needed seven pounds of garlic. Fox was curious which restaurant I owned, and I said it was just me at my cabin, where the nearest good garlic was a 120-mile drive. To start the season in Michigan's Upper Peninsula, where many years there still was remnant snow on the ground in May, I needed to make a rigatoni with 33 cloves of garlic in honor of the number of years Christ lived. Fox Folgarelli seemed sympathetic to my neurosis as he built my sandwich out of mortadella, imported provolone, salami and a splash of Italian dressing. Food lovers are not judgmental of one another's obsessions. Many years later when I sat down in France with 11 others to a 37-course lunch (only 19 wines) that took 13 hours, no one questioned our good sense. Nearly all the dishes were drawn from the 18th century, so there was an obvious connection to the history of gastronomy, though in itself that wouldn't be enough to get me on a plane to Burgundy. When I have been asked dozens of times what it cost, a vulgar American preoccupation, I have offered a uniform answer: "About the price of a Volvo, but none of us wanted a Volvo. We also saved money by not needing dinner."

The biggest corrective in my cooking was to become friends and acquaintances with a number of fine chefs. Early on it was Alice Waters and Mario Batali. My friendship with Mario led me to Tony Bourdain. When my 70th birthday came up, Mario, April Bloomfield from the Spotted Pig and Adam Perry Lang came out from New York City and Chris Bianco from Phoenix. We had a dozen lovely courses, ending with 1937 Château d'Yquem, 1937 Madeira and 1938 Armagnac to get close to my birth year. On another trip Mario brought Loretta Keller from San Francisco and Michael Schlow from Boston, the fastest knife I've ever seen.



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The immediate lesson of being in the kitchen with a fine or great chef is humility. You properly want to go hide behind the woodpile until the dinner bell. You are a minor tennis club player from South Dakota in the presence of Roger Federer. What astounds you other than the product is the speed and dexterity with which they work. You feel like a sluggard because you are a sluggard. I can truthfully say that I wrote my novella *Legends of the Fall* in nine days, but by then I had 20-plus years of practice: The same with chefs. There are no accidents or miracles, just hard work accompanied by taste.

It is a somber situation with the best home or amateur chefs. When I watch my eldest daughter, Jamie, 40 years after our first forays into French cooking, I am aware that I have fallen behind her until I'm around the corner out of sight, but then after university she worked in New York for Dean & DeLuca catering. When I cook and learn from my friend Peter Lewis from Seattle I remind myself that he owned the restaurant Campagne for about 15 years. In France my friend the writer and book dealer Gérard Oberlé, who hosted the 37-course lunch, can bone a lamb shoulder in minutes, while I take a half hour. And who else makes a lovely 16th century stew out of 50 baby pigs' noses? The owner of the vineyard Domaine Tempier, Lulu Peyraud, now in her 90s, has cooked me a dozen meals, and a few courses of each have caused goose bumps. You watch closely and hopefully manage the humility of the student again.

Cooking becomes an inextricable part of life and the morale it takes to thrive in our sodden times. A good start, and I have given away dozens of copies, is Bob Sloan's *Dad's Own Cookbook*. There is no condescension in the primer. Glue yourself to any fine cook you meet. They'll generally put up with you if you bring good wine. Don't be a tightwad. Owning an expensive car or home and buying cheap groceries and wine is utterly stupid. As a matter of simple fact you can live indefinitely on peanut butter and jelly or fruit, nuts and yogurt, but then food is one of our few primary aesthetic expenses, and what you choose to eat directly reflects the quality of your days. Your meals in life are numbered and the number is diminishing. Get at it.

From Man With a Pan: Culinary Adventures of Fathers Who Cook for Their Families, edited by John Donohue, published by Algonquin Books.

"To have and to hold…."

SEX 2011

(continued from page 71)

REAL-LIFE ENCOUNTERS

As part of our surveys, we asked a simple open-ended question: "Describe the last time you had sex." The responses may be the most revealing part of the results.

A quick doggy style over the couch.—Male, 38, California * In the car behind Toys R Us before I went to work.—Male, 35, Maine * It was depressing. I've been married too long.—Male, 31, Arkansas * We fucked for 15 to 20 minutes. I ejaculated; she screamed and came. We laid there, too lazy to move, then fucked again. I ejaculated, but she did not come.—Male, 23, Illinois * My wife and I had a weekend nap together and in the process of snuggling got aroused.—Male, 38, Georgia * My apartment with a woman I met online. We had oral and vaginal sex. I felt excited and anxious.—Male, 40, Pennsylvania * Gave oral sex and had intercourse on the living-room couch on Halloween when it became clear there'd be no trick-or-treaters.—Male, 28, Florida * Wife and I were horny, so we did it.—Male, 33, California * Side by side with partner's arms cuffed behind her legs. Vibrator was used.—Male, 29, New York * Two years ago. It was weird because I think we both knew it was the last time, but I made it count.—Male, 32, Florida * With my husband, and I felt loved.—Female, 43, Nevada * About 45 years ago with my husband, and I feel this survey is a disgrace.—Female, 79, Pennsylvania * The woman who was having an affair with me ended our relationship.—Male, 42, New York * It was with someone I'd been wanting to have sex with for a long time. I thought I was in love with him. I was disappointed with his performance and his size.—Female, 52, South Carolina * Dark room, late at night, soft bed, warm mate's body next to mine, took her from behind.—Male, 60, Kansas * I initiated, lights off, oral for her, none for me, straight missionary sex.—Male, 41, Connecticut * My husband was deployed for almost a year. The sex has been phenomenal since he got back.—Female, 34, Georgia * It was with my partner more than five years ago. We are together, yet we are practicing celibacy for religious beliefs.—Male, 46, New York * It was only for his benefit, not mine.—Female, 56, Missouri * Decided ahead of time we would have it and looked forward to it all day.—Male, 61, Ohio * Partner knew he was out the door. I was ice-cold and bored.—Female, 59, Arizona * Normal bedroom sex.—Male, 26,

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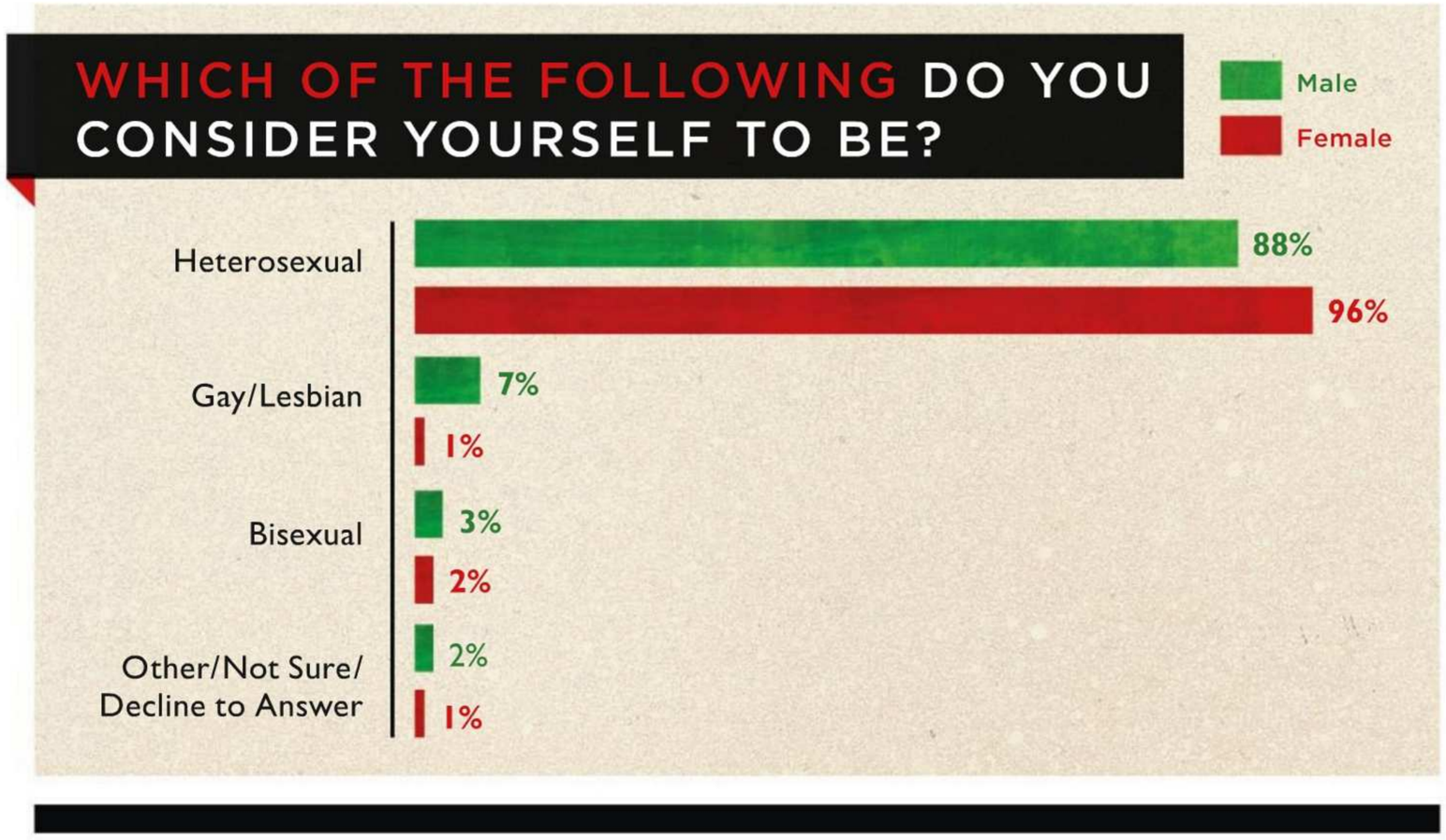
Arkansas * After another person's wedding with a friend from work.—Male, 45, Oregon * A spontaneous tender moment.—Male, 54, Georgia * Prostitute in motel.—Male, 74, New Mexico * Used oil and a whip. Great way to start your day!—Male, 59, Wyoming * The last time I had sex was the first time I had sex. For the most part I felt I was doing the right thing. I was 20 years old and still had not lost my virginity.—Male, 22, New York * Felt good but no orgasm.—Female, 44, New York * Yesterday with current and previous partner in a threesome on a cruise ship. But he didn't seem to spend enough time on me and that made me a little upset, but the sex itself was great.—Female, 43, Connecticut * That's between me and my husband.—Female, 46, New Jersey * My birthday in Key West. Windows open. Could hear the sound of the ocean. Lightning flashing in the distance.—Female, 59, Nebraska * It was probably 40 years ago. I didn't know it would be the last time.—Female, 68, New Mexico * Hour-long multiposition morning. Close feeling with partner. Spanking and noise.—Male, 46, Texas * Three years ago, right before my marriage broke up. I had heard angry sex could be good, but I don't think they meant that kind of anger.—Female, 47, North Carolina * Oral sex with anal stimulation.—Male, 51, Montana * My husband likes sex more than me and he wants it all the time. I gave it to him on Saturday morning after we'd had our coffee. Faked the orgasm, but it was still fun and worth it because it made him so happy.—Female, 42, Illinois * With my estranged husband. His family was in the next room.—Female, 35, Florida * Visited a close friend and sex partner (two times a month). Then I went home to my partner who knows about and approves of this arrangement.—Male, 63, Oregon * Boring. Way past menopause and could punch the person's lights out who developed Viagra.—Female, 62, California * A three-day trip and we had sex twice.—Male, 54, Arizona * I am twice divorced and didn't know sex could be so good.—Female, 46, New Jersey * Having a good day and wanted the day to be more complete.—Male, 58, Nevada * I woke my wife up early one day, rubbed her with oil from head to toe, then we made love missionary for 20 minutes. It was awesome. We both came.—Male, 39, Illinois * We came home from a night out on the town; we never made it past the front door.—Female, 47, Pennsylvania * I bet the person analyzing these survey results is having a perfectly wonderful time.—Female, 33, Connecticut * At my age it's all great, and I'm glad I lived this long to enjoy it.—Male, 69, Michigan * Was visiting my ex-boyfriend in another state and staying with him. Woke up on my birthday and had some fun.—Female, 24, Colorado * I requested sex and received it from partner.—Male, 57, Colorado * My wife is older than me, getting into her 40s, but I still find her totally hot. We did it in the shower when the kids were sleeping.— Male, 39, New York * A much younger friend came by on a rainy day.—Female, 66, Louisiana * It was awkward because I was trying to get over a relationship and my thoughts were elsewhere.—Male, 47, Ohio * On the floor, watching our new Blu-ray porn.—Female, 35, New Mexico * Feeling lonely and uptight, so masturbated to calm myself.—Female, 65, Kansas * Picked her up at a bar.—Male, 50, New Jersey * I got a blow job and then we fucked in the car.—Male, 51, New York * My husband woke me at 3:30 A.M. and performed oral sex on me.—Female, 48, West Virginia * The last time I had sex was a same-sex encounter. I was feeling like what's the use and wishing I was with the opposite sex.—Male, 55, Oregon * Over six years ago. Online dating is a joke. There isn't one decent man left over the age of 48.—Female, 61, California * With a longtime friend who revealed she has been in love with me for 25 years.—Male, 45, Ohio * This morning with my wife. We both woke up a little early.—Male, 40, Missouri * He was watching porn and I decided to initiate it. It was all in the missionary and didn't last too long, which I like.—Female, 26, Texas * Was thinking of my husband all day and acted on it.—Female, 34, Pennsylvania * We had sex during *Dancing With the Stars* while the kids were getting ready for bed.—Female, 40, Pennsylvania.



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THE DALY SHOW

(continued from page 66)

Despite losing, by his own estimate, at least $50 million, Daly talks about the time he spent in casinos from Tunica, Mississippi to Las Vegas as if remembering his first love. "It felt better than golf," he says, "because you're sitting there and you don't have to work at it. Gambling is adrenaline. You wanna beat the blackjack, you wanna win the slots. You get the adrenaline rush. I absolutely loved it. Bally's was my favorite until they built the Wynn. That high-limit room? When I walk in there, I get that chill rush." His first taste of playing and winning big was in the early 1990s, when he fell in love with the $100 slot machine in Tunica. "I was the first one to win the jackpot of $100,000. I won, like, three or four nights in a row, and I'm going, 'I could never lose.' Next thing you know, you lose $500,000." He starts talking fast and furious, telling blackjack stories with the same gusto someone else might reserve for tales of catching monster tarpon. "Back when I was playing, you could play seven hands at $5,000 and have $35,000 on the table. Sometimes 10. You could have 70 grand sitting up there. You don't have that chance on a dollar slot or playing $25 at blackjack. I won $400,000 to $500,000 in blackjack sittings," he says mournfully.

Eventually mistakes were made. The losses started catching up with Daly. He used to have markers in six or seven casinos, he says. "I was always trying to pay markers off. I'd owe $800,000 at Bally's or at Caesars. I was always robbing Peter to pay Paul," he confesses. Then after Harrah's bought up all the Vegas casinos he cherished, the company banned Daly for life. "I've written letters to try to get back in, but they don't want me," he says. That underscores Daly's compulsive relationship with risk: He'd try to get into a club that didn't want him as a member.

When he looks back on those gambling days, Daly is a paradox of self-love and self-loathing. Golf pro Fuzzy Zoeller says it best. He explains how Daly can love and loathe himself, and the world can do the same, but true fans and friends of Daly will always look beyond that. "He is a great young man, and deep down he has a big, big heart. Some people just see us when we're out and about, but on tour, we know," Zoeller says. "We see the other side of John Daly."

Daly easily admits his gambling came at a high price but is more dismissive about his other addictions and the trouble they've created. In his 2006 *New York Times* best-seller, *My Life In and Out of the Rough,* Daly casually remarks that he was not exactly a poster boy for moderation. His binge drinking made him a textbook case of conduct unbecoming. There have been numerous emergency room visits for whiskey overdoses, a hotel-room trashing in South Africa, quickie Vegas weddings, fines from the PGA, a mandated tour hiatus and 18 days at the Sierra Tucson treatment center, an outpatient stop at the Betty Ford Center and a couple of serious suicide contemplations.

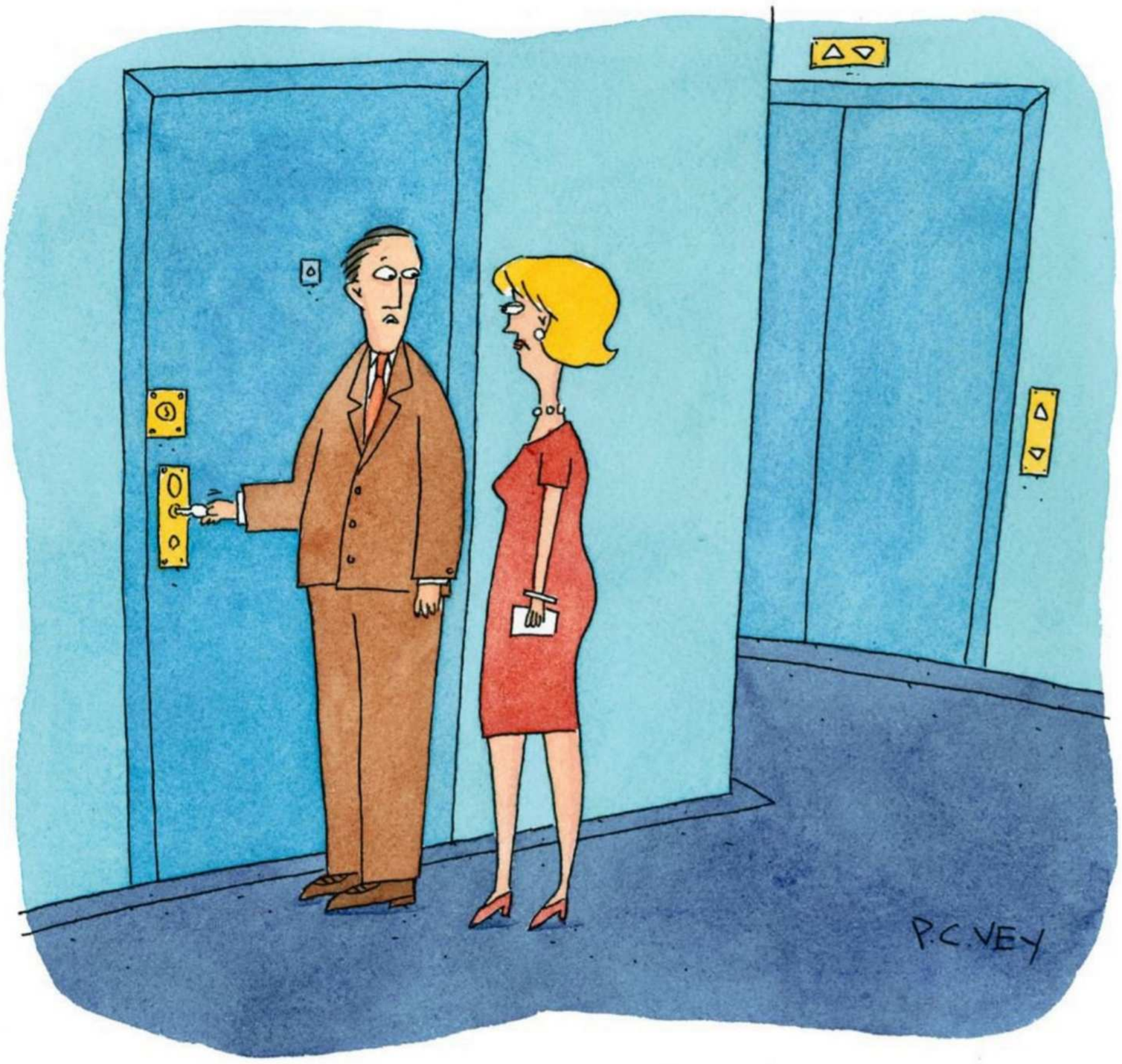
His first beer came when he was just eight years old, his first Jack and Coke at 14. Then, after a grape-stomping session turned their feet purple, he and his brother Jamie progressed to drinking the homemade wine their dad was making. "It actually tasted pretty good. It tasted almost like Kool-Aid. That's why we each drank two jars. Man, were our heads spinning," he recalls with a laugh. But, Daly reveals, his worst whiskey days came in college. His coach told him he needed to lose at least 60 pounds to play. "I didn't like eating salads, so I ate dry popcorn and drank whiskey out of the bottle—straight Jack Daniel's. I lost a ton of weight, and he still didn't play me," Daly says of his coach, Steve Loy. (Loy won't comment on that incident or any of Daly's other stories. But he does say Daly was in a bad place and not happy with most things in his life and that he hopes Daly continues to work on his health and vices.) "What's funny about me is that people think I'm some raging alcoholic who drinks every day. I'd classify it as more of binge drinking. When I'd drink, I'd drink to get absolutely hammered," Daly says.

"I never drank on a tournament. I've been hungover many times. I could play some damn good golf hungover," he says with a laugh. "But not once have I ever drank on a golf course on tour." If you subjected him to a random drug test right now, as he says the PGA did five times in 2010, all you'd find is a lot of caffeine, nicotine and a couple of Viagras every now and then. Daly knows the gastric band surgery he had in 2009 has everything to do with his 120-pound weight loss, and he nonchalantly admits it has also got something to do with his newly sober spirit. But Daly truly believes that he simply outgrew the bingeing. He grew weary of the late nights. "I just didn't like to drink anymore. I don't know why. I just like getting in and getting to sleep at a decent hour now and not hanging out with nothing going on. Everybody goes through that," he says.

●

Glen Waggoner, co-author of both of Daly's autobiographies, says that what went wrong with Daly's kind of excess was that his abuse was extreme. "When you smoke and eat the way he did, then self-medicate with alcohol and beer, then get up and shake it off and play golf, it takes a toll," he explains.

Not all of Daly's obsessions had to go. There was no real need to quit sex. "I got my first piece when I was 17 years old, and then I was crazy about it," he says. His sexual summit was during the 1991 Masters, when he and his second wife, Bettye, had sex 10 times in one day. He hadn't qualified and was in a foul mood, so he got in bed with Bettye, turned on the last round of the tournament, turned off the sound and went at it. They listened to country legend Randy Travis



"I'd invite you in but my wife and children might not understand."

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and screwed like crazy. "For me it was a personal record," he claims in his book. Then there was a girlfriend he met in 1998, who had a more fluid sexuality than Daly was used to and was open to threesomes. Daly speaks wistfully of those days. "She liked other women. I loved it. I'm not gonna lie. What man wouldn't?" he asks. He claims he never touched the other girls. She would "do things" with the girls while he "did things" with her. "I loved watching her get it on with another woman. It's beautiful," he says.

Another story about her sounds like a scenario straight out of a soft-porn movie. She and Daly went to a club in Augusta, Georgia during Masters weekend in 2000. High-end strippers had been imported from Atlanta. Private rooms were available. They started calling in more strippers as though ordering rounds of Jack and Cokes. She took her clothes off, started dancing on the pole and again ordered in more strippers. Daly says, "This goes on for four or five hours," sounding quite proud and not the slightest bit remorseful.

Nights like that weren't an issue back then, because money was never an issue. Even with the gambling tribulations and casino-marker debt, Daly says, "money was nothing and it kept coming in and kept coming in." There was a big deal with Reebok and one with Wilson. Wilson gave Daly a 10-year deal for $30 million but let him go in 1997. But he still had $9 million in his pocket. "I wasn't used to that," Daly says. He gave an ample supply away to help his parents, his siblings, his friends—and then people who, he says, would leech, leech, leech from him. "When I got a lot of money, I was trying to buy friends, I think. I was paying people to love me."

The fans, though, seem to love him rich or poor. During the PGA practice round at Kohler, Daly never said no to a fan wanting an autograph, nor was he sanctimonious about the disruptions. Instead, he appeared to be basking in the adoration, which would fuel his next hole. The steady stream of encouragement came not just from spectators but from tour marshals as well. "Go get 'em, John," "Nice job at the British, John," "Good luck, man," "Love your pants," "Bring back the mullet, buddy" and "You're not stuck up like the other guys, Mr. Daly." In one round of golf he signed about 30 autographs at each hole.

As Zoeller says, the fans seem to be able to see the other side of Daly, the side that has a passion for more than just the game. He has squandered some years, but Daly's gift for golf is the thread that connects the highs and lows. He remembers having the same daydream over and over as a kid. "I would always dream about me and Palmer or me and Nicklaus coming up the 18th hole when I was practicing as a young kid. 'I gotta make this 20-footer to beat Jack or Arnold or Watson or Fuzzy,'" he says, praising the Bay Ridge Country Club for being his milieu to play out his boyhood fantasies. "You know, every sport has boundaries, but in golf there's a lot more of them. You got OBs, you got hazards, you got lakes, you got layups. It's not like tennis, where you see the court and you just gotta keep it in that little bitty square. In golf, you're looking at 300 acres sometimes, and every hole is different," he explains. "Every boundary is different."

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As Daly glances at the guitar he has leaned against the couch, he smiles. Country music, even just the talk of it, is his favorite subject. He rattles off his favorite singers, such as Kenny Chesney, George Strait and Lynyrd Skynyrd. He talks about playing his own country music live and recording a little, but really, he's trying hard to get the hang of songwriting, he says. "I'm usually on my bus, and I have a lot of downtime. You write it, you sing it," Daly says. Daly's friends Kid Rock and Darius Rucker, formerly of Hootie and the Blowfish, who have both had success in country music without taking the straight-to-Nashville path, always told him to write everything down on a music pad. And Mark Bryan, another member of Hootie, thinks that's what makes the music on Daly's most recent album, *I Only Know One Way,* good. "This is not about having a bunch of Nashville cats behind him. It's about his sincerity," Bryan says. "He has this all-or-none attitude. He bares his soul." Daly may be slim and sober now, but Bryan says that has little to do with his personality. Drinking didn't make him who he is. "A little less crazy, a little less apt to go to a strip club at two A.M.," is how Bryan describes him now. "But you'd never be able to change the intrinsic character that is John Daly. He's John Daly, regardless."

The only addictions Daly still clings to are Marlboros and Diet Coke. From the early-morning tee time till he finally goes to sleep, not much stops the constant back-and-forth of both. He claims he goes through at least 15 Diet Cokes and two packs of Marlboros a day. When he finishes one Diet Coke, the can becomes an ashtray for his next cigarette. Daly gives in to these last two cravings, plus one more: a postgame soak in the tub. It is the refuge he deserves, despite what the day brings.

If you could see Daly naked as he emerges from the bathwater, you'd see two small scars. The first is on his right shin, from a blow with a sand wedge that Daly says Loy delivered in college. The second is where a port sits under the skin in his abdomen, from the gastric band surgery. Those two scars may fade in time, but the ones on his psyche are permanent. They come from a life lived by putting himself first, and while they've taken some of the swagger out of him, they've left plenty of ego intact. So by the end of PGA Championship week in Kohler, Daly has withdrawn from the tournament, claiming he tore his rotator cuff on a bunker shot on the first hole. It turns out it isn't torn, just sprained. Regardless, he is not going to make the cut at the last major of the year. And that's not a score a man like Daly wants to post.

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GIRL NEXT DOOR

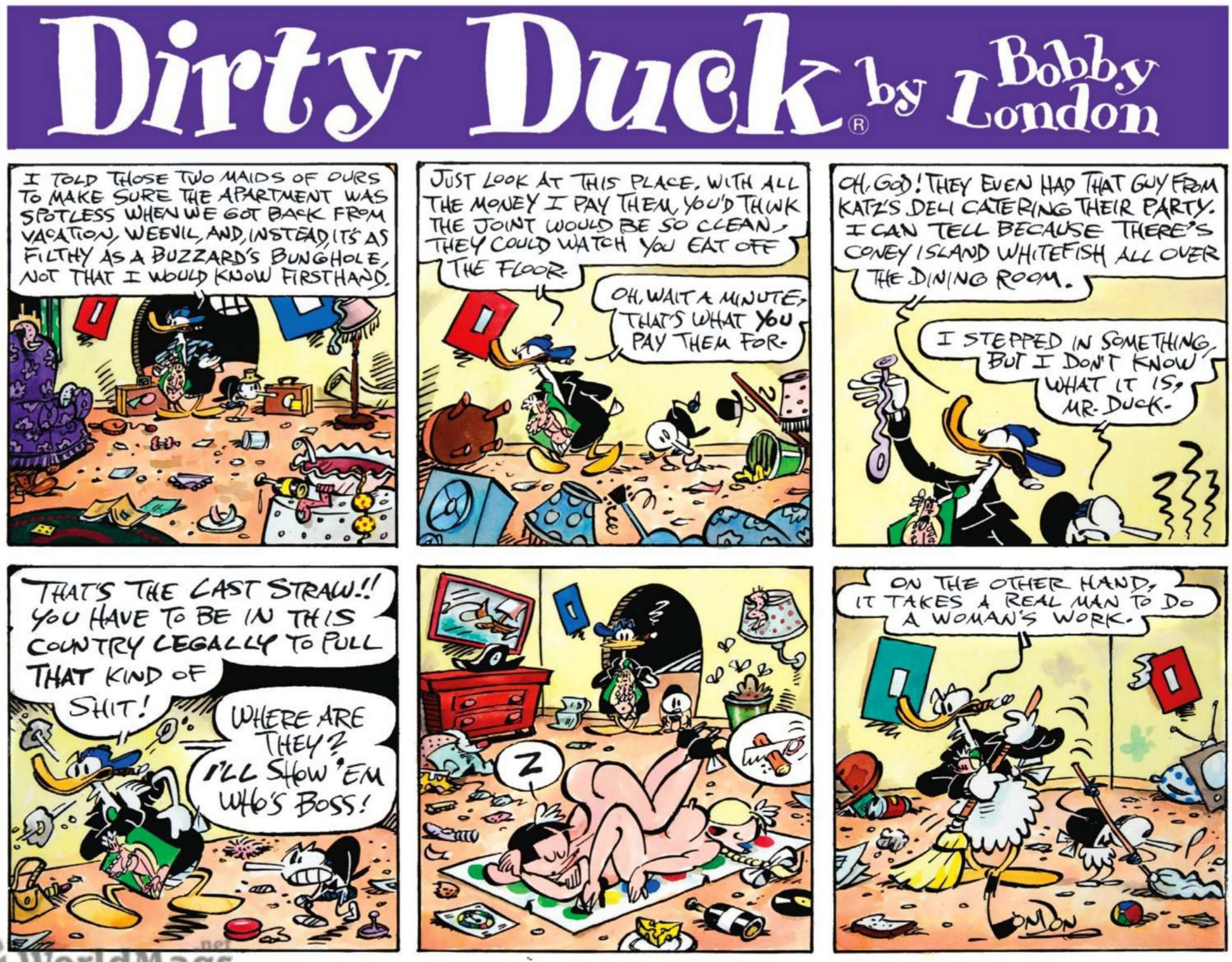
(continued from page 61)

Not so the lover of the girl next door. He might not chop off women's heads or feed razor blades to children, but he has been seen kicking cats, urinating against a movie-postered wall outside the tavern near the railway station, punching away the rearview mirrors of parked cars just for fun and passing down the aisles of the supermarket, knocking down the husband of the girl next door's carefully stacked cereal boxes and toilet paper rolls, shouting out obscenities all the while about the sexual shortcomings of the husband of the girl next door and the bizarre proclivities of his wife. To whom he is also cruel. Making her crawl around naked on all fours on her freshly mowed front yard, barking at the mailman and howling at the moon, if there is one, while smacking her exposed backside with a table tennis paddle is the least of his public cruelties, and no one knows nor scarcely dares imagine what goes on inside the house. It's not clear to anyone what the girl next door sees in him. Maybe nothing at all. Perhaps she merely perceives that the plot of the movie is changing and this is now her part in it.

As to that, the mother of the husband of the girl next door knows all too well what must happen next. It's like turning the page. You don't want to because what happens next is not nice, but even if you don't, it's all there on the next page anyway and won't go away, and if you don't turn the page, you don't do so at your own peril, for the story will move remorselessly on without you, and from its perspective, which may be the only one that counts, you no longer exist. She purchases a number of weapons suggested to her by the novels she reads and sets them out for her son to choose among them, including a crossbow, an ice pick, the assault rifle most favored by professional assassins, a battle-ax, a pair of holstered six-shooters, a dart gun with poison darts, a modified Winchester, a sword, a spear, a scimitar. In one of her novels, the villains used what they called an advanced tactical laser, which could ruin whole cities—her son saw the movie made from the book and said it was awesome—and that sounded like just the right thing, but when she wrote away for one, they told her that it was still in development and put her on their mailing list.

The husband of the girl next door is not by nature a vindictive killer, easily consumed by jealous rage; he is more like the decent lovable heroes of heartwarming family comedies, but, reluctant though he is, he also understands that the choice is not his; the whole town is out there, filling up the seats, as it were, standing in the aisles, waiting for him to do what he must. He passes his mother's arms display day after day, picking up one weapon, then another, aiming them, swinging them, then putting them down again. Nothing seems right. Finally, looking for inspiration, he goes to the movies, this time—for the first time since their marriage—without the girl next door.

The feature film is a Western about a singing cowboy who, in and around his musical serenades, has to save his town from a gang of killer outlaws, a task complicated by the fact that, like the husband of the girl next door, the cowboy is reluctant simply to shoot his adversaries as anyone else would do. Instead, he pushes one outlaw into a bank vault and locks it, lassos two of them with a single throw, has his trained horse kick another and knock him out, sets an ingenious trap that leaves yet another outlaw and his horse swinging upside down from a tall tree, and the sixth turns himself in in tears after hearing the cowboy sing a heart-wrenching ballad about a dying mother and her ungrateful son. At the end of the movie, all six will be hung in a line on a single scaffold while the cowboy croons a closing ode to rough justice, but first there's the matter of the outlaw leader, a cruel and violent man who bears a certain resemblance, behind his untamed black beard and shaggy brows, to the lover of the girl next door. This one the cowboy chases down on his horse, leaping from the saddle and wrestling the villain to the ground. This happens at the edge of a



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cliff and the outlaw manages to push the cowboy over it, but the cowboy grabs a shrub and hauls himself back up to the top. The enraged outlaw rushes at him, trying to kick him off again, loses his footing and plummets to his own death, yowling all the way. This is the method the husband of the girl next door decides to use.

So, though he has never ridden one before, he rents a horse, and when the lover of the girl next door returns from his latest round of wickedness (he has been writing obscene messages with soap on car windows, mostly directed at the husband of the girl next door, and throwing rocks at street lamps), he goes galloping after him. There are no cliffs in this town, nothing much steeper than the street curb, but that will have to do. He leaps from the horse and precisely at the right moment, congratulating himself as he leaves the saddle. Of course, in the movies they use stuntmen, and he is not one. The girl next door comes to visit him in the hospital to bring him hamburgers from their favorite after-movie fast food place (for sentimental reasons only; for him to be able to eat them at this time, they would have to be pureed) and to show him their baby, which she delivered, she says, last night at the movies. When he asks, she tells him that the movie was a science fiction thriller about invading aliens from outer space who eat cars and masturbate against skyscrapers and suck up electricity like sodas through a straw, but she doesn't know the ending because they turned off the movie and turned on the lights so everybody could help her have the baby. He doesn't ask whether it's a girl or a boy and she doesn't say.

Meanwhile, the lover, who has, with breast-beating whoops, installed himself in the house of the girl next door, is terminally silenced by a poisoned dart, assassin unknown. At the funeral, the lover's widowed wife gives an impassioned graveside speech about the impact of the cinematic art on family harmony and the abiding terror, felt by all, of denouement. Life for some is an epic, she says, but for most of us it's nothing but titles and trailers and a slow fade to black. This address resonates with the other mourners and goes some way toward helping them forgive the wicked deeds of the deceased. Afterward, the widow tells the girl next door that she has her eye on her husband when he comes out of the hospital. I want to show him, she says, what's beyond the frame.

Overhearing her, the mother of the husband of the girl next door, who is also now the grandmother of the child of the husband of the girl next door and his wife, is not certain what trailers are, but she does know that, in spite of plot's infinite vagaries, what's outside the frame is actually in it, in the way that all the pages of a book, those seen and unseen, read and unread, are between its covers, and no page from another book will ever fit perfectly inside it. Consequently, she decides not to dismantle the arsenal she has assembled while she waits to see what the turning of the next page brings. As the village schoolmaster in the novel she is currently reading says, as he is about to strike a recalcitrant student with a wooden ruler: Only in eternity, my child, does one thing not follow another.

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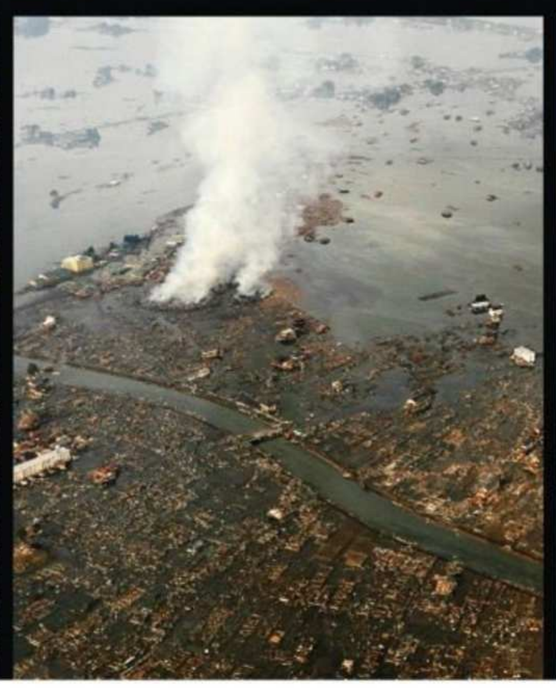
PLAYMATE NEWS

HELP CENTERFOLD HIROMI OSHIMA REBUILD JAPAN IN THE WAKE OF THE TSUNAMI

On March 11 the world awoke to terrible news: Japan had been devastated by a massive earthquake and ensuing tsunami. Our thoughts immediately went out to Tokyo-born Playmate Miss June 2004 Hiromi Oshima. Fortunately, Hiromi was in the U.S., safe and able to communicate with her brother in Japan. He had lost power and suffered minor repercussions from the natural disasters but all in all was uninjured. "I couldn't catch my breath," Hiromi says. "My heart shattered for those who lost their loved ones and homes." Because Japan's struggles will remain long after this catastrophe stops being headline news, Hiromi asks that we continue to show our support. She has designed a T-shirt she is selling on hiromioshima.com. Proceeds will go to rebuilding efforts in Japan.



NICHOLE VAN CROFT TO OPEN AMERICA'S NEXT GREAT RESTAURANT

Miss October 2000 Nichole Van Croft is bringing her Southern charm and cooking to New York's East Village. According to eater.com, the Playmate—a regular at restaurant impresario Michael "Bao" Huynh's ventures—recently asked Huynh to partner with her to open a comfort-food joint on St. Mark's Place. Nichole is no slouch in the kitchen: Huynh asserts that the Playmate makes "the best fried chicken and waffles."

FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month we introduced you to Miss June 1996 **Karin Taylor.** The lovely Jamaican-born, Orlando-raised beauty was an altar girl before her foray into the entertainment business as part of Walt Disney World's Main Street Electrical Parade. Then came her gorgeous pictorial, followed by appearances on *Malcolm & Eddie, The Weird Al Show, The Keenan Ivory Wayans Show,* Horace Brown's "Things We Do for Love" music video and a guest appearance on *Baywatch.*

Want to SEE MORE PLAYMATES—or more of these Playmates? You can check out the Club at club.playboy.com and access the mobile-optimized site playboy.com from your phone.

DID YOU KNOW?

Miss August 2010 **Francesca Frigo** helped launch Miami Beach's DecoBike, a rental program akin to Zipcar.

The adventurous brunette Miss April 2011 **Jaclyn Swedberg** will appear on Playboy TV's *Playboy Trip Patagonia.*

What's on Miss March 2011 **Ashley Mattingly**'s DVR? *Gossip Girl, Big Bang Theory* and *Boardwalk Empire.*

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"I may be a little old-fashioned," Miss January 2011 Anna Sophia Berglund says, "but

the perfect date would be dinner with great conversation. I love when you get butterflies and feel a connection—it makes the time spent together exciting."

MY FAVORITE PLAYMATE

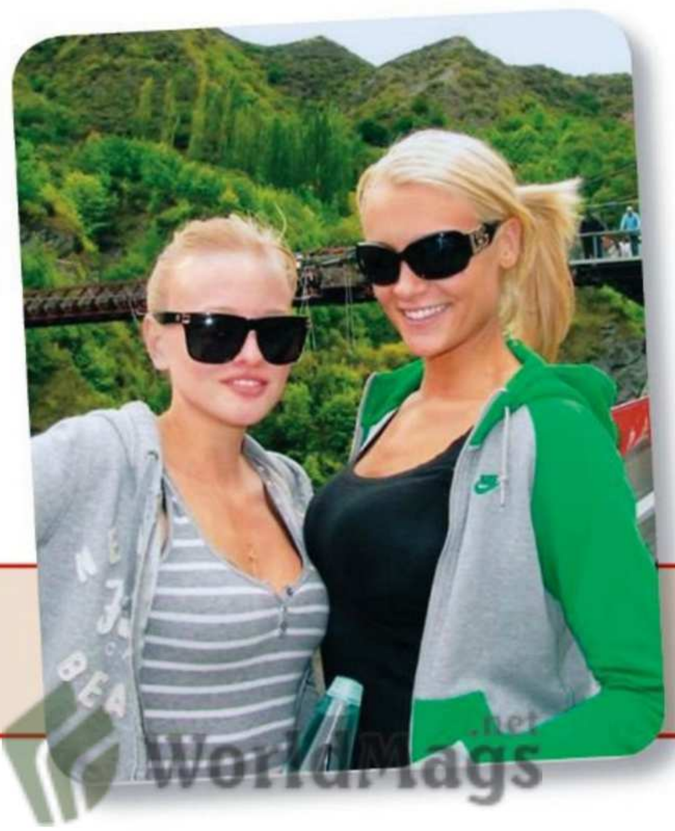
BY ELAINE HENDRIX

—actress, CW's *90210*

"My favorite Playmate is Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson. She's beautiful, talented, business savvy and, above all, an avid animal advocate. I love that she is a voice for those who don't have one. If I were Borat, I would want to marry her too!"

SHANNA MARIE MCLAUGHLIN'S BODY IS KICKING ON BLACKBELT TV

Blackbelt TV's tagline, "Kicks, flicks and chicks!" is an accurate one: The network airs martial arts competitions, fight movies and footage of beautiful women. It tends to get its flicks from a trove of 1970s kung fu movies and its hot girls from us. The network has used Playmates Sara Jean Underwood and Brittany Binger in the past, but its new host, or Fight Jock, is Miss July 2010 Shanna Marie McLaughlin—a fan of the *Mortal Kombat* movies. Her on-air name is Slammin' Shanna. "I've never been a sporty girl," Shanna says, "but being a jock is kind of cool. I feel buff!" As for which karate practitioner is more dashing, Chuck Norris or Ralph Macchio, she favors the Karate Kid.



ASHLEY AND JORDAN ARE FILLED WITH ZEAL

We sent Miss December 2010 Ashley Hobbs (far left) and Miss October 2006 Jordan Monroe to Queenstown, New Zealand to report on the 42Below Cocktail World Cup. Their dispatches include accounts of bungee jumping and riding in speedboats. "Being a little scaredy-cat," Ashley reports, "I am surprised I have tried so many adventurous things while being here." It must have been the vodka.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

Summer is fast approaching, which means it won't be long before guys roll out their grills and women don their bikinis. Baseball is in full swing, beaches and pools are the places to be, and all the cool kids cut the workweek short to head to Las Vegas for Ditch Fridays at the Palms Pool. This raucous midday bash is a festival of skin and social lubrication, and it's also the best place to find Playmates at play. Here are Miss February 2009 Jessica Burciaga, Miss March 2003 Pennelope Jimenez, Miss May 1998 Deanna Brooks, Miss November 1998 Tiffany Taylor, Hiromi Oshima, Miss July 2000 Neferteri Shepherd, PMOY 2006 Kara Monaco and PMOY 2009 Ida Ljungqvist at the Palms in their Bunny suits—soon to be their swimsuits.... Then there are those perfect nights when you're lucky enough to see a Playmate such as PMOY 2007 Sara Jean Underwood stride into the event you're attending. Here's our blonde dream girl at the launch party for *FG* magazine's February issue at the Hollywood W Hotel.... To honor the brave men who put their lives on the line for our country, a bevy of Playmates made a group of American veterans their valentines. From left to right: Shanna Marie McLaughlin, Miss May 2006 Alison Waite (crouching), Ashley Hobbs, Hiromi Oshima, Miss January 2010 Jaime Faith Edmondson, Miss February 1999 Stacy Marie Fuson and Miss September 2009 Kimberly Phillips all spent V-day at the West Los Angeles Medical Center.

Miss October 1977 Kristine Winder waltzed into our life in a shoot entitled *Invitation to the Dance.* She passed away recently from breast cancer, so if you see a star twinkling in the night sky, that's her dancing.

Miss December 1979 Candace Collins and Miss May 2009 Crystal McCahill hosted our Girls' Night Out in Chicago.

Standing at an impressive six-foot-two, Miss December 2000 Cara Michelle holds the record as tallest Playmate ever.

DID YOU KNOW ?

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LOUIS C.K.

(continued from page 88)

Q13

PLAYBOY: What is a very drunk Louis C.K. like?

C.K.: You know on shows like *Dallas* or a mob show when somebody goes to a guy's office and is made a drink at two in the afternoon? Or when you see somebody on a TV show having a business meeting and they drink whiskey from crystal decanters? I don't understand how everyone in that scene isn't sleeping. How do you function drinking like that? I tend to go to sleep when I get drunk.

Q14

PLAYBOY: Your drunken Twitter rants about Sarah Palin are legendary. What don't you like about her?

C.K.: I think it's just fun to say things about her. She opens herself up to be a target. There's something so self-assured about her. Everybody needs to have some self-doubt and acknowledgment that they don't know what they're doing and that life is more complicated than they understand. My objection to her is not political. It's just aesthetic. It's just humane. She's perfectly evil to me, so I like making fun of her in ways that have nothing to do with who she really is. Look, my saying that Sarah Palin has poor Chinese people living in her cunt is not political.

Q15

PLAYBOY: You wound up sitting next to her daughter Bristol on *The Tonight Show*. How did that happen?

C.K.: I was on my way to Los Angeles to do the appearance when the people from *The Tonight Show* said, "Listen, her daughter is here. You're not going to say anything to her, are you?" They were a little concerned. And I said, "No, of course not." So there was no incident. She was very nice to me. I don't blame people for who their parents are.

Q16

PLAYBOY: One of your first writing gigs was for the original *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*. What do you remember about those days?

C.K.: Those were intense days. Every Friday we used to think we were getting canceled. This executive would come to the *Conan* office and look at all of us with a very kind, sympathetic expression, and we'd all be like, Well, this is it—we're done. Everybody would go to their office and call their agent to start feeling around for other work. And Conan would roll up his sleeves, take a deep breath, get this serious presidential look about him and go into his office and have a conference call with all the executives to push for more time. He always got it. Everybody always felt Conan was protecting our jobs, not just his. He had more money than all of us put together at the time. He was very successful already. But he had brought all of us to this crazy place, and he kept it going. So I learned from him. I still think about him. The way he handled the pressure and persevered is something I draw from now in my own life, like having TV shows and trying to keep them on the air.

Q17

PLAYBOY: At one point in your career you had worked as a writer for *Late Night With Conan O'Brien, Late Show With David Letterman* and *The Chris Rock Show*. Did you worry you would get trapped as a talk-show writer?

C.K.: It's fun for a while. It's a good training ground, like college for comedy writers, but you have to get out of it. One guy who used to push me was Chris Rock. He said to me one day, "Why aren't you directing movies?" I was like, "What?" And he said, "You know, I'm happy you're here. I feel like I have a minor league baseball team somewhere in Virginia and you're Barry Bonds, hitting home runs for me every day. I'm grateful, but what are you doing with your life?"

Q18

PLAYBOY: You worked with Rock on your directorial debut, *Pootie Tang,* which has a cult following these days. Who has told you they're fans?

C.K.: Metallica and Jack White, and I heard a lot of people have it on their tour buses. That's what I always hear. I get e-mails from people once in a while, and I guess it trends on Twitter. To me it's just this one old idea I had, and we played it out for what it was worth.

Q19

PLAYBOY: What don't you like about your body?

C.K.: I don't care about it. I don't like that it doesn't do everything I want it to, but that's my fault. I can't blame my body. I haven't put in the investment to keep it going. I train and I train and I usually hit a peak of about two weeks when I feel as if I can do whatever I want, and then it starts to decline exponentially and daily.

Q20

PLAYBOY: You talked about having sex with your shirt on during an interview on NPR's *Fresh Air*. The segment allegedly got the show banned in the state of Mississippi.

C.K.: I felt pretty bad. I thought it was dumb of them, but I felt bad because if you're living in Mississippi and you like *Fresh Air,* you probably really need it. I live in New York, and if they canceled *Fresh Air* there, I'd have a lot of other sources for things I like. But if I were in Mississippi, it would make me cry if they canceled it. I'm being bigoted, but I've traveled all over the country, and Mississippi is a thoroughly one-thing state. Georgia is the South, but geez, it has Atlanta and Athens. It's a really cool state. People make fun of Louisiana, but that's where New Orleans is, and there are some pretty fucked-up, crazy people in Louisiana. Every state has its thing. Mississippi, I don't know what's there.

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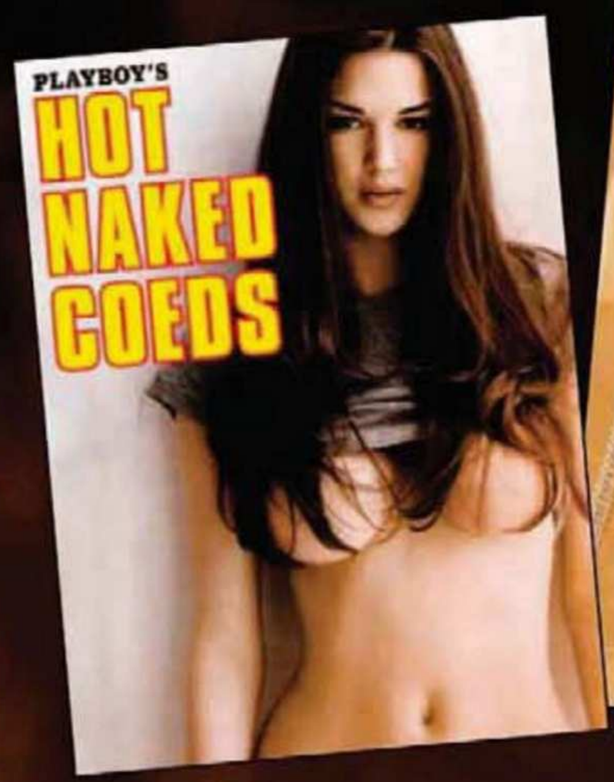

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GOOD CRAZY

THERE'S A RIGHT KIND OF MAD AND A WRONG KIND OF MAD

BY JON RONSON

As I watched Charlie Sheen spiral into madness in front of millions of entertained viewers, I was reminded of a conversation I had with Charlotte Scott, a reality-TV producer. Scott used to book guests for the kind of daytime TV shows on which extended families mired in drama and tragedy yell at one another in front of a studio audience. She told me she had a secret trick for choosing her guests.

"I'd ask them over the phone what medication they were on," she said. "They'd give me a list. Then I'd go to a medical website to see what they were for, and I'd assess if they were too mad to come on the show or just mad enough."

"What constituted too mad?" I asked her.

"Schizophrenia was a no-no," said Scott. "So were psychotic episodes. If they were on lithium for psychosis we probably wouldn't have had them on. We wouldn't want them to come on and then go off and kill themselves."

"So what constituted just mad enough?" I asked.

"Prozac," said Scott. "Prozac's the perfect drug. They're upset. I say, 'Why are you upset?' 'I'm upset because my husband's cheating on me, so I went to the doctor and he gave me Prozac.' Perfect! I know she's not that depressed, but she's depressed enough to go to a doctor and so she's probably angry and upset."

"If they were on no drugs at all, did that mean they probably weren't mad enough to be entertaining?" I asked.

"Exactly," said Scott.

And that was her trick.

"Well," I said, "at least I don't do anything like that."

Scott peered at me, because we both knew it: I do. All journalists do a version of it. We travel all over the world, propelled by something; we sit in people's houses, our notepads in hand, and we wait for the gems. And the gems invariably turn out to be the madness, the extreme, outermost aspects of that person's personality: the irrational anger, the anxiety, the paranoia, the narcissism—the things that would be defined in the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders* (the American Psychiatric Association's book of mental maladies) as disorders. We create stories out of these fragments. We know what we do is odd, but nobody talks about it. We are, like Scott, on the hunt for the right sort of mad.

I think Charlie Sheen has been teetering between the right and wrong sorts of mad. We don't want obvious exploitation. We want smoke-and-mirrors exploitation. He recently appeared on *20/20*. "[My brain] fires in a way that is not from this particular terrestrial realm," Sheen told the interviewer.

"Some are saying you're bipolar," the reporter said.

"Wow, what does that mean?" Sheen replied. "Wow, and then what? What's the cure? Medicine? Make me like them? Not going to happen. I'm bi-winning."

Journalists have a habit of diagnosing celebrities from afar with mental disorders. It's a horrible trait. But I'm going to do it now, joining the legion of other armchair shrinks. Charlie Sheen probably is bipolar. Here's the *DSM-IV-TR* checklist for "Manic Episode": "Inflated self-esteem or grandiosity," "talkative," "flight of ideas" and "excessive involvement in pleasurable activities that have a high potential for painful consequences (e.g., engaging in unrestrained buying sprees, sexual indiscretions or foolish business investments)."

When we go mad we all go mad in practically identical ways. An OCD kid will act in the *DSM*-defined OCD way in his room without ever meeting other OCD kids. There's a compelling argument that the American Psychiatric Association likes to diagnose pretty much everything as a mental disorder these days. (The *DSM* used to be a 144-page pamphlet; now it's a 943-page brick. Such is the increase in new disorders.) But there's no doubt certain sorts of madness are tangible, measurable things.

I think there's a right sort of mad when it comes to political and business leadership, too. It's psychopathy. And I don't say

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this blithely. For the past two years I've been interviewing chief executives and politicians. I wanted to test the theory held by psychologists that the traits that make some psychopaths especially adept serial killers, fraudsters or bank robbers make other psychopaths brilliant CEOs and political leaders. The theory goes that psychopaths lack empathy and kindness. Their brains don't have them. And when you take human kindness out of the equation, all that's left is the will to win.

I went through the industry-standard Hare Psychopathy Checklist with one famous CEO at his home in Florida. When I got to "grandiose sense of self-worth" we both involuntarily glanced up at the giant ornately framed oil painting of himself that hung on the wall behind him. When I got to "lack of remorse or guilt," he shrugged and said, "You can drown yourself in sorrow and you cannot do anything else. If you're going to feel remorse for everything you've done in life, you're going to be in a home for the criminally insane."

WHEN WE GO MAD WE ALL GO MAD IN PRACTICALLY IDENTICAL WAYS.

As the morning progressed he redefined a great many psychopathic traits as business positives.

The eeriest moment in my travels came when I interviewed former Haitian despot Emmanuel "Toto" Constant. In the early 1990s, Haiti was in the palm of his hand. He controlled FRAPH, a powerful death squad that terrorized and murdered supporters of the then exiled democratically elected president, Jean-Bertrand Aristide. Now Constant was in prison in upstate New York for mortgage fraud.

I met him in the visitors' room. "I want people to like me," he kept telling me.

"To like you?" I asked.

"I want people to think I'm a gentleman," he said. "I want people to like me. If people don't like me, it hurts me. It's important for me to be liked."

"Wow," I said. "I never thought you'd care so much about whether people like you."

"I do."

"That's really surprising," I said.

I scowled inwardly. There was nothing psychopathic about him at all.

"Isn't that a weakness?" I finally said. "Your desperate desire to have people like you—isn't that a weakness?"

"Ah no!" Constant said, laughing. He waved his finger at me. "It's not a weakness at all!"

"Why?" I asked.

"I'll tell you why." He smiled, winked conspiratorially and said, "If people like you, you can manipulate them to do whatever you want them to do."

"So you don't really want people to like you?" I asked.

"Oh no." He shrugged. "I'm giving you my deepest secrets here, Jon."

"How does it work?" I asked. "How do you make people like you?"

"Ah, okay," he said. "Watch this...."

He turned to an elderly inmate whose children and grandchildren had just left.

"You have a lovely family," he called to him.

The man's face broke into a broad, grateful smile. "Thanks," he called back.

Constant grinned covertly at me.

I was, of course, thrilled. I was writing so furiously in my notepad it was overflowing. He had given me a gem. I left the jail, delighted to have captured the madness.

Which is, I suppose, a psychopathic way to live my life.

Jon Ronson's latest book is The Psychopath Test.

THE BUNNY MYSTIQUE

A NEW BOOK EXPLORES THIS MAGAZINE'S ROLE IN SHAPING SEXUAL MORES

BY JAMES R. PETERSEN

At the close of the past century a columnist for Salon.com declared "feminism and PLAYBOY one of the great arch-enemy pairings in American culture." But it isn't that simple. Feminists such as Gloria Steinem, Susan Brownmiller and Robin Morgan hijacked the women's liberation movement in the late 1970s and 1980s, but PLAYBOY hijacked the culture. The battles of the 20th century have been recycled in women's studies programs, but the feminist assessment of PLAYBOY now seems to be changing. Carrie Pitzulo's new book, *Bachelors and Bunnies: The Sexual Politics of Playboy* (University of Chicago Press), is a classic example of the joy of discovering a history you didn't know.

A 35-year-old assistant professor of history at the University of West Georgia, Pitzulo challenges the anti-PLAYBOY stance of an earlier period, viewing those feminists as stodgy and antisexual. Her heroines (Betty Friedan, Germaine Greer, et al.) come from a time when feminists were first articulating their vision of equal opportunity, equal pay, etc.

In this era of Facebook and endless blogs and tweets, it's hard to recall that much of the sexual revolution was fought on the newsstands. Through her access to PLAYBOY's archives, Pitzulo found evidence of an ongoing dialogue between Hefner and America in the pages of the magazine. She mined articles, letters to the editor, *Advisor* columns and Playmate Data Sheets. She also uncovered the internal debates—memos between Hefner and the editors (both male and female), exchanges between editors and contributors—that capture the turmoil of a changing culture and the courage it took to be the agent provocateur. It's a story an entire generation is largely unaware of.

Pitzulo critiques Hefner's vision and admits the story is complicated but says Hefner's reputation as an antifeminist is "misplaced." The postwar era was a time of crisis. Hefner harnessed a rogue male energy and was a major advocate for what Barbara Ehrenreich calls the postwar male's "flight from commitment." PLAYBOY articles such as *Miss Gold-Digger of 1953* or *Open Season on Bachelors* or Philip Wylie's *The Career Woman* may now appear misogynistic, but most people overlook their humorous or parodic intent.

PLAYBOY attacked domestic arrangements that sanctioned sex only inside of marriage. Hefner wanted a life beyond these domestic traps and went about creating one. When a similar concern was voiced by Betty Friedan in *The Feminine Mystique*, it created the second wave of feminists. Hefner crafted a new masculinity that was sophisticated and self-sufficient in all areas save one—sexual play. Hefner's vision demanded mutuality:

"The magazine insisted that *both* men and women should be

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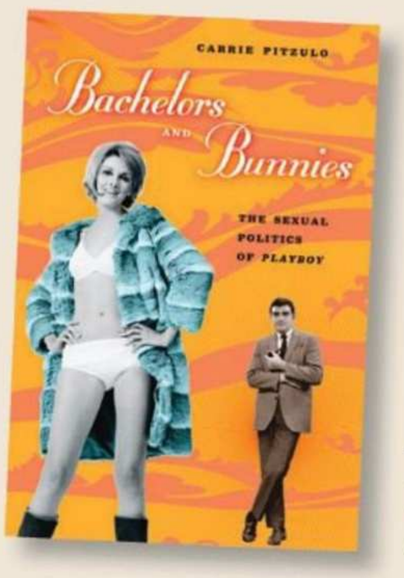
free to explore," writes Pitzulo. "Since men's sexual freedom depended upon liberated women, PLAYBOY upheld the increasingly modern emphasis on heterosexual pleasure as a worthy goal for personal fulfillment regardless of gender, in and outside of committed relationships."

For a younger generation sex is sex; they've never heard the term *premarital sex,* nor known a time when it was considered evil. PLAYBOY in the 1950s attacked the traps and manipulations surrounding so-called moral sex. Hefner invented the future in the form of the girl next door: "Portraying Playmates as active sexual beings," writes Pitzulo, "PLAYBOY insisted that women had desire, indeed a *right to desire,* just as society assumed men did."

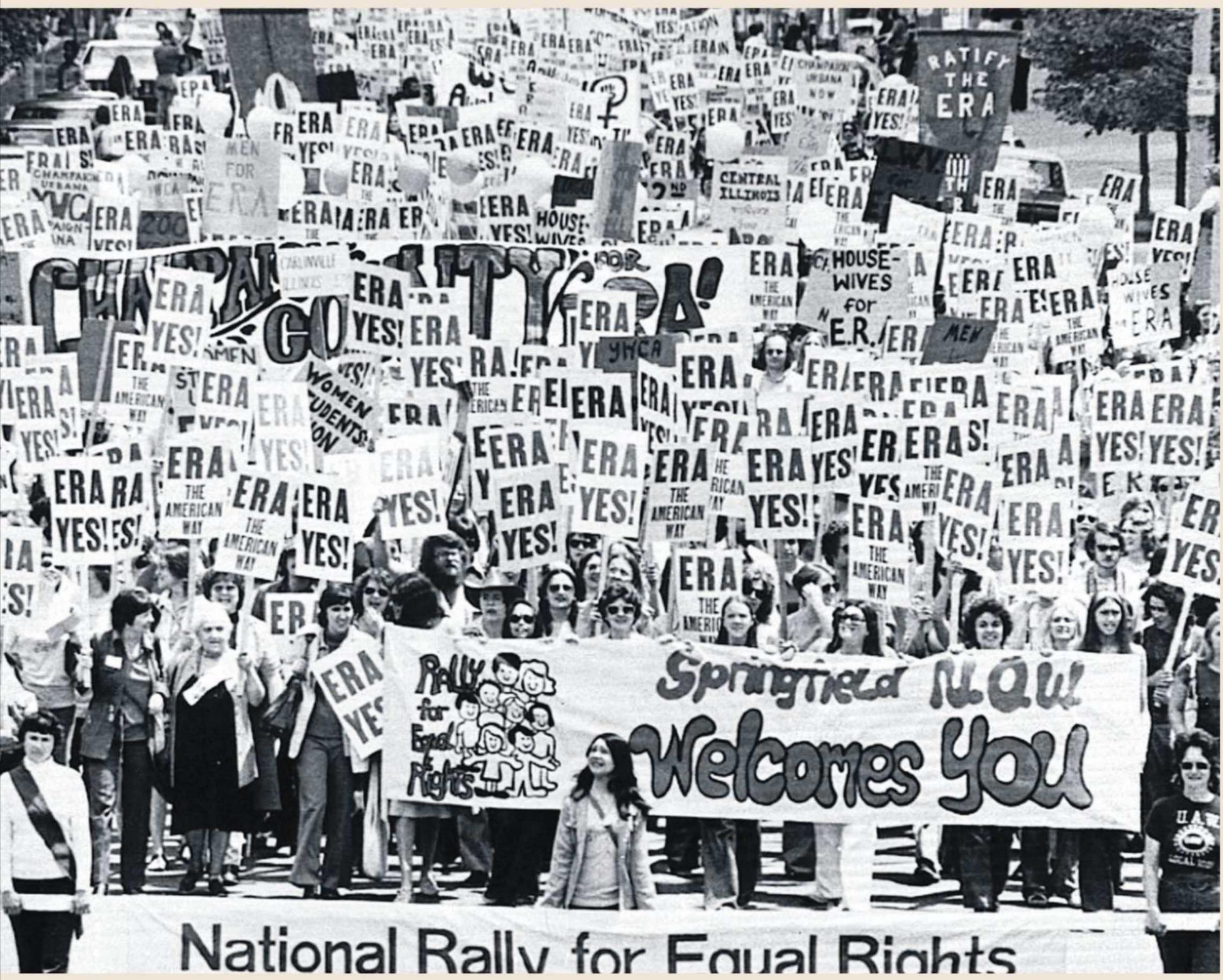
Hefner and his magazine were at the vanguard of battles for free expression, civil liberties and reproductive rights long before they became feminist causes. Women had a strong voice in the pages of PLAYBOY—in articles, interviews, fiction and, yes, the Centerfold. Pitzulo notes, for example, that Germaine Greer was educating PLAYBOY readers on the issue of rape two years before Susan Brownmiller's 1975 catalyst *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape.*

Pitzulo's investigation stops in the early 1970s, shy of the strident antics of antiporn, antisex feminists. She fast-forwards to the "ultimate expression of hip contemporary womanhood"—HBO's *Sex and the City*—and recalls that for an entire season protagonist Carrie Bradshaw wore a Playboy Rabbit Head charm. "Playboy has become resonant with many young women—women of a generation highly suspicious of the label *feminist,*" writes Pitzulo. "It is unlikely the largely young and female audience of *The Girls Next Door* are familiar with PLAYBOY's history." This audience consists mostly of young women who embrace sexual empowerment and look on Hef as a benign figurehead.



Hefner's unconventional lifestyle—the stuff of *The Girls Next Door*—may have interfered at times with public knowledge of his good deeds. "But it's because of my lifestyle," says Hefner, "that anybody talks about me. The multiple girlfriends, all that, is a part of the increasing fascination with the brand among women. What is perceived as a problem is also why people talk about PLAYBOY."

Pitzulo prefaces her concluding chapter with a remark from a 2006 interview she conducted with Hefner: "We do live, now, in a PLAYBOY world." Hefner's views have been embraced by the American mainstream and define our sexual politics.



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READER RESPONSE

SELLING THE DREAM

President Obama is well aware of the FDR legacy, but it may be too late for him to profit from it ("Closing the Deal," April). During the 2008 campaign he frequently alluded to the experience of the 1930s, and at the onset of his presidency commentators often likened his proposals to the New Deal. But there are only a few signs that the shadow of Roosevelt has accompanied him to the White House. Obama will never be mistaken for FDR as a communicator. During the Great Depression, a Southern millworker said, "Mr. Roosevelt is the only man we ever had in the White House who would understand that my boss is a son of a bitch." Obama, in contrast, has not been able to convey to the millions of jobless that he feels their pain. It would improve his prospects, and benefit the nation, if Obama could more often show the kind of empathy he projected so well after the hideous Tucson shootings. Roosevelt's success owed less to his matchless skill at public relations than to the visible evidence of how the New Deal was changing the face

President and Mrs. Obama in Tucson.

of the land—from LaGuardia Airport to the great dams in the Pacific Northwest. Obama has spent vastly greater sums in his stimulus project, and with no chance that this Congress will approve significant public works spending, all his hopes ride on it. Obama's best course is to offer a dramatic reckoning, if he can, of how he has improved the national estate.

William Leuchtenburg
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

Leuchtenburg, professor emeritus of history at the University of North Carolina, is author of In the Shadow of FDR: From Harry Truman to Barack Obama.

There are two reasons Franklin D. Roosevelt was so successful in persuading the American public of the merits of the New Deal. First, he was the first president who enjoyed the give-and-take of press conferences and speaking into a radio microphone. The second was that he had Stephen Early as his press secretary. A former journalist, Early had reported for the wire services, *Stars and Stripes* and the newsreels. He had also been FDR's

FDR's press secretary, Stephen Early.

advance man when Roosevelt ran unsuccessfully for the vice presidency in 1920. In short, Early had a vast array of media contacts. It was inevitable that the charismatic Roosevelt and the newsman Early would choose to take full advantage of every bit of technology. Today the White House media office is asked to feed a 24-hour news-cycle beast, and most press secretaries have not been longtime friends of the president and/or worked as journalists. As a result, the modern press secretary has a high burnout rate. We will likely never again see a Stephen Early in the White House.

Linda Lotridge Levin
Kingston, Rhode Island

Levin, a journalism professor at the University of Rhode Island, is author of The Making of FDR: The Story of Stephen T. Early, America's First Modern Press Secretary.

FREEDOM OF MIND

In April's *Reader Response* you mention the dearth of resources for prisoners who hope to further their education. An organization I co-founded, the nonprofit College Guild, believes respect reduces recidivism and education inspires respect for self and others. That's why we offer free, fun, noncredit correspondence courses to prisoners anywhere in the country with the hope that they will inspire an interest in learning. We keep a low profile, as word of mouth alone keeps us busy. In fact, we have a long waiting list, which is why we would love to hear from PLAYBOY readers who would like to volunteer to critique prisoners' work. Your anonymity is protected—neither inmates nor volunteers are provided with any personal information, and all correspondence passes through a central office. We also welcome donations: $10 provides dictionaries to two prisoners, and $65 supports a prisoner for a year. Recently Doris Buffett of the Sunshine Lady Foundation agreed to match every $6,000 we raise every six months for three years. For more information visit collegeguild.org, or write P.O. Box 6448, Brunswick, Maine 04011.

Julie Zimmerman
Brunswick, Maine

The only similar nonprofit we know of is the Prison Scholar Fund (prisonscholarfund.org), but after awarding 180 scholarships, it has exhausted its funds.

I am a metal fabricator by trade but sit here alone 23 hours a day. Put us to work. Prisoners could be raising and growing our food and learning to build solar panels and turbines to provide our electricity. We need a system that allows us to support ourselves while learning job skills.

Larry Harris
Lawrence Correctional Center
Sumner, Illinois

GAME FACE

In the photo of the newly elected U.S. representatives that accompanies "Playboy Values" (March), who is peek-

Fighting for face time in a sea of suits.

ing from behind the third row from the bottom, second from the left? It almost looks like a Where's Waldo? puzzle.

Tim Tye
Royal Oak, Michigan

You mean Where's Martha? That's Republican Martha Roby of Alabama.

E-mail via the web at letters.playboy.com. Or write: 680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

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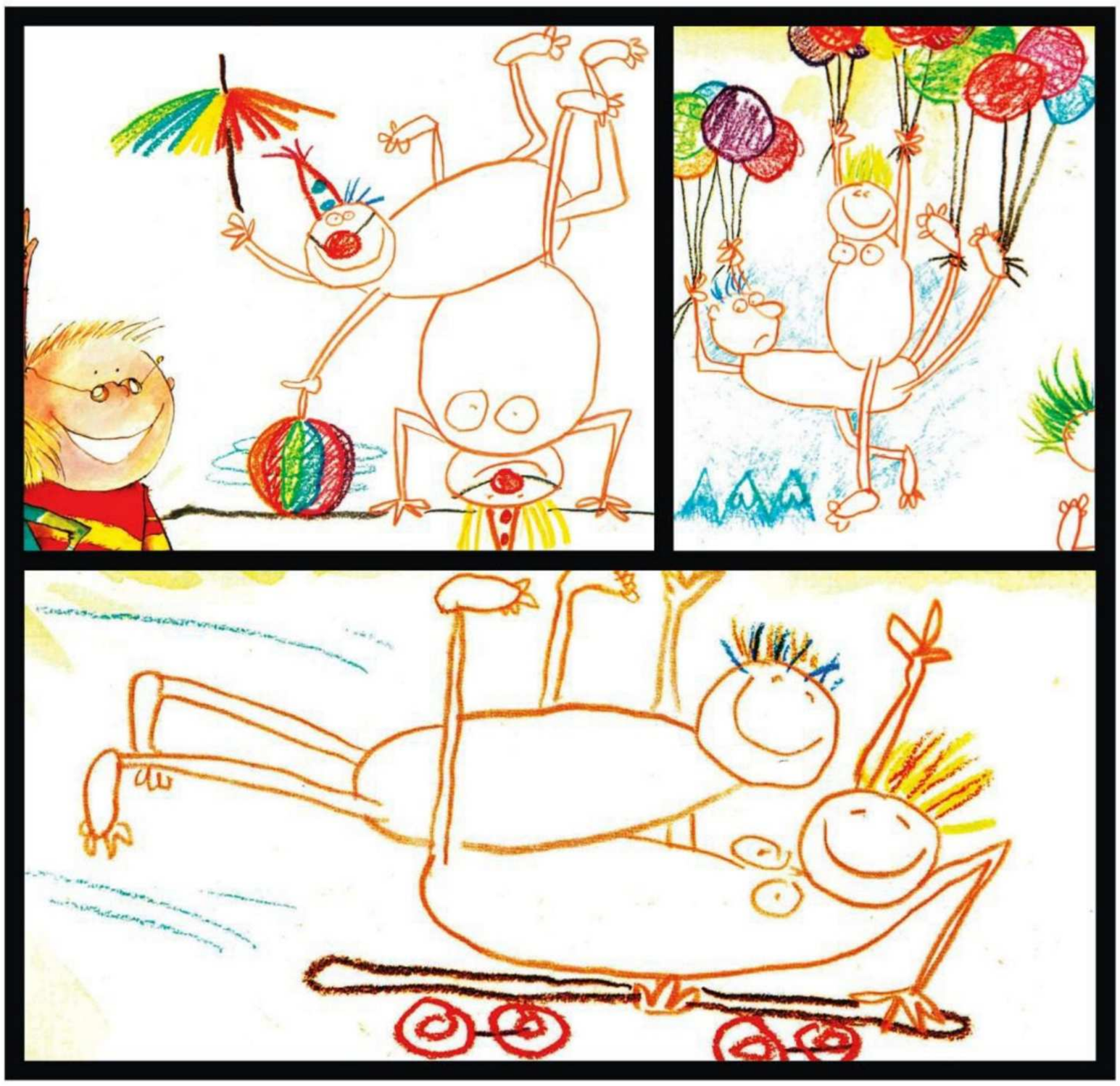


How Parents Do It

LONDON—An evangelical Christian group that opposes sex education in public schools called for the removal of books and teaching packs it deems "obviously unsuitable" for students. The Christian Institute is concerned the government might "sexualize" young children with mandatory lessons and such required reading as *Mummy Laid an Egg.* The best-selling book contains whimsical drawings of how "mummies and daddies fit together," including those at left. Sex educators say primary-school lessons focus on the differences between male and female bodies and privacy, not intercourse. A 2008 poll commissioned by the BBC found 87 percent of the British public wants compulsory sex ed. In the U.S. a new Playboy/Harris poll finds similarly overwhelming support, with 83 percent of Americans in favor of sex education in public schools. Last year Congress allocated $75 million in grants over five years for comprehensive sex ed that discusses abstinence and birth control and $250 million over five years for abstinence-only programs. Of the 47 states that asked for the money, just four (Minnesota, North Dakota, Texas and Virginia) applied only for the just-say-no funds.

Hits and Misses

CHICAGO—An analysis by the *Chicago Tribune* found that over a three-year period only 44 percent of vehicle searches by suburban police prompted by dog "alerts" turned up illegal drugs. The rate among cars with Hispanic drivers was even lower, at 27 percent. Police trainers say dogs alert even if a car has previously held drugs. Critics argue that officers are poorly trained and let their dogs circle vehicles until they "find" something.

Power Down

MOSCOW—For years state security officials who wanted to intimidate opposition groups had a handy excuse to raid offices and seize computers—they claimed they were looking for pirated Microsoft software. But the Washington-based company has told its lawyers in Russia not to pursue the cases and is offering free software licenses to some 500,000 advocacy groups, independent media and other nonprofits in 12 repressive countries, including Russia and China.

Gift of a Lifetime

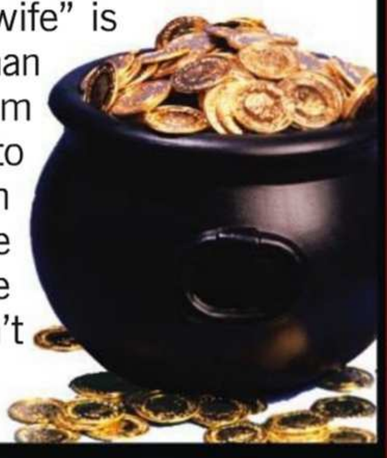
LOS ANGELES—A federal appeals court ruled a wealthy businessman must pay $4 million to an ex-girlfriend he allegedly infected with genital herpes, because initially he had not told her of his condition. A jury had awarded the woman $6.75 million, including $2.5 million she said she would need for future medical expenses related to her STD. The appeals court reduced that part of the judgment to $72,000.

Unsocial Media

HARTFORD—An ambulance company agreed to revise its rules about what workers can post online after an employee it had fired for her Facebook postings complained to the National Labor Relations Board. Dawnmarie Souza mocked her boss online, calling him a "17" (company code for a psychiatric patient), and co-workers added supportive posts. American Medical Response of Connecticut dismissed Souza, but the NLRB says employees are free to discuss workplace conditions anywhere they choose.

Spoil-icious

WASHINGTON, D.C.—After 17 years of work by 50 scholars and theologians, the U.S. Conference of Catholic Bishops has released an update of its Catholic Bible. Among other revisions, "booty" has become "spoils" and an ode to the "ideal wife" is now "Poem on the Woman of Worth." The team also changed "virgin" to "young woman" in Isaiah 7:14 ("the virgin shall be with child") because the Hebrew *almah* doesn't necessarily mean virginal.



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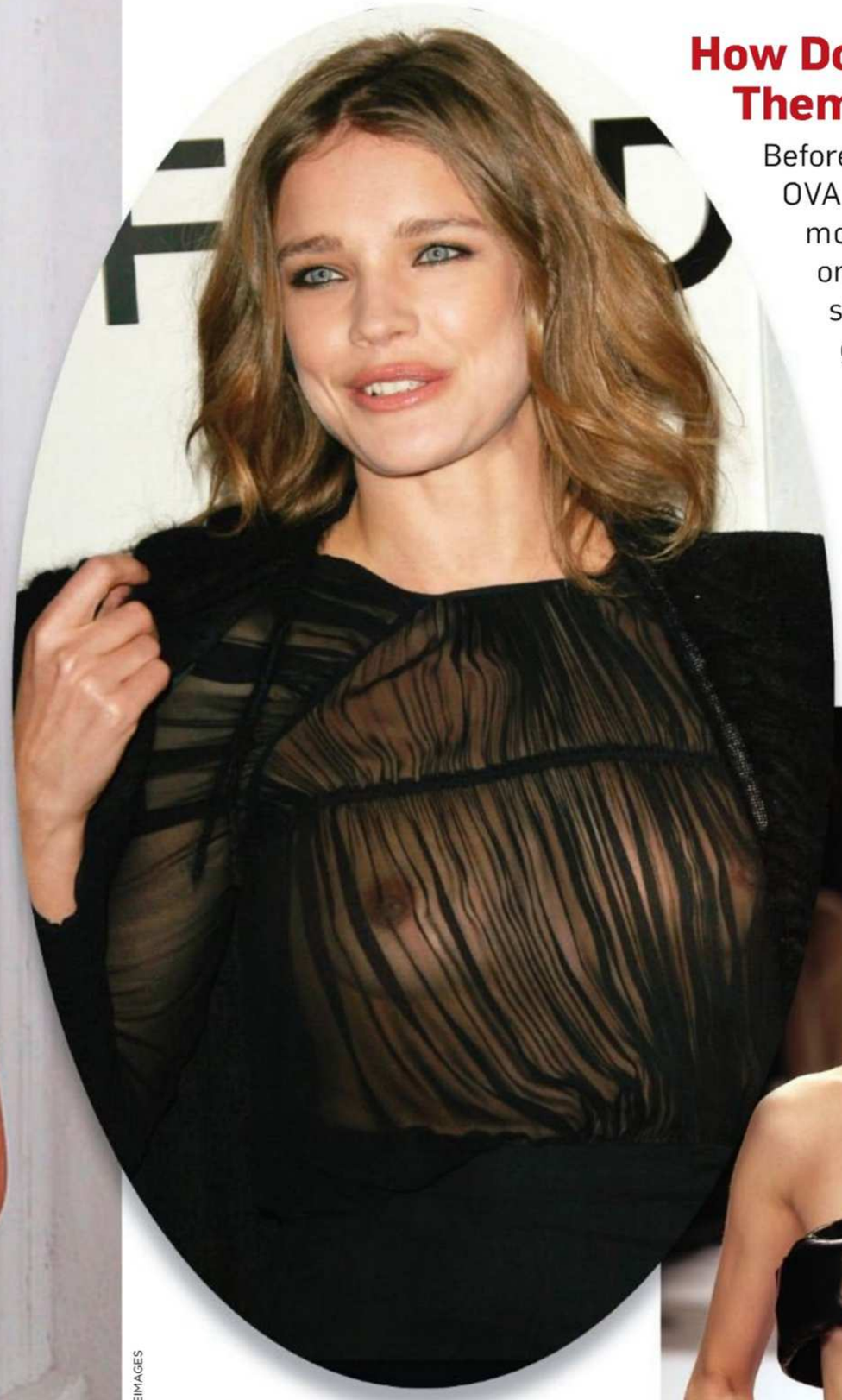
GRAPEVINE

Upton Girl

Sherri Shepherd of *The View* called this year's *Sports Illustrated* swimsuit issue "Christian PLAYBOY." Its stars often graduate to posing for us (Christie Brinkley, Stephanie Seymour, Elle Macpherson). Here's hoping we see more of *SI*'s Rookie of the Year, KATE UPTON.



How Do You Like Them Apples?

Before NATALIA VODIANOVA became a supermodel she sold fruit on the streets in Russia. She has since gone on to work for Calvin Klein, Louis Vuitton, Gucci and Chanel. How do we know she's a supermodel? She's wearing a cape.

JIM SMEAL/BEIMAGES

GETTY IMAGES

Fashion Week's Breast in Show

You've heard of off-the-rack fashion, but here's the opposite, embodied in an outfit designer Jean-Charles de Castelbajac sent down the runway during Paris Fashion Week.

Bertacchi's Back to the Beach

Reef hawks its surfwear through posters of female posteriors. But in addition to being butt men, we are breast men and leg men, so here's another side of Reef Girl KATIE BERTACCHI.

STEVE TORRES

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Here's Looking at You

KITTI KOVÁCS knows how to turn the camera on. The European model graced the cover of PLAYBOY Hungary's December 2010 issue, and we've been in puppy love ever since.

MAX SEAM/MANDERINEMEDIA.COM

Tigress Blood

Charlie Sheen and Tiger Woods have given porn stars mainstream press. Sheen boosted Bree Olson's DVD sales, and former Woods paramour JOSLYN JAMES capitalized with the film *The 11th Hole.*

PICHICHI/SPLASH NEWS

Ciara's Lovely Lady Lumps

At the seventh annual Black Eyed Peas benefit concert in Los Angeles, pop sensation CIARA wore a dress that left little to the imagination. The sheer number barely concealed the sultry singer's own set of black-eyed peas.

TIFFANY ROSE/WIREIMAGE.COM

Sunny Cher

Meet CHER DAVING, a bikini model with excellent genes. Besides having lovely eyes, cheekbones and curves, the bright USC alum has a rocket scientist father who is renowned in the scientific community.

STEVE TORRES

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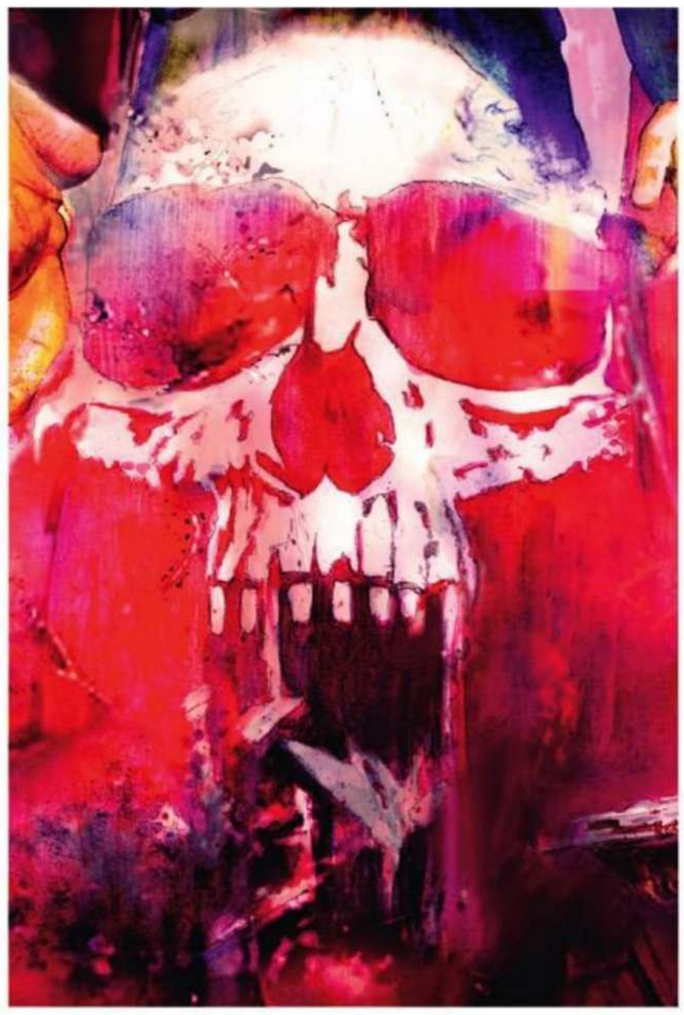
CRYSTAL HARRIS: HERE COMES THE BRIDE.



THE YEOMAN ALWAYS GETS SCREWED.

IS JASON SUDEIKIS THE NEXT *SNL* BREAKOUT STAR?

NEXT MONTH

HATS OFF TO BRITISH BUNNIES.

JASON SUDEIKIS—IN *20Q* THE ACTOR AND FUNNYMAN DISHES TO **ERIC SPITZNAGEL** ABOUT PICKING UP MASTURBATION TECHNIQUES FROM CHATROULETTE, PUTTING ZAC EFRON'S FOOT IN HIS MOUTH AND SEEING JANUARY JONES IN THE BUFF.

CRYSTAL HARRIS—HEF'S IMPENDING NUPTIALS HAVE THE WORLD BUZZING. **BILL ZEHME** REVEALS WHY HEF AND CRYSTAL WILL LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER.

HOW THE MAFIA TRICKED HOLLYWOOD—IN THE 1930S WILLIE BIOFF HELPED THE MOB TAKE CONTROL OF THE PROJECTIONISTS' UNION SO HE COULD RULE TINSELTOWN AND BULLY THE STUDIO BOSSES. **NEAL GABLER** TELLS THE TALE OF A BRUTAL MAN WHOSE INSATIABLE GREED LED TO HIS UNDOING.

THE CURSE OF REALITY TV—DRUGS. JAIL TIME. MURDER. SUICIDE. REALITY-TV STARS ARE A TROUBLED BUNCH. DOES FAME MAKE THEM CRAZY, OR DO ONLY CRAZY PEOPLE SEEK REALITY-TV FAME? **ANDY DENHART** INVESTIGATES.

WORKING CLASS, POSTWORK—LEVI STRAUSS MILKS ITS AMERICAN-AS-APPLE-PIE REP FOR ALL IT'S WORTH, BUT THE COMPANY'S OPERATING PRACTICES HARDLY SEEM TO BE PATRIOTIC. **JESSE PEARSON** EXPOSES THE HYPOCRISY OF THE ICONIC JEANS BRAND'S "WE ARE ALL WORKERS" ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN.

HOW TO GO BROKE THE NIC CAGE WAY—IT ISN'T EASY TO LOSE A COLOSSAL FORTUNE AND SQUANDER A CAREER, BUT IT CAN BE DONE—JUST ASK NICOLAS CAGE. USING THE ACTOR AS HIS MODEL, **STEVEN CHEAN** OUTLINES THE SURE-FIRE STEPS TO FINANCIAL RUIN.

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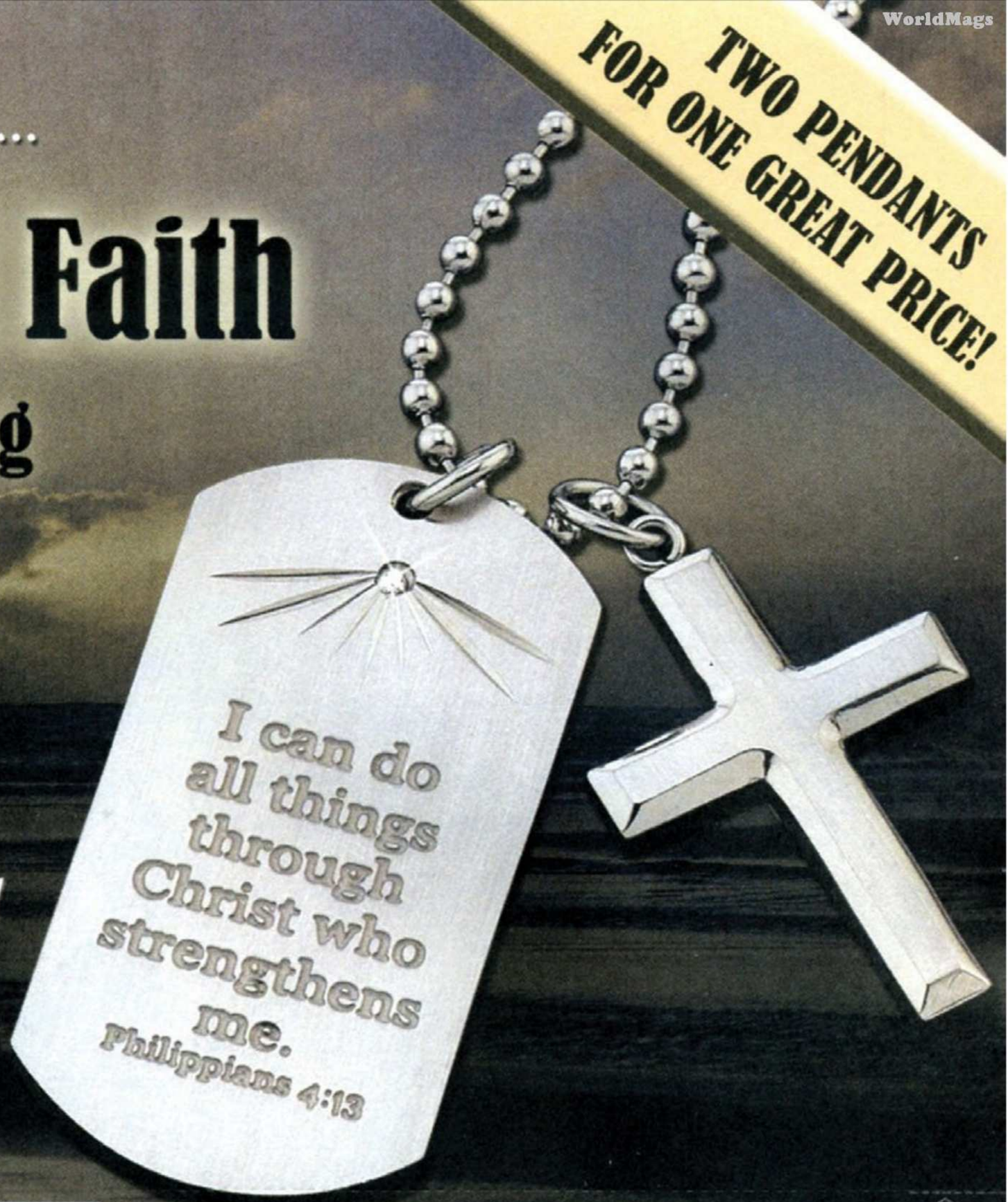

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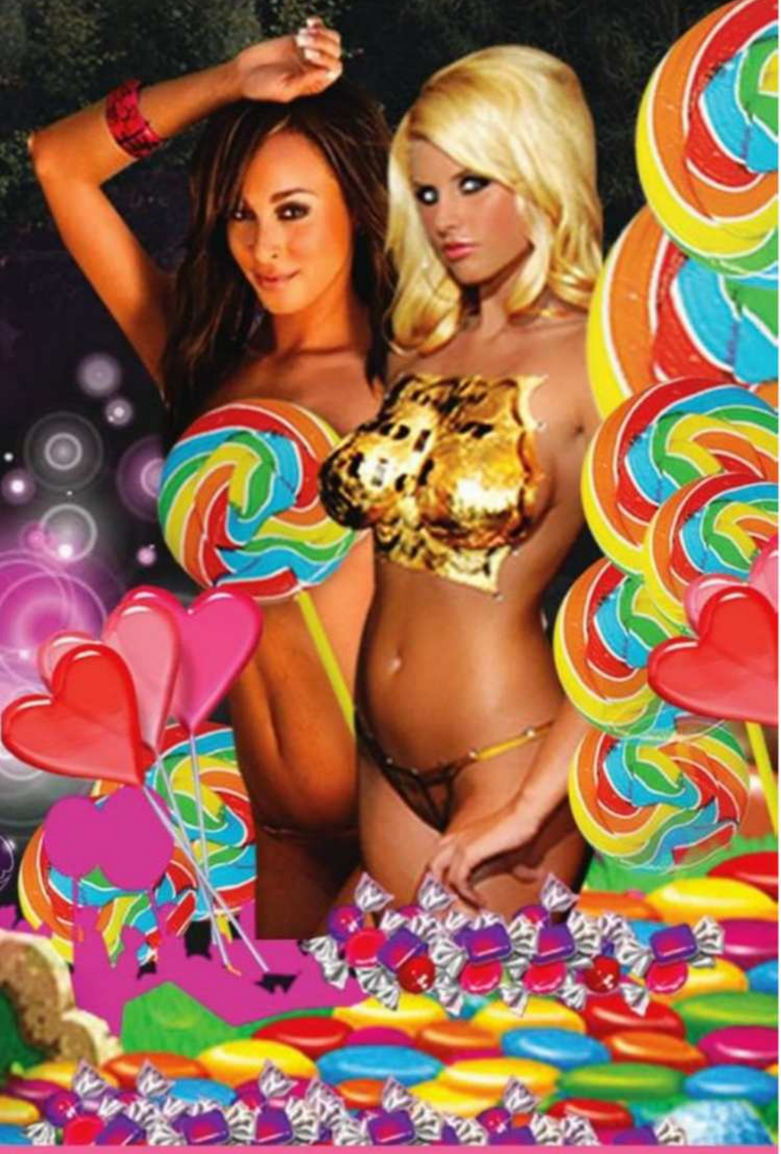

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